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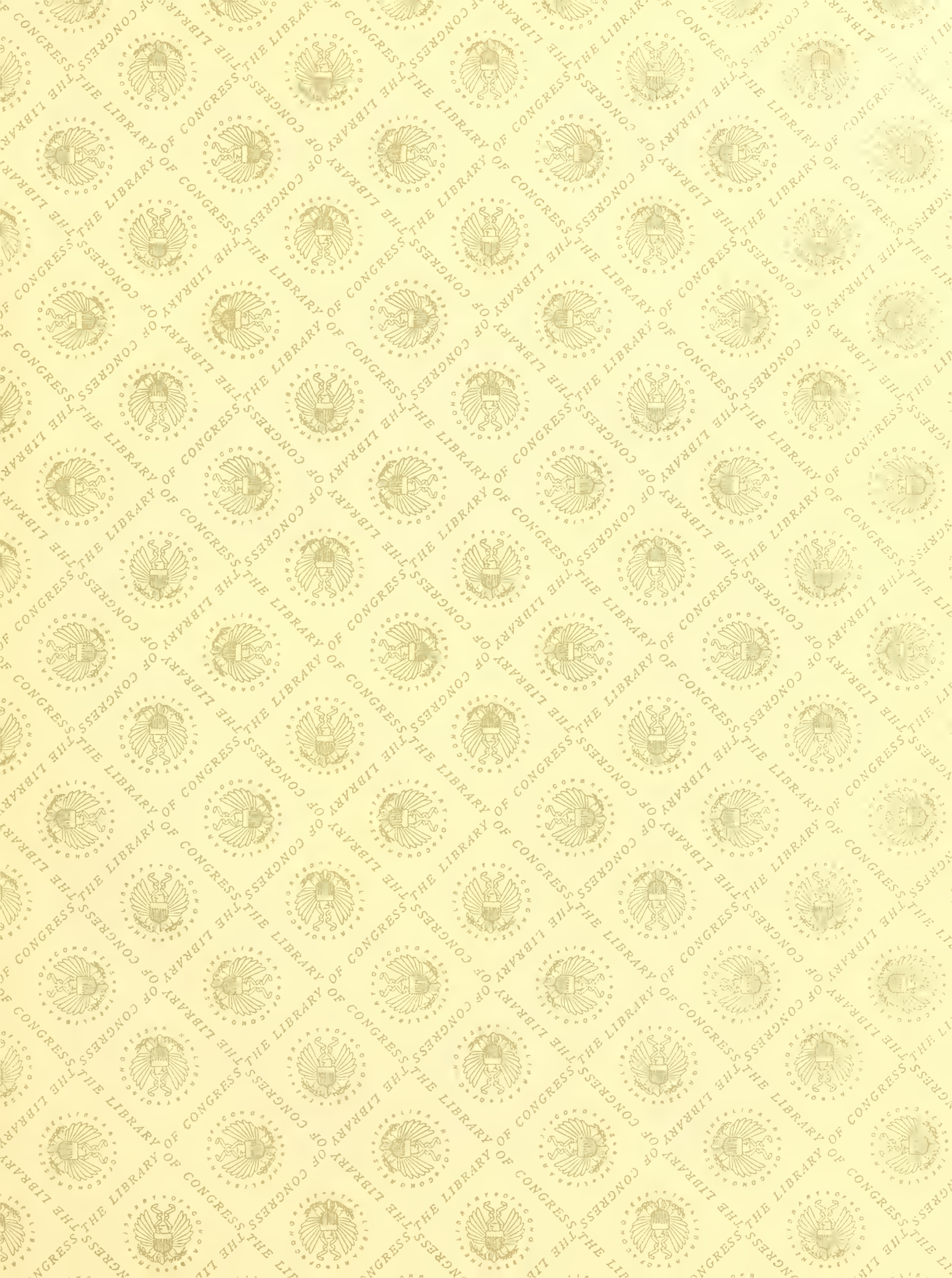
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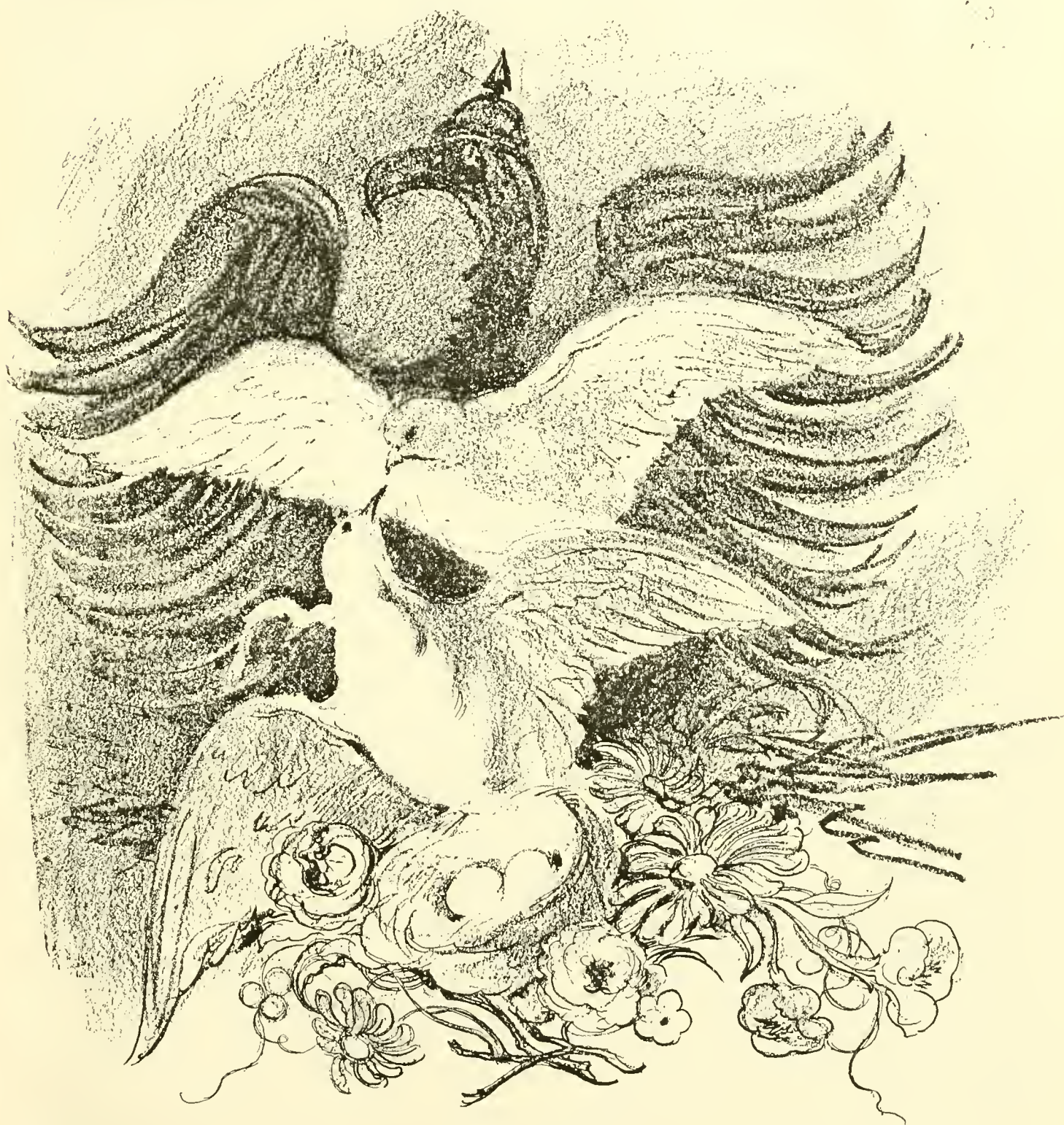


BAZAAR DAILY

11
10 CENTS

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1916

No. 1



Talks of Peace.

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Before the Dawn.

I woke before the dawn, and far below
My window in the cold, deserted street,
Faltering along its pavements, sad and slow,
I heard the shuffle of approaching feet.

Halting and aimless past the house they crept,
Telling of one with no hope in his breast,
No bourn beyond, and who, while others slept
In sheltered safety, knew no place of rest.

Down the long street, into the night they went,
Leaving behind them in my heart an ache,
And a fresh wonder we can sleep content
While in the world such misery is awake.

MILDRED HOWELLS.

A Sinner Saved.

"Father," said his wife, "why ain't you in favor of Milly's goin' with Henry Rokes?"

Andrew Doane was standing under an apple tree in an interval of picking. He was a tall wiry man with stiff gray hair and eyes full of sharp broken gleams. They might have been the eyes of a fanatic or an inventor. Mother was a plump, blonde woman, all curves and pleasant amplitudes. She had a way of regarding him with a tolerant and yet despairing smile, as if she knew his inward thoughts and was compelled to ignore them in the face of his outward habit of speech. She was not used to calling him to account, and he stared at her from a dignified surprise while he answered in a tone that kept an unbroken level:

"I ain't goin' to encourage a granddaughter of mine runnin' round with anybody that makes light o' sacred things."

"O father," said his wife, "how can you? Henry don't make light o' sacred things."

"I know what I'm talkin' about," said her husband. "I says to him not a week ago, 'I ain't committed a sin for thirteen year,' says I, an' he laughed. Henry laughed."

"Father, you didn't!"

"Didn't what?"

"You didn't go an' tell Henry you hadn't committed a sin for thirteen year?"

"I'd like to know why I didn't," said her husband, belligerently. "I've told you the same."

"Why, yes, but I never paid no attention to it." This she said absently, for her mind was on Milly, who was in the house dressing for the Fair, and who was not yet sure whether grandfather would allow her to go.

"I should like to know," continued Andrew, truculently, "why you never paid no attention to it."

"Well, there," said she, soothingly, "mebbe 'twas because I'd heard it so often. It didn't seem to do nobody no harm; but if it's stirred you up about Henry, why, then, it seems to 'mount to suthin'."

Andrew was still ruffled, and not to be assuaged. He took down the ladder from the tree and set it against the other side.

"I ain't committed a sin for thirteen year," he repeated. "If you've heard me say it more'n once, 'twas as true then as 'tis now. If I said it a year ago, I said I hadn't committed a sin for twelve year, an' if I said it two year ago, I said I hadn't committed a sin for 'leven. 'Twas thirteen year ago I begun to cherish a hope, an' I ain't backslid."

"Well!" said his wife, in a tone of despairing finality. "Well, I must say!" She walked away a few steps and returned. "Father," said she, "Milly's changin' her dress, and if Henry can get off he's goin' to take her over to the Fair. He dunno but he'll be late, so she's goin' to meet him down to the cross-roads."

Father began climbing the ladder, picking-basket in hand. His wife came a step nearer.

"Father!" said she. There was supplication in her voice. "I ain't told her she can't go."

Andrew began picking. His face was resolutely set toward the tree, and she knew no response was to be expected. But when he heard her walking away across the stubbly grass, he did turn, with a quick motion, to look after her. His watch-chain caught on the end of the ladder and the watch flew out of his pocket and fell. "The dogs!" said Andrew. That was the sole dilution of an oath he permitted himself. He descended hastily, picked up the watch and held it to his ear. It had stopped. "The dogs!" said Andrew again.

Mrs. Doane walked thoughtfully back to the house, and at the veranda steps she found Milly waiting, a sweet vision, gray-eyed, and as pink as dawn.

"Will he let me?" she called, before grandmother was quite within speaking distance.

Grandmother shook her head.

"I dunno," she said, "whether he will nor whether he won't."

"Wouldn't he answer?" asked Milly. They had both accepted his fits of significant dumbness.

"What if you should wait a spell an' then run out an' ask him yourself? You can make some excuse. Ask him what time 'tis or suthin'."

"I shall want to know what time it is, anyway," said Milly. "The kitchen clock's been bejuggled ever since the man fixed it. Henry said if we didn't start from the corners by three, we'd miss the car."

Grandmother sat down on a step and fanned herself with a grape-leaf. "Milly," said she, suddenly, "your grandfather's a real good man."

Milly stared. "Why, yes," said she, "course he is."

"But I'd like to know," broke out grandmother, wrathfully, "if anybody ain't committed any sin, what under the sun 'tis makes 'em so plaguey aggravatin'."

"As grandfather?" asked Milly.

"No," returned grandmother, in virtuous denial. "Course I shouldn't say such a thing about grandfather. Course I shouldn't."

The time went on and Milly dawdled about and made useless little errands into the house while grandmother regarded the landscape and fanned herself at intervals with the leaf. Finally it seemed to Milly that the moment of departure was at hand.

"I guess I'll run out and speak to grandfather," she said.

"I'll go with you," said grandmother, coming to her feet. "I kinder mistrust I'd better be there."

Grandfather was picking the Hubbardston tree. He did not look down at them as their steps rustled the dry leaves beneath. Milly glanced up at him, and she decided that his back looked obstinate. But she had to speak.

"Grandfather!" said she. Andrew did not move. He put the apples more carefully into his picking-basket. Grandmother thought she had never known the world to be so still. Milly called him again, in her clear young voice, and he went on picking. "Grandfather," said she, "won't you tell me what time it is?" The Hubbardstons were softly fitted into place. "You see, grandfather," said Milly, "if I don't get to the corners for the four o'clock car, Henry'll miss me. He won't know what to do. Grandfather, won't you tell me what time it is?"

The gnarled hand ceased its work among the branches. The obstinate back seemed to be listening. Then Andrew came down slowly, as if each step were an interval in some grim decision. He pulled out his watch and displayed it. He did not look at it himself. Grandmother, following his averted gaze, concluded he was doing something unsuited to a sinless life. Milly gave a little cry.

"Only three o'clock?" said she. "I've got an hour. I'll go back and fold the clo'es. That's nice clean work. It won't hurt my dress."

She took a little run away from them, and then fell into a walk, singing as she went. Perhaps she wanted to hurry out of sight before grandfather could call her back. He stood staring after her, an odd look on his face, half triumph, half terror. But his wife was looking at him. He had forgotten his watch, and she stepped quickly to his side and peered at it over his arm.

"Andrew," said she, "that watch ain't goin'."

He turned to her with a start, and stooped, in a frowning haste, to lift his basket again. But grandmother, too, stooped. She took the basket from him and set it down an arm's length away.

"Andrew," said she, "you needn't think I don't see through you. I ain't lived with you forty-two year for nothin'. Milly asked you what time 'twas an' you turned your watch round to her, because you wa'n't willin' to tell a lie; but you were more'n willin' she should think it was an hour earlier than 'tis, if 'twould make her late for meetin' Henry."

Andrew said nothing. He still regarded the landscape. He was thinking his wife had never spoken so to him in her life. She was thinking that, too.

"Andrew Doane," said she, "when I try to realize anybody's doin' a thing like that, it seems as if they'd better lie right out an' done with it. An' when it comes to not committin' a sin for thirteen year—well, I'll say no more. But I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to harness up an' carry Milly over to the corners. An' you needn't forbid it, for I'm goin' jest the same."

Andrew looked at her. She seemed taller than usual and the afternoon sun lay on her cheeks and lighted them finely. He dared not think what he read in her eyes. She was turning away from him. Suddenly Andrew knew he must not let her go in wrath, not even if his house of pride should fall about his ears.

"Here," he called. His voice sounded weak and quavering. "You hold on. I'll harness up."

ALICE BROWN.

Patronage and Plain-speaking.

The Manchester *Guardian*, tenderly concerned for the sensitiveness of the United States, has protested against the plain-speaking of Lloyd George to the neutral nations, against his stern reminder that pacific intervention at this stage of the war would be playing into Germany's hands. The *Guardian* considers that such talk alienates from Great Britain the friendship of the American people, and so casts away an asset of considerable importance. "The indirect value of sympathy" is, in its editor's opinion, too precious to be tested by temerity, or strained by candor.

The *Guardian* is mistaken. Americans do not resent plain speech. They use it, and they understand it. They have no great store of irritable vanity, needing to be soothed by complaisance. Neither are they so supremely stupid as to mistake the gist of Lloyd George's remarks, to suppose that he advocates an impossible war of annihilation. They conclude quite simply that he meant what he said, and what he said was that, as Britain had asked no intervention when she was unprepared to fight, she would tolerate none now. It is precisely what the Federal Administration would have said, if Britain had been disposed to play the part of peace-maker in the third year of the Civil War.

Hard words break no bones. We Americans have been too deeply bruised in the past two years to wince at a

phrase or two, at a warning, well-meant and sincerely spoken. We whose cargoes have been dynamited, or sunk on our coasts "to see how we would take it." We who have been misused by secret and shameless conspiracies. We to whom the names, "Von Papen," "Von Igel," "Boy-Ed," are humiliatingly familiar. We whose dead lie under the sea, ignored or forgotten. It is not for us to sulk at plain speech, and at a truth not wholly palatable.

Americans remember well that it was the Manchester *Guardian* which four years ago rebuked Lord Roberts more severely than it now rebukes Lloyd George, because that wise and sad old soldier misdoubted the good-will of Berlin, because he warned his country of the peril which encompassed her. The *Guardian* was then as concerned for the feelings of Germany as it is now concerned for the feelings of the United States. The Teutons, it assured its readers, would never break their word. Lord Roberts had shamefully misjudged them. Prussia was in fact a sort of enlarged Lancashire, "blunt, straightforward, and sentimental."

All of which makes us feel that our kind advocate is perhaps less moved by tenderness for us than by enmity toward the British Secretary of State for War.

AGNES REPPLIER.

A maiden of courage most rare,
By an Indian was given a scare;
But with perfect repose
She just stripped off her clothes,
For she knew he would fear a white bare.

A maiden of Kalamazoo
Thought she'd try for a place on the crew;
But her pious old aunty
Thought the costume too scanty,
And declared that it never would do.

A gentleman went to the studio of a Boston artist to see a newly completed portrait of his brother. He did not approve of the picture, but he did not wish to offend the artist by saying so. Casting about for some phrase at once honest and not uncomplimentary, he at last brought out: "I'm so glad you gave his head a dull finish." The subject of the portrait objected that the phrase was, after all, a little ambiguous.

They were lamenting the rush and push of modern days. "Yes," observed J., "everybody nowadays is so anxious to lay eggs as to have no time to hatch any of them."

"Oh, Miss McGillicuddy is the most refined person I ever knew. Why, when she uses the telephone, she takes a cachou to perfume her breath, and never calls anything stronger than 'Hades-o!'"

A Boston lady who had been visiting in New York returned home, and about eleven in the evening stood looking out of the window of her apartment high above Commonwealth Avenue. "Yes," she said, gazing out upon the deserted street, "it is very homelike, but after New York it is so quiet that it seems like Lovers' Lane!"

X. "Somebody says there's a lot of difference between learning and earning."

Y. "There is; a 'l of a difference."

First Literary Man: "It's got so now that to live at all a man must either write a best seller, or—"

Second ditto: "Sell a best writer."

BAZAAR DAILY

Published in aid of the NATIONAL ALLIED BAZAAR

EDITOR, ARLO BATES

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

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The DAILY is issued daily for the ten week-days of the Allied Bazaar in Boston. Subscriptions, including postage, \$1.50, may be sent to the Editor, 4, Otis Place, Boston, or to the booth of the DAILY at the Bazaar. Orders for bound copies of the entire issue will be taken at the booth.

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Special Daily Features of the Bazaar.

At the Café Chantant the Marimba Band each day from 4 to 6 P.M.

In the basement: Pony Circus and Trained Cockatoo, and the Punch and Judy Show free. The Movies, with new and wonderful war pictures.

Saturday evening in the Café, the Hawaiian Band.

On Saturday evening, the opening and Gala Night of the Bazaar, the Cecilia Chorus, under the leadership of Mr. Chalmers Clifton, will sing in Exhibition Hall at 9.30. The First Corps Band and the Bostonia Orchestra will play.

THE DAILY presents to its readers a warm greeting, and all genial wishes for the coming holidays. It is firm in the conviction that in these painful times nothing could do more to make the overcast season bright than generous work for the relief of the suffering; and so is sure that those who are helping the Bazaar are doing their best to deserve a heart-warm Christmas and a hopeful New Year.

THE DAILY wishes to express its gratitude to the many who have heartily and helpfully co-operated for its success. The ready response of writers and the sympathetic help of others have made the enterprise possible and the work of the editors most pleasant. Especial thanks are due to Baron Charles Huard for his delightfully conceived and most skilfully executed cartoons; to F. Verheyden for his strong and touching cartoon-decoration; to the ladies who have undertaken the sale of papers at the booth, and the alert and manly Boy Scouts who have agreed to act as newsboys. For help in the actual making of the paper thanks are due to Messrs. Carter, Rice & Co. for their generous gift of the paper on which the DAILY is printed; to Geo. H. Ellis Co. for the paper on which "The Boston Mother Goose" will be reprinted and the press-work in making it; and in especial to Mr. A. W. Finlay for patient and effective assistance. The DAILY does not cover the ground in this enumeration, for in making arrangements, getting subscriptions, the tedious work of addressing and stamping wrappers, and in many little ways, a great many persons have contributed to the work, and made it possible for the paper to come into the Bazaar, as it is proud to announce that it does, with subscriptions enough to defray all expenses.

To the list of contributors published in the prospectus should be added, among others, Mildred Aldrich, Dr. Allen Greenwood, Alice Greenwood Howe, Helen Choat Prince, Laura Richards, and Clara Bowdoin Winthrop.

It is the intention that in the numbers of the DAILY nothing shall appear, except as a quotation, which has been published before; and to secure this end the management has spared no pains. In the matter of jokes, epigrams, and anecdotes, no editor can claim to be infallible; these things are new only at the moment they are made—and by no means always then. A matter written secretly in a notebook to-day, and locked away in a safety-deposit vault, somehow manages to be proclaimed from the housetop to-morrow; and through the pores of the envelopes into which the Editor has sorted his contributions, undoubtedly much that came there fresh has sifted out into the air. The management can only plead that the honest work of some months has gone to the endeavor to procure original material, that contributors have been exceedingly kind and responsive, and that not even a casual line of "filling" has been allowed if it was suspected of having earlier made its bow to the world. Beyond that we can only ask indulgence if the reader meets with old friends; it is hoped that old jokes will at least have their faces newly washed, and perhaps be arrayed in unaccustomed raiment. Those who know the difficulties of deciding upon the originality of contributions will give the indulgence unasked; others can hardly under the circumstances be so unkind as to withhold it.

THE reason for opening the Bazaar on Saturday manifestly is that folk may have something to talk with their friends about after church on Sunday.

GEORGE BABBITT accompanies his subscription with a query: "Why not the Bizarre Daily?" Would that we had his wit to make it so!

MANY a man has regarded himself as a star in literature when he was not even an asterisk.

The Editor's Callers.

"Well," Jack observed, standing big and tall, and looking down upon the Editor, who sat at his desk correcting proof for the first number of the DAILY, "how does it feel to be back in the Editorial Chair?"

"Very much as it does to be in any other where you have to be like the White Queen, rushing ahead with all your might to keep in the same place," the Editor answered. "Sit down. You are welcome for just five minutes."

"You're in great form," Jack observed. "I suppose you're rejoiced to be back on your old job."

"Why should I be?" the Editor demanded. "I like to work, of course. Any wholesome fellow does, and I'm bred to it; but I always thought the editorial job a detestable one. At any rate, I detest it."

"Oh, you do? Then I suppose you are in this thing with noble self-denial because you think it's going to bring in a mass of samoleons."

The Editor regarded him compassionately.

"You must think me a fool," he responded, "if you suppose that after all that I've had to do with literary matters, I expect wealth from any paper at a fair. We hope, of course, to get something out of it; but certainly nothing startling."

"Then what's it for? A lot of people have taken a lot of trouble about it. I suppose these literary big guns that have written for it might sell their stuff if they tried."

"Undoubtedly they could sell what you so elegantly call their 'stuff'; and it is true that they have taken a lot of trouble, and taken it most cheerfully."

"I suppose," Jack remarked, stretching out his long legs, "that you have some sort of an idea that you want to write me. Fire ahead. I'm game. I'll stand it." "Well, then," the Editor explained, answering the question only by a smile, "it was hoped by those who started the DAILY that it might do the Bazaar good indirectly."

"As how?"

"By being one more feature good enough to be a credit, for one thing. It may be talked about a little; it will be sent about more or less; perhaps add a little flavor of distinction. It is also a good medium for daily notes." Jack did not look so convinced as to be aroused to enthusiasm.

"Even if all that is true," he remarked, "it hardly seems to me to be worth so much trouble."

"That is as it may be," the Editor said, smiling. He looked down at his proof half a minute. Then he added: "The real reason is, of course, something quite different. These, to my mind, are the side-products."

"Oh, there's a bigger cat in the meal, is there?" was Jack's rejoinder. "I have more faith in side-products nowadays than in some chief results. But it wouldn't be you, if there weren't wheels within wheels."

"That is better than wheels in the head," the Editor remarked ambiguously. Then he became serious. "See here," he said, "do you recognize that we have a pretty distinguished list of names as contributors to this paper?"

"Oh, fair," Jack assented patronizingly. "It's a pity they couldn't have been led off by a more distinguished Editor."

"Certainly," the Editor agreed calmly, evidently now too much in earnest to chaff. "But the point is that to the paper have contributed a fairly representative body of American authors—pretty well the cream."

"Well, you're lucky, of course; but what are you driving at?"

"This: in the first place, it is worth while to give them a chance. One man writes to me, for instance, in reply to my note asking his help, like this." He poked among the accumulated letters in a pigeonhole, and then read: "When a man has a wife and child to support, and can't either go fight for the Allies or give money, it is a godsend to know that he may do something!" The Editor laid the letter down, and emphasized what he had read by a little pause. Then he added: "The letters I have had all show much the same feeling."

Jack regarded the Editor closely.

"So that is what the paper is for, is it," he said, "to give authors a chance to feel that they are helping? It isn't a bad notion; but I'm not sure yet that it is enough of a result to pay for the trouble."

"Well, then," the other returned, with an air in which was a faint suggestion of aggressiveness, "we'll come down to hard-pan. I have to speak only of my own feeling, for I can't tell how the others who are responsible feel about it. I am sure they would agree if they thought the thing out. This paper is run fundamentally for the purpose of putting on record the fact that our writers—and there isn't a harder-worked or a more underpaid class in the community, so their taking the trouble means something—were eager to help; that they were willing to give time and thought and labor. I am jealous of the honor of my craft, and the thing which for me counts most in this business is the fact that it proves how the literary class in America stand and feel. The writers are not always the most profound or the most influential people in a practical country; but they are all persons who think, and in the long run they influence the thought of society. If they hold by the side that is fighting for freedom, that fact cannot but have its effect."

Jack's face had taken on a graver expression as the talk proceeded. Now he nodded his head.

"I suppose you are right," he assented. "It is worth while to have it on record that you quill-drivers are on the side of the angels. At any rate," he added, changing quickly to his original mood, "I must give you credit for being one of that infernal tribe that devastates the earth, the people who mean well."

But the Editor was too much in earnest not to finish.

"I believe pretty firmly," he concluded, "in moral issues, and the ultimate effect upon public opinion that thinking will have in shaping them. It is good for writers to be on record in a noble enterprise; and it is better still for the public that they should be."

Jack nodded again.

"Yes," he repeated, "at least you mean well."

The Editor burst into a laugh, and waved his hand in dismissal.

"That is more than can be said for you," he retorted. "You mean only to waste busy people's time. Get out."

The Imagist.

[The Editor confesses his own inability to distinguish genuine Imagist "poetry" from the imitation. Of course neither is to be taken seriously, but he is assured that the following is not even meant to be.]

Chill in the air.

Dimness.

Mist.

Gray sidewalks—

Dawn!

Solitary in the early morning,

A pallid poet in evening raiment,

With wine-colored spots on his wrinkled shirt-front,

Crumpled, bareheaded, crestfallen,

Wet

As a sick raven after storm,

Twines around a green lamp-post

Unsteadily,

Sprawling—

Like an old grape-vine without leaves.

He has spent a gaudy night.

His brain reels

With the passion and the pain

Of beauty—

Too much beauty.

He is gazing at a butterfly

On the pave,

Frost-stunned:—

His patent-leather pumps have almost crushed it.

He is saying:

"I see you, pretty butterfly.

Your wings are a welter of gold and blood.

You have two wings,

One on each side,

Butterfly.

The wind lifts you;

You are ruffled;

You flutter like my heart,

Bright thing."

STUART P. SHERMAN.

"Do you believe it is true that before the Flood men lived for seven or eight hundred years, and came down to three score and ten afterward?"

"If it is true, it is a striking example of the bad effects of too much water."

The Servants with the Happy Faces.

Our aunt's winter house looked through broad windows down a garden, with pine-trees, that steeply overhung the Mediterranean. Sea water, veiled with light haze, lay every afternoon glimmering at the bottom of a vista framed in pine-needles, tall curving trunks, and a hillside lawn bright with flowers and tropic shrubs. The house was a modest, comfortable villa. It sheltered the lives of two very charming ladies and their servants. A stranger, trying to describe the place, once called it "that house where the servants have such happy faces"; and they had reason to be happy in those days before the war.

It was on a stormy Sunday that Maurice came home on short leave from his garrison at Nice, to visit his old fellow-servants. They were in a suppressed hubbub of joy at the news of his arrival; and Joseph the butler, arranging flowers carefully on a table (Joseph loved flowers), wore a smile of friendly satire when he explained the commotion, saying, "It is M. le sergent Maurice who has come." They had all wept when he left them to enter the army as a conscript. Later that evening he came in to pay his respect to Mesdames. A gale was blowing, not the mistral, but a wild southwester off the sea, that lashed our windows with rain, and moaned "like the voices of dead galley-slaves." Parting the curtains, one could see through wet panes a blurred light moving in the blackness,—the light of a ship in distress, close ashore, and laboring to avoid the rocky point of the Cape. We forgot her peril when Maurice entered. He was a slight, alert, blond youth in the blue coat and red trousers and numbered collar of his regiment; a badly cut uniform, overlarge for him, he wore with an air which made it appear to fit. He stood erect, honestly proud of his service, delighted to see the ladies again; and with the glow of lamps and a *boulet* fire lighting his clean young face, he talked about military life. "Yes, there were hardships. For example, the regiment found not enough beds in the barracks at Nice. Things were ill prepared, but . . ." While the gale whistled and spattered behind the tall curtains, Maurice entertained the ladies as only a Frenchman can do, speaking with a ready and musical fluency that made his narrative sound like Alexandrine verse. He was a splendid, simple figure of youth. His offhand courtesy, the quick intelligence in his eyes, reminded one of the poet's lad, whose

". . . glancing look, if once he smile,
Right honest women may beguile."

But Maurice had no thought of beguilement. He was discussing the army, and what he should do when his term of conscription expired. His ambition was to take service with an English gentleman, learn the foreign tongue, and become at last the conductor of a Pullman car.

He was promoted for gallantry at the Marne; and, having had his part in that miracle, soon afterward fell in another victory, running forward with his men at the charge.

One of his admirers was poor Marcel, a youngster whom we privately called The Pike, because the pike is a fish said to have no brains. Marcel had none too many. He was thin and feebly built; his hatchet face, tinged with a pink flush about the cheek-bones, wore a silly smile of good nature; his eyes were sore, flighty, and vague. Born to misunderstand, to blunder, to forget, he lived in an atmosphere of rebuke, and suffered no more than a duck in the rain. "Wait till you get into the army!" his fellows cried, when outraged by some of his many faults. "You'll learn what time of day it is then!" Marcel only laughed, blinked, went his erratic way, and

learned nothing at all. In the early morning perched on the kitchen stairs to black the kettles, he sang very funny songs in a plaintive, croaking voice like a thrush singing in a dark cage. Waiting at the table, he dumbly revelled in the conversation which he could not understand, and often forgot his duty with the plates. Many a stern look he got from Joseph through many a winged word afterward behind the scenes; but Marcel never improved; not for him was the time of day, he could not change his nature which made him float through life obscurely and cheerfully. To act as valet for an American was pure delight, especially when the American spoke unearthly French and wore for bath-slippers a pair of Huron moccasins, which recalled all that there is of romance in Fenimore Cooper and Gustave Aimard. He burned my best clothes with a hot iron, and smiled over them like a thin, pink, sore-eyed angel. The last time I saw Marcel off duty was in Paris, Rue Marbeuf. He pointed westerly, and cried, "*Je cherche ma tante!*" with such exaltation as though an aunt were the Golden Fleece. We had a torrent of words; and when we parted Marcel flew off easterly at a zig-zag, seeking his weather-vane of an aunt with unabated joy.

Poor Marcel: he died without renown, somewhere in the trenches. A bullet caught him, and the honest featherhead gave up his life for us, for what we believe in. Wherever his soul went—that *animula vagula*, that *animulissima*—there will be singing; and the songs will make you smile.

Then there was Ragot the chauffeur, a great cherub with black moustache and flaming cheeks, who believed that milk was poisonous, who drove his car up and down the Maritime Alps like a devil unchained; but whose pleasure it was to read, ponder, and discuss Latin inscriptions at Our Lady of Laghet and elsewhere. Ragot's old chariot has been smashed or worn out by the enemy these two years, and he himself a prisoner—too capable to be set free—in the unloved country. There was Édouard the gardener also, a swarthy little hillman from Roquebrune way, who left the kindest of wives and *le petit* Jean his son, to go get shot through the leg and captured. There was Émile, a pale, intelligent, suspicious, warm-hearted major-domo, who went to the front an atheist, and at the front became something quite different. The women-folk of these men made up the remainder of the household.

They are all scattered and changed, like everything else in our day. These humble and unheroic people were forced to do their duty. The villa missed them; and elsewhere, "what private griefs they had, alas, we know not." The garden has since contained the wounded and the blind, French, English, patient black Senegalese, and Serbian officers, the saddest and most courteous of gentlemen, waiting confidently for a better time. Why should we mention petty figures, ciphers in a great account? There is no reason why, except that they belong to our own world, which has suffered all but the overthrow of right and reason, and which has met that shock with an unbroken wall of humble sacrifice.

It is strange, now, to remember the enemy as he lived and moved in a quiet neighborhood. We saw him walking large and talking proudly along the road outside. Every one, during the spring of 1914, acknowledged that in a material sense he was about to inherit the earth. Stout men and uncouth picnicking women came, and stared, and gawked over gates, and with mouths full sputtered "*Schön!*" into gardens. They were commonly said in those days to be spying out the country, choosing their future landmarks, mingling with us under orders to become "men of the world" and to fit themselves for that station in life to which it might please an Emperor to

They were like Boswell's German baron, who, of certain foreigners, used to jump methodically every day, crying, "*Sh, apprens t'être vif!*" They have passed, and still we wonder at their exertions. It is hard to learn from books or by command the secrets of our human nature.

HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT.

Mercy Buntin'.

[From an unpublished volume, by the courtesy of Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company.]

Mercy Buntin' ain't exactly what you call flighty,
But she certainly does say unexpected things at times.
She was mighty
Low in her mind
When her husband Hezekiah died,
And says she, standin' by his coffin-side,
"I snum, it don't seem to me
As if I should ever git married ag'in!"

Another time her sister died
And I said to her: "Mercy, I'm afraid
You'll be
Sorter lonesome now, all by yourself in that house."
"Y-e-e-s," says she,
"But there'll be more closet-room."
It was house-cleanin' time, though,
And I ruther guess
Women-folks is sorter demented
At them times.

MADELAINE YALE WYNNE.

Fifty Doggerel Charades.

(The answers will be given together in the last issue of this paper.)

I.
A weary traveller sought my first,
For badly he had hurt my second;
From far amid the deepening gloom
A cheering third seductive beckoned.
But as he went a sage cried: "Hold!
Oh, fourth that snare which would decoy you.
It is death's wild will-o'-the-wisp;
Beyond my whole it will destroy you."

II.
My first is the same as my second;
But my second is not my first;
For five of my first must be reckoned
Whenever my second's rehearsed.
So my second my first, upon my soul,
In worth doth mightily my whole.

III.
Within my first my third men seal;
My second's naught, yet woe or weal
Oft in it speak. Under my whole
Comes comfort to the dying soul.

IV.
Far from its vine, and from my second poured,
My first tempts palates at the social board.
My whole no less is at the banquet placed,
To tempt the eye and satisfy the taste.

V.
The Devil said to Mother Eve:
"Dear first, my second do."
And she obeyed. Oh, woe! whole
Was that for me and you!

The Traveller.

Oh, where do I go when I am asleep,
When such marvellous things I see?
And why will my memory not keep
The adventures that happen to me?

Such wonderful fragments and bits I recall,
Such glimpses of beautiful things;
Of castles and towers mighty and tall,
And palaces matchless of kings.

I visit the wonderful lands that hang
Where the world is upside down;
The isles where the sirens so wickedly sang,
And many an old, old town.

And forests with lions and tiger-cubs,
And monkeys uncaged in each tree;
And black men out hunting with arrows and clubs;—
But they all are afraid of me!

For neither the land nor the ocean wide
Can hinder my way at night;
When I on a flying-horse can ride,
As swift as the wind in flight.

And I have fought dragons, no knight so bold,
In lands that are far, far away;
And have captured galleons laden with gold,
Darting out from a palm-fringed bay.

I have searched weird places in and out,
By the sure, hid way of dreams;
I have journeyed the whole round world about,
With its forests, and mountains, and streams.

If I could remember, and if I could tell,
How people would listen and stare!
For never has traveller travelled so well,
As they all would be forced to declare.

ENOCH CRANE.

The Letter Bag.

[No letters can adequately represent the sufferings of unhappy Poland, and we are not even able to give any communications which are recent. For a year the German blockade has been so complete that no letters have come out or gone in. Through the kindness of Mme. Szumowska Adamowski, President of the Society which has done noble work, the Friends of Poland, we are able to give a few extracts. Mr. Adam Siedlecki, an author well known in Poland, wrote in November, 1915, as follows:]

[As to the situation in Warsaw.] imagine a space filled with thousands of miserable basements; place in them people for whom no human aid can find occupation,—people deprived of all comforts for many months; put among them old men and feeble children; count 300,000 of such unfortunates, and you will have a faithful picture of Warsaw. In the city, human shapes looking like skeletons leaning against the walls of the houses, who have not even the strength to whisper the word "help"; limitless despair reflected in their eyes. On the sidewalks you may see chains of beggars kneeling in the water accumulated by the recent autumn rains, with their eyes glued to the ground. They have not yet overcome the shame of being forced to beg. In the miserable holes of suburban lodgings are whole families who for weeks have not tasted a spoonful of warm food, and over this human stratum another still more pitiable—the intelligent part of the population deprived of work; the impossibility of getting out of their mouths a request for help, hiding between the walls of a bare room the misery of hunger and of November cold. Indescribable is the mental anguish of seeing their children without food, wasting under their eyes and becoming an easy prey to the reigning epidemics. . . . The work of relief under great-hearted Prince Lubomirski, assisted by hundreds of men of noble mind, and collections of hundreds of roubles, has done much. The towns have become a network of free kitchens. All sorts of philanthropic committees are working eagerly, but all these cannot give assurance that there will be fuel and food for the unfortunates. . . . One thing only will ever be forthcoming: the ardor and self-forgetfulness of those who work until exhaustion to save if but a portion of these miserable sufferers from death and starvation. . . .

[That matters have grown constantly worse in Poland, is known in spite of all censorship and blockades. It is to be doubted if the world has ever seen more appalling and atrocious suffering than now ravages unhappy and guiltless Poland.]

[From a private letter from Warsaw, May, 1915.] I will tell you a part of the unusual self-sacrifice of a young girl, twenty years old, of a wealthy family, Miss Fuchs. She had been taking care of homeless refugees, caught typhus, and died soon after. Before her death, while she was still conscious, she begged her parents to give the money which would have been her dower to the houseless ones, and not to let it be known how she caught the fever, as it might discourage others from helping the unfortunate. It was kept secret, and I know it only accidentally. There have been many victims of the disease among the well-to-do, delicately nurtured women, who were not used to hard work. They perish, but they all die without a murmur, in the quiet consciousness of having performed their duty. . . . All together you may be proud of your compatriots. In spite of the present depression and mental suffering, there is great strength and persistence in work of relief.

THE BOSTON MOTHER GOOSE.

I.

THE LANDMARKS.

The Boston landmarks, men agree,
Are sights all travellers should see;
And so to see them, every year,
The travellers come from far and near.

The State House makes a glorious show,
Where fiery bulbs shine row on row,
As they would never stop;
But sometimes one might like to know
Whether the statesmen down below
Are also light a-top.

Oh, help! Alas! Alackaday!
What steps are there we *can* take?
A tower's stepped on the Custom House,
And squashed it flat as a pancake!

The State House long has single been
For all its grace and charm;
The State House now is Mormon seen,
With a wife on either arm.

A hip and a hop and a hippetty-clidge,
And that is the shabby old Harvard Bridge.

Roly-poly the Boston Stone!
Once in Boston well was it known.
Over the ocean it rolled its way,
Served as a landmark for many a day;
Now it is built in a down-town wall.
Who among you has seen it at all?

Ten tribes were lost;
Some hoped to find them one day.
The Esplanade was built;
And there they were on Sunday.

To market! To market! We'll go down to Faneuil.
Home again! Home again! Back through the tunnel.

The lion and the unicorn
On the Old State House stood,
Till certain silly people
Debated if they should.

The lion and the unicorn
Together went away;
The lion and the unicorn
Came back another day.

They once used Boston Common
To hang the witches there;
But witches got so plenty
That they dropped it in despair.

The people in the Old Folks' Home,
The Athenaeum named,
They never wish abroad to roam,
They are completely tamed.
And if they chance restless to get,
And life seems rather slow,
They watch, to take away all fret,
The graveyard down below.

The Somerset 's a noble club; of that there is no doubt.
The Common in the windows looks, the uncommon look out.

To Boston Common, row on row,
Anciently honorable, the troopers go;
And when they are assembled there,
They fire the Governor into a chair.
But common folk hold the Common dear
Because they flock together here,
Whenever holidays come round,
To strew old papers on the ground.
So the next morning it is seen
To be both "Common and unclean."

Answers to Correspondents.

SCHOLAR. We have never seen the phrase "to take up arms against a See of troubles" explained as referring to the fight against the Pope; but in view of the bitterness of the feeling against the Catholics in Shakespeare's time, we are inclined to agree with you that this is the true meaning.

SIMON. "Tabu" is a word of Polynesian origin. Its meaning is: Made in Germany.

CONCORD. The passage in which Emerson protests against the modern spelling of programme is in "Brahma":

"They reckon ill who leave 'me' out."

ZANTIPPETTE. You ask if you should accept the position of chief marshal in a parade of woman suffragists when you cannot tell the right hand from the left. We should regard you as specially designed by Providence for that office.

VIOLET. We can assure you that it is not considered good form to eat catsup on pie for breakfast. As the name indicates, catsup is served only for supper, and then generally on ice-cream.

SIMPLEX. No, having written fables does not make La Fontaine a fabulous person, any more than not having written them makes Bernard Shaw real.

HARVARD. The patron saint of football players is St. Lawrence, who achieved fame on a gridiron.

DORCAS. The rule for knitted sponges generally followed is to cast on as many stitches as one pleases, knit as long as one pleases, drop any number of stitches one pleases, and bind off.

PRISCILLA. The names of the débutantes who poured at the Boston Tea Party have not been preserved, so we are unable to give you a description of their dresses.

The pleasure of Saturday night,
When we've tried all the week to be good,
Is that then we our morals may slight,
And not do a thing that we should.

Roman pearls are good enough for swine.

DEC 13 1916

BAZAAR DAILY

10 CENTS

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1916

No. 2



Angling on the River Meuse.

“Hope to heaven you don’t have to fire. It might scare the fish.”

A Wish at Sea.

May death come as eve comes to meet
 The level sea;
 With wide, cool quietude, and sweet
 Tranquillity.
 One lucent star from out the dusky west,
 Far on the lee,
 Gives dear assurance darkness will be blest,
 From terrors free;
 Far, dim horizons mark where voyages cease,
 And we would be.
 Then hope at last shall merge with peace
 Eternally.

A. B.

Rest and Refreshment.

I had tarried late in town on account of important private business, postponing the move to the country until I should be able to go with a clear conscience, my work finished. The weather had been very hot in the past week in June, and the bricks under my busy feet reminded me of those that in my youth were tucked into sleighs, perfectly heated in the kitchen oven, and wrapped in bits of carpet.

Some kind friends had a cottage at the seashore, not more than an hour distant by rail; and when they wrote begging me to come for a day and a night, "just for rest and refreshment," as they neatly put it, I was grateful for the thought of me, and gladly took the train in the afternoon of a scorching day. I was very tired, and overhurred, not allowing myself my usual afternoon siesta and cooling bath. I packed some things into my leather case with a disorderly mind, doubting as to its contents, as the evening at the shore might be very cold by contrast.

The train was stuffy, and full of the heat and dust which had entered with the sun in the morning and huddled there all day; but as one left the city and confronted the marshes with the soft tide-ways creeping through them, the atmosphere revived, and my wilting spirit with it. When I arrived at the station at M., and found my friend waiting for me in her victoria, I became quite content with all conditions.

"Oh, you poor dear!" she exclaimed. "I fancy town must have been awful. James came down in an early train, saying that he simply couldn't bear the heat a moment longer."

"Yes, it was bad enough," I said; "but now I will forget it."

We rolled smoothly over the well-kept road, after waiting for the departure of many motor-cars, all seemingly bent upon getting their owners home first. Our carriage turned into a wood-road, shady and quiet.

"I thought you wouldn't mind taking a long way round," said my friend. "One of the horses is rather queer about autos, and I like to get away into the roads forbidden to them. It is a good deal farther, but it is so safe."

I was longing to get to the sea, and the wood-road was shut in rather closely with no view; but, as she said, it was safe, and that was a consideration. On reaching the main road again, we had one or two hairbreadth escapes from being run down by autos, which rushed at us from behind, just shaving our wheels. This caused our horses to prance a good deal on the grass at the roadside, and to behave in a most uneven manner. We made several masterly flank movements, however, and now and again would plunge into lanes which were ticketed in large letters "Nor an automobile road," with no explanation what sort of a road it might be. My friend's conversation was fragmentary, as she kept one eye to windward and the other to leeward, and interspersed her remarks to me by suggestions to the coachman. At last we

entered the home avenue, victorious, if a bit shaken, and as she stepped on the piazza she said with a sigh of content: "I really drive so little this summer, those autos are so annoying."

The place was delightful, and from one of the windows of the room assigned to me I looked on a dancing summer sea, with a wooded island here and there breaking the blue expanse; and on the other side a garden brilliant with all the colors of all the flowers. The air was perfumed, and I gratefully recognized the fragrance of box, and mignonette, and heliotrope, the incense of their day of service.

After dinner we sat on the wide veranda, overlooking the terrace to the sea, and it seemed too good to be true.

"You won't mind my smoking rather near you?" asked James. "There is no breeze to-night; and sometimes the mosquitoes come out of the grass."

I didn't mind at all, for they did seem to be coming out of the grass, or somewhere, and I was feebly flicking my handkerchief about my person. That was a small misery, however, in the face of a young moon, not grown to undue fullness of figure, but just artistically well-made. The summer waves lazily kissed the foot of the high cliff, and enfolded the islands silently, as the waters of the lagoons hold Venice in their embrace. As the evening grew late, and we separated for the night, I remarked upon the perfect repose of the picture, adding that sleep in such surroundings would be as a benediction to my city-worn nerves.

James looked out to the far horizon, saying, with a touch of anxiety in his voice: "I hope it won't be too calm. There is a misty bank out there which may mean fog."

"Oh, I don't mind sea-fog," I replied. "It's so fresh, and full of salt."

My hostess came to see that nothing was wanting in my pleasant room, telling me that her chamber was separated from mine only by a communicating closet, if I might like to speak to her.

"My dear, I shall speak to no one. I shall be blissfully asleep in no time at all."

I got into bed, leaving the windows open, that the sweet air could enter at will. The friendly lighthouses winked at me from the island in the bay, and I lapsed into slumber with a delicious consciousness of doing so which adds the true Epicurean touch to the luxury of it.

It seemed but a blessed moment of time before I was waked by a tremendous noise that got me to my feet with a vague impression that a large ocean steamer was being wrecked on the terrace. I staggered to a window, to be there greeted by a repetition of the horrid bellowing of steam, which struck the air as with an impact of personal motive. The moon had vanished, the stars had gone away, and a sort of white darkness reigned in their stead. The monstrous utterance kept on at regular intervals of half a minute; and as I nervously shut both the windows to shelter me a little, my friend came into the room, candle in hand.

"I am so sorry! James was afraid it might come."

"What? A shipwreck?" I gasped.

"No, no! It's the new steam fog-signal they have put on the island where the lighthouses are. The whole shore is in a rage about it, and we can only hope that it may be changed before long. Do you think you can sleep at all, dear? The fog may clear away, if the wind turns."

"I can try," I answered with a ghastly attempt at good-nature. "Don't worry about me."

She went sorrowfully, and I did try. But the thing that shook the night was inevitable, unforgettable; and after covering my head with the sheet, and being asphyxiated, I gave it up, and wondered if the day would never come, when I could go back to town. At about

four o'clock the dreadful thing blew with less force, and at last stopped with a groan, as if it had died.

I got up, opened the windows, saw the blessed dawn, heard the birds singing, and then threw myself desperately into bed again, thinking to catch a nap, and ease my aching head. Just as I was catching a nap, what was this new torment outside? It was as if all the mill-wheels in the world were turning their clappers, getting nearer and louder as they came. Once more I went to the window, weary with emotion, and steeled to meet whatever might be there. I saw two small boats, a man in each, apparently clapping aimlessly from point to point, like maniacs seeking a likely spot in which to drown themselves. The men stood up, and evidently had no oars. I was really anxious now, and knocked on the dividing door.

"Yes, dear," said my friend in a sleepy voice.

"I want to tell you that there are two stranger men in boats, making a clacking noise with some instrument, and I fear they are not all right."

"Oh, darling, to be sure you wouldn't know, not having been at the shore for years," she cried. "They are the motor-dories; they won't stay long." And she was silent, and, I suppose, asleep again.

My poor brain was a bit weakened by this time, and I wondered if "motor-dories" were any relation to matadors, and why they would not stay. After watching them for a time, I decided that they were pulling at ropes in the water, probably a strange but innocent way of fishing. At last I returned to my distracted couch, and they clattered away into the morning.

After a slight doze, followed by a refreshing cup of tea, I met my hosts on the piazza. They were distressed about my night of disturbance, and begged me to make no effort to do more than to wander in the garden and sit about in the pleasant shade of the trees, as I was obliged to take an afternoon train to town. They also advised a nap after luncheon, to which counsel I willingly agreed, and went to my room, taking a novel with me; and on a comfortable couch was in a pleasing condition of somnolence, when the whole house was shaken to its foundations, doors and windows rattled, and a terrible explosion took place somewhere very near. I rushed to my door, thinking of the gas-machine of which they had been speaking as so great a convenience. I called over the stairs: "What is it? Shall I come down?"

"No, no," answered my friend from below. "It's those stupid big guns they are trying on one of the forts in the harbor. They do it rather often this summer."

I just groaned and went back to my room, broken in spirit, with only enough decision left to live until I could get home. The concussions went on at intervals, and of course no rest was possible with the couch shaking beneath my tired form. Luncheon was a perfunctory meal on my part, full of forced cheerfulness; and in the warm afternoon I was driven to the train, chased along the dusty road by the devastating motors.

When I reached town, they had been drenching the streets with water, and as my cab threaded its careful way the queer damp smell was grateful to my nostrils. The servants had a little dinner ready for me, and a cooling breeze blew through the open house.

As I lay in my bed that night, hearing the footsteps on the sidewalks grow fewer and less frequent, there was a present sense of shelter and relief. The night breeze rustled the leaves of the elms in the park, and the sometime honk of the distant auto lulled me to repose. The majority of the summer world had gone to the seashore for "rest and refreshment."

ALICE G. HOWE.

When Mark Twain Miscued.

The game of billiards was the solace of Mr. Clemens's last years.

"I am now so old," he once drawled to me, "that I've got down to just two alternatives. I must either play billiards or go to bed. There is no middle course open to me." So I often used to drop in at his old Fifth Avenue house and save him from bed.

We played a thing which he declared to be billiards. In reality it was an anomalous game of his own invention. There was about it none of the rigidity of age. Its chief virtue was the variety caused by its unceasing evolution. He treated it as if it were a story that he was writing, and kept inventing new rules as he went along. The basis of the plot was a pool table and three balls.

He played with his whole soul and could not bear to lose. When an opponent threatened to overtake him he would become seriously agitated, hastily invent a new and more surprising rule, and forge ahead.

As we were playing one afternoon, an old friend, whom we may call Amos X., arrived to spend the night. Mr. Clemens clasped him to his bosom, installed him in the adjoining room, and hastened eagerly back to make the next shot. Presently Mr. X. drifted in to watch, and was thoughtless enough to try and make conversation. "What have you been reading lately?" he asked, just as my opponent was endeavoring to mark twain caroms and pocket himself off the red. Mr. Clemens started nervously and left me a golden opportunity.

"Nothing," he answered shortly. "Given up reading. Do sit down, Amos!"

But Amos continued to walk about close to the table, and talk, while his friend's game went to pieces. Distractedly he invented a new rule. But it was a feeble one, and did not seriously check my steady advance toward his score.

"Come on down to Florida with me," suggested Amos.

"I've given up travelling," snapped the humorist. "Sit down!"

But Amos explained that he had been sitting down enough in the train. In all innocence he jogged Mr. Clemens's cue arm during a critical shot, and began a long, arid tale about a Western college president visiting Rome, who went to some celebration at St. Peter's and was refused admittance because he had no ticket. "But I don't need one," the president declared. "I have an hereditary right in here." "How so?" asked the doorkeeper. "My name is Martin Luther," he answered. "Oh, all right, you may enter!" cried the doorkeeper.

Mr. Clemens squeezed out a mirthless laugh. But I could see no mirth in his eyes. For, at the climax of the tale, he had miscued, and I had, in consequence, run fifteen and caught up to him. And he had been too much agitated even to improvise a new rule.

Then Amos ambled on downstairs. Mr. Clemens watched the receding figure malevolently, and as soon as the other was out of earshot he delivered himself of a good, round expression filled with the tang of his pilot days on the Mississippi.

"How," he cried, "does that uneasy chap suppose any one can play billiards while he's meanderin' round here talking about Luther and God a'mighty and other uninteresting people?"

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

"Where did old Midas get that large collection of posters he has left to the Metropolitan Museum?"

"I am not sure, but I think it was made years ago by a Shanty Town goat."

BAZAAR DAILY

Published in aid of the NATIONAL ALLIED BAZAAR

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The DAILY is issued daily for the ten week-days of the Allied Bazaar in Boston. Subscriptions, including postage, \$1.50, may be sent to the Editor, 4, Otis Place, Boston, or to the booth of the DAILY at the Bazaar. Orders for bound copies of the entire issue will be taken at the booth.

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Special Daily Features of the Bazaar.

At the Café Chantant the Marimba Band and the Hawaiian Band each day from 4 to 6 P.M.

In the basement: Pony Circus and Trained Cockatoo, and the Punch and Judy Show free. The Movies, with new and wonderful war pictures.

Golf Lessons. To-day and evening in charge of Webb of Brae-Burn Golf Club, Paul Revere Hall, 3 P.M. to 4 P.M. Eduard Jern, violinist to their Majesties, the King and Queen of Belgium.

In Main Exhibition Hall at 9.30 an ovation to the Allied Colors. Miss Eyemael as little Miss Columbia.

A QUACK is the shadow of a hypochondriac.

THE unoccupied have no leisure.

AMERICA is the land of the free, and the home of the impertinent.

WE wonder whether the many gentlemen of leisure who have taken to knitting during the war will continue that occupation after the need of sending stockings to the front is over. They find it an interesting and soothing occupation, and it may be that, in the future, elderly gentlemen will be found of an afternoon sitting in the Somerset and Union Clubs with their knitting, quite as a matter of course.

A Crying Want.

The number of societies in which executive people do good work and futile folk fuddle about is already large. We hesitate, in face of the number already organized, to suggest that yet another is urgently required; but we venture to think that some of those already in operation might wisely be disbanded to make room for a body so urgently needed. The Society for the Multiplication of Breakfast Foods, for instance, may be regarded as having accomplished all that could reasonably be expected of it, and perhaps even more. The Society for the Care of Bachelors' Stockings should certainly be given up, as it seriously discourages matrimony, and the good of the state is vitally interested in the maintenance of that institution. The League for Popularizing the Back Bay must be convinced that its efforts are fruitless, and common sense would call for its abandonment. When these and others of the sort have been cleared away, abundant room will be found for the society we propose. Indeed, some new body would be needed to keep the professional managers of societies happy and out of mischief. The

organization we have in mind need but be named to arouse interest and approval, for we mean nothing less than a Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Neighbors.

As things are at present, every man who lives in town is absolutely at the mercy of those dwelling near him. He is the slave of their caprices, the victim of their selfishness, and he has no one to help him to relief. His peace may be destroyed, his temper spoiled, his nerves shattered, by the folk next door; and all this without his being able to do anything unless he wishes to pay the penalty of being unpopular and regarded as a crank. The offenders have perfect immunity; and the singular thing about it is that people who themselves feel for the victim are yet so inconsistent as to feel also that he should submit in silence. The man whose neighbor keeps a dear little dog with a forty-horse-power yap, a dear little dog that takes his walks abroad at ten every evening with salvos of piercing yelps, only to awaken the community at five on the following morning with barks grown stronger and shriller overnight, is expected to endure it without making any trouble. The man who has next door a neighbor who thinks with monstrous self-deception that he can play the piano, and therefore strums for hours on an instrument set thoughtfully against the party-wall, is looked upon as a beast if he no more than sends in a polite note asking that he may have occasional respites. We all know neighborhoods that are made all but uninhabitable by music-machines of various sorts and varying degrees of deadliness. What is a man to do when the people near by have theories about the rearing of babies, put a bracket outside their nursery window, dispose on it the baby's basket, in the basket deposit a baby, and then leave it for hours to shriek to all the world and high heaven its anguish that its parents have not more sense? To complain is to show one's self an egotist opposed to all that is most elevating in human progress. Again, the dwellers in half a dozen houses find their light, their view, even their fresh air, cut off by a wall or an addition which a kindly gentleman has thrown up for the spiritual castigation of the neighborhood. All these and many more grievous wrongs call imperatively for the establishment of the new society.

The S. S. C. N.—as the title would be used constantly, it would be well to abbreviate—should be ready in any case where a citizen is incommoded by those living near him, to step in and set things right. It should adjust those questions which are outside the law, and those delicate matters which victims shrink from taking in hand themselves. A man hesitates to tell his piano-mauling fellow-man, however obviously it be true, that he can play no better than a broken piston; but a dispassionate and impersonal society may send word to Mr. X. that his drumming is a nuisance to the folk for half a block. Mr. X. will be furiously angry, but he will not be able to fix a quarrel on any especial person, and that he has been warned by a society is a matter concerning which he is little likely to speak upon the housetops. The same principle holds good of yapping dogs, shrieking babies, canned-music noises, and all the rest of the doleful list. The amount of annoyance which will be saved, the human lots which will be ameliorated, the general oiling of social wheels which would follow from such a society as we propose, if it were properly administered and effectively run, would be simply incalculable. The suffering who are unable to right themselves because social conventions interfere would be then raised to the level of animals and children, for the good of either of which organizations already exist and win the admiration of the angels; and the world would be one more long and important step toward the realization of the ideal of universal peace and good-will.

The Editor's Callers.

Myrtilla came into the sanctum with a thoughtful mien, and after the conventional greetings sat for a moment without speaking. The Editor regarded her with the air which he affected, and which he tried to make sufficiently wise in appearance to cover the real lack of comprehension which often lay under it as he endeavored to follow the vagaries of his feminine visitors.

"No," Myrtilla observed at last, "I don't see the way out of it. The servant question is bad enough on the side of the girls themselves; but if their mistresses go on behaving as they do, we shall all have to give up house-keeping."

"You may have to give it up," the Editor responded, not very wittily, "but all the same, you won't do it."

"But things can't go much farther, and leave it possible for a woman who won't fight to keep her end up."

The Editor regarded her thoughtfully, turning his pencil from end to end on his desk.

"When a woman makes a general complaint," he observed, smiling, "a specific case is always behind it. What is the especial grievance in this case?"

"I don't know," Myrtilla rejoined, "that that is any more likely to be true of a woman than of a man; but no matter. I did have Miriam's cook in mind."

"If you have taken her into your mind," he complimented, with a flourish of his pencil, "Miriam's cook has a good place at least. But I thought Miriam was especially well pleased with her. How could you take her away?"

"I didn't. Somebody else did that. Would you believe that Mrs. X. actually went to the house while Miriam was in New York, and bribed the cook with higher wages to come to her!"

"I find it easier to believe things about Mrs. X.," the Editor observed, "from the fact that about her grandfather you couldn't tell the truth without being thought snobbish."

"But I have known several ladies that have done the same thing."

"To my antediluvian mind," the Editor observed thoughtfully, "it would seem impossible to apply the term 'lady' to a person who would bribe servants to leave their places."

"At any rate," Myrtilla persisted, "it has been done to people I know by their own friends."

"Then the persons you know," commented the Editor, suavely, "must be singularly unfortunate in their choice of friends. At least these marauders would be their friends no longer."

Myrtilla looked at him in evident bewilderment.

"Why not?" she asked.

The Editor smiled rather curiously, and began to tap the back of his left thumb with the pencil.

"I meant nothing cryptic, my dear Myrtilla; but only the obvious thing that of course you couldn't continue to know a person who had taken a servant out of your house by bribery."

"But you wouldn't quarrel over a thing like that?"

"I wouldn't have a well-bred person quarrel over anything; but this case seems simple. If a lady knows that one of her acquaintances has bought a servant out of her house, especially if that acquaintance has been a friend, she of course writes to her at once."

"Writes to her?" echoed Myrtilla, evidently puzzled. "Of course then there'd be a quarrel."

"That depends upon whether she wrote properly. The letter should be especially polite, and as cordial as if nothing had happened."

"But what could she say?"

"She *could* say many things, but the things she would like to say would be just those which she must of course leave out. She in common honesty is bound to say to her friend that it has come to her ears that that friend has seduced away her cook, or her waitress, or whatever, by offering her higher wages; but that as it is of course inconceivable that her friend should do a thing so dishonorable, she is very indignant on her friend's behalf, and she wishes to be able to defend her. So she asks her friend for a specific denial."

Myrtilla looked at him with absorbed and envying intentness.

"Oh," she breathed, clasping her hands in her lap, "I believe you'd dare do it."

"I don't see where the daring comes in," he retorted, "but I should be heartily ashamed of myself if I did not."

"But," Myrtilla said, evidently struggling with deep considerations, "I don't see what would come of it. The woman who would steal a servant would lie out of it."

"That," the Editor assented, "is by no means improbable; but you must remember that if she were guilty, she would be furious. She would be sure to tell the story; and she would know from the air, without anybody's saying it, that she was blamed. She would be so uncomfortable that her protestations would help to make the trick of stealing servants unpopular."

His caller considered a couple of moments in profound silence. Then she looked up as if a new phase of the difficulty had just occurred to her.

"But you see the trouble is," she said, "that all the women would blame the one that complained."

"Why? What could they blame her for?"

"Well," she answered ingenuously, yet with a smile which showed that her sense of humor was awake, "we always blame any woman that makes another uncomfortable, even if she is in the right."

"There is something in that," laughed the Editor. "It is a perversion of the sex instinct to defend a woman in everything and anything except when she attracts the men. Save for that unpardonable sin, you do stick together pretty well. You see I am not a cynic."

"What do you mean by that?"

"A cynic might attribute your feeling about a woman who puts another in the wrong to a lack of moral sensitiveness, or to a secret consciousness that the fault that is corrected, whatever it is, might be committed by any creature in petticoats. But I never hinted at either."

Myrtilla rose, and he came to his feet also.

"Well," she observed, holding out her hand in farewell, "you may be right about the way to treat servant-stealing, but I'm afraid the remedy will not be adopted."

"Then the evil will go on," he said with a smile. "It is one of those social grievances the remedy for which is in the hands of the women and nowhere else. If every woman who was known to do a thing so mean was sent to Coventry, how long would it last?"

"Oh, that wouldn't do any good," Myrtilla responded with a smile a thousand times more charming, "for all the women who sent these women to Coventry would in turn be sent to Coventry themselves for doing it. So we should in the end all be there together!"

At the Country Club one lady called another cheap. "Cheap!" ejaculated the friend with whom she was talking. "She's so cheap she might be put on a five-cent counter and marked down to three cents!"

A Boston father was asked by his small son why sailors were called tars. "It may be, my son," the father replied, "because they are pitched about so much."

Through Suez Canal in War-time.

We came down from Luxor to Cairo on Christmas Day, 1915, hoping to sail within a week for Boston *via* the Mediterranean and Naples. On our way down we saw from the train the long lines of earthworks along the western side of the canal, the fortifications of sandbags, of trenches, of embankments, seen from within. Soldiers were everywhere, and everywhere were at work strengthening, extending, or perfecting the line. The evening sun shone on men and camels, on excavations, mounted guns, sentries, and camps; and yet it all was so peaceful, so quiet, and so remote, that it seemed hardly to be really war.

As we started from the station to drive to the hotel in Cairo, however, we found ourselves in an atmosphere anything but placid. The city was full of troops newly returned from Gallipoli, and the lawless Australians, of whom the saying in Cairo was "they are magnificent fighters, but they are not soldiers," were celebrating Christmas in their usual boisterous fashion. We drove to the entrance of a square, hearing the roar of the crowd grow more and more overpowering as we advanced, and suddenly we had a glimpse of long tongues of flame against which a wild and swirling mob was silhouetted. Of course we thought of a riot. At that instant our cab was stopped by the police, and turned about to get to the hotel by a roundabout route, and we naturally thought that the feeling about Gallipoli, which we knew to be strong, had brought an outbreak of the mob. It proved, however, that it was nothing but a bonfire in the street, a *feu de joie* kindled by the irrepressible Australian contingent.

The news from the Mediterranean was not reassuring. The *Pacific* had just been sent to the bottom, and travelling by the P. and O. boats was looked upon as a desperate necessity or an act of sheer madness. As neither of us would risk the other to attempt the passage of the torpedo-ridden sea, although each of us had made it separately, a good deal of discussion ended in a visit to Cook's, with a view of ascertaining what were the prospects of getting to America by way of the Pacific. The result was not encouraging. Cook's agents offered to book us to Yokohama by P. and O. boats, a change being made at Colombo, but this arrangement was dependent upon the safe arrival of the *Medina*, due the following week from England. Whether she came through unscathed or shared the fate of her sister ship the *Pacific* no man could tell. Beyond Yokohama the agency would promise nothing. None of the steamships of any belligerent nation any longer advertised sailings, and they had no knowledge of what boats went between Japan and America, or when they went. They could assure us that some lines were still running, and that we should be able to obtain information at Singapore. They thought the chance of our getting a boat to San Francisco fairly good, and it might even be that by the time we reached China some of the steamers of the Empress line might be once more in operation.

He who cannot do what he would, does what he may. We took passage to Yokohama, and on January 7, according to advice, we went on to Port Saïd. Nobody knew when the *Medina* would arrive; she was due, but the only evidence of her being still above water was that no news had come in of her destruction. She did not arrive on the 7th, nor yet on the 8th. When on Saturday night, January 8, we went to bed at eleven, no news had been received. It was understood, however, that the boat would not use wireless, lest it indicate her whereabouts to hostile craft. At about seven in the morning on Sunday, the 9th, we were awakened by an

agent from Cook's, who came to say that the *Medina* had come in soon after midnight, and would sail that day. We were to go on board that forenoon.

I cannot conceive that any human being could ever leave Port Saïd with any feeling save that of gratitude for his escape, and we were only too glad of the chance to start for Japan ten days before the time we had fixed in leaving the Soudan for arrival in Boston. We were at the wharf with a rather formidable array of luggage somewhere about ten, and after an hour of struggle we got on board. We were passed from hand to hand, and the officials, although they were courteous, were too numerous to be finished with quickly. The first official had apparently no duty beyond seeing that the names on our passports were not on a black-list of persons forbidden to leave Egypt. Finding that no evidence existed here of any interest on the part of the government to keep us longer in the land, he passed us to another, who compared us with the passports aforesaid to see whether anything appeared to indicate that we might be using the papers of others. So we went from hand to hand, seeing as we waited the doorkeepers feeling the flowing garments of all who passed in and out to be sure that they carried no concealed weapons. Then our seventeen pieces of luggage came under inspection. In a large case of ethnological material the agent at Congdon's, in Cairo, had, for his own convenience, put a couple of rifles. As the law did not allow the taking of firearms out of Egypt, the discovery of these might have made trouble; but fortunately the case was not opened, no awkward questions touched upon the subject, and at the long last we found ourselves and our belongings on the steamer.

What the journey across the submarine area had been was indicated in some degree by various things we noted when we went on board. All the glass in ports and windows was pasted over with a double layer of thick paper, a brown layer and a black; in the cabins were notices forbidding the turning up of any light while a window was open; the bridge was piled with sandbags, which made of it a miniature fortress; on the bulletin-boards were lists of all the men among the passengers, assigning each to a watch, and telling the hours, by night as well as by day, when each watch was on duty. The watches were of two hours each, every man had his assigned post, and the passengers in this duty were on the same footing as the regular crew. Each passenger was assigned to a definite lifeboat, the notice being in each cabin and on the general bulletin. Something of these precautions I had known on the Italian steamer when I crossed from Naples to Alexandria in October; but nothing approaching the thoroughness of detail which had evidently been observed on the *Medina*.

The talk in the smoking-room for the first day or two after we boarded the steamer was largely concerned with the perils through which the company had come. After dinner on the first evening, I heard three men discussing whether the rumor which had at one time spread over the ship somewhere in the Mediterranean,—for the passengers, as the boat constantly zigzagged and doubled about, never knew where they were,—to the effect that the watch had actually sighted a submarine, had been true. The decision was that on the whole the tale was not probable, as, had it been true, the whistle would, according to pre-arranged plan, have signalled the passengers to their respective lifeboats. The men were by no means sure, however, and I gathered from their talk that at the time of the rumor the tale was largely believed on board. This sort of talk was not uncommon for days; and, although always quiet, it showed plainly enough how great must have been the tension in that erratic darkened voyage from the Pillars of Hercules to Port Saïd.

We actually began the passage of the canal at about four-thirty in the afternoon. We steamed first slowly past a row of battleships at anchor on the east side of the canal, largely French. On one torpedo-destroyer with the English flag, a marine was sending a message by the violent wigwagging of flags which is seldom missing from military operations; while in the bow of the thin, knife-like craft, which stood so high out of water, were gathered apparently officers, marines, and crew. Somebody on the deck of the *Medina* below that on which I stood recognized the boat, and when he called it out our passengers and crew alike began to cheer together. I had been so out of touch with details of the war in the winter, fifteen miles from the nearest post-station in the Soudan, that the name meant nothing to me; but the cheering from one boat to the other, and back again from the torpedo-destroyer, easily told its own story.

Next came another row of battleships, this time on the Port Saïd side, and among them a Red Cross steamer with a semaphore doing the violent wigwag signalling, as if nobody could be spared from hospital duty, and it must be done by machinery. Here the bow was crowded with convalescents, and again cheers were interchanged. The thin, feebly eager cheers of the wounded men took one suddenly by the throat, so cheery and plucky were they, and so vividly did they suggest what all this meant.

The canal as we drew on was fortified on both sides, and encampments were abundant. Embankments, rifle-pits, sandbag-redoubts, fairly line the canal from Port Saïd to the Bitter Lakes. Constantly the figures of the Sikhs, with wonderfully serious bearing, with turbans, like their clothing, of dust-hue, paced up and down on sentinel duty along the margin of the canal, or were silhouetted against the sky on every rise. They were singularly impressive, and no less was there about them an air of unreality, as if one were seeing the ghosts of former peoples watching this new waterway through the immemorial Egyptian sands.

Soon we came to the refugee camps where were quartered the remnants of the wretched Armenians who had brought their lives out of the Turkish shambles. Here the children seemed innumerable, and as they came racing down to the edge of the canal, often, if appearances could be trusted, at the imminent risk of tumbling in, the camps were stirred like an ant-hill into which a stick has been thrust. A number of the youngsters and now and then an adult were dressed in the brightest scarlet, and stood out as vividly as the poinsettias in an Egyptian garden; and as occasionally a woman in long flowing robe of lemon-yellow would appear, always moving as if sent in by the stage-manager to give a touch of color, the scene did not lack effectiveness.

Among our passengers was the Maharajah of Kapurthala, with his wife,—formerly the well-known Spanish dancer, Otera,—his son, and such of his suite as had not gone down in the ill-fated *Pacific* when she was torpedoed. One of the suite called out greetings to the Hindu soldiers as we passed, but the response was not much. A Cingalese gentleman also pronounced weird vocables at the top of his voice, but the call and the replies were of course equally unintelligible to the rest of us.

We had on board, I may note in passing, an Australian Jew who had been one of the passengers on the *Pacific*. He came on at Port Saïd, and I overheard him say to a passenger, in relating his experiences in the disaster: "That is a time when a man of course looks out for himself first." He had stamped all over him the signs of a man who would look out for himself first; and by the end of twenty-four hours he was practically left by the passengers to look out for himself for the remainder of the voyage.

A. B.

(To be continued.)

Fifty Doggerel Charades.

VI.

First, second, third we early learn
On fourths when we would play;
With fifth grimace that we must turn
Into my whole this way;
While sixth, old Ann, our kindly nurse,
Declares much learning is a curse.

VII.

Combat is by my first begun,
My second marks its close;
My second shuns the glaring sun,
Save when, the whole world knows,
Thousands to see it strike attend,
And shouts the listening heavens rend.

My third has served the preacher's ends,
And points a moral well;
My whole in sport or strife contends,
Where human passions swell.
My hated third can always make me feel
As if I were my whole, for woe or weal.

VIII.

Uncommonly alike my first and third,
Though one belongs to man and one to bird;
My first is heard where farmers second vales,
My whole where raging waves cry to wild gales.

IX.

My first my second brings,
As from my whole death springs.

X.

My first is always touching pitch,
Yet never is defiled;
My second always must be dear,
Although a little wild:
Yet is not first or second good
Until by fire tried.
My whole is famous from the fact
It never is desried.

XI.

My first across the plain
Boldly my second rode;
When first had come again,
Then him my first bestrode.

The Letter Bag.

[The French Wounded Fund has received a number of poetical letters of thanks from wounded soldiers in the French hospitals. The following is an example.]

RONDEAU.

D'UN PETIT PENSIONNAIRE DE L'HÔPITAL.

Merci de vos bontés, semeuses de bonheurs,
De vos sourires doux comme parfums de fleurs!
Merci des vœux lointains qui réchauffent nos âmes!
Les blessés attendris vous désirent, Mesdames,
De vivre de longs jours loin de maux et des pleurs.

Vos actes sont marqués de charmes enjôleurs,
Nous y reconnaissons la bonté de vos cœurs
Et ce tact délicat qui distingue les femmes.
Merci de vos bontés!

Vous témoignez surtout aux peuples imposteurs
Que nous sommes du droit les nobles défenseurs!
Vos sourires charmantes, vos cadeaux sont des blâmes
Aux tyrans escortés de leur troupes infâmes.
Oui! pour nous acquitter nous reviendrons vainqueurs
Merci de vos bontés.

HÔPITAL AUXILIAIRE, MILLAU, AVEYRON.

[This may be translated: Rondeau of a little patient in the hospital. Thanks for your gifts, sowers of good fortune, of smiles sweet as the perfume of flowers! Thanks for the distant wishes which refresh our spirits! The wounded, touched deeply, desire for you, ladies, that you may live long, far from evils and tears. Your deeds are marked by engaging charms; we recognize in them the goodness of your hearts and the delicate tact which distinguishes woman. Thanks for your gifts! You testify above all to false peoples that we are noble defenders of the right! Your charming smiles, your benefits are so many reproaches to the tyrannical leaders of their infamous armies. Yes, to justify ourselves we shall return conquerors thanks to your gifts!]

THE BOSTON MOTHER GOOSE.

II.

THE STREETS.

On Beacon Hill the Brahmins dwell,
And visitors with reverence tell
How Culture trickles, rill on rill,
As it would all the gutters fill.

When Boston planned her streets, she laid
The ends of two together;
And thus adroit provision made
To suit all tastes in weather.
For when one walks up Summer Street
Winter awaits the comer;
While if down Winter step one's feet,
He plunges into Summer.

The Garden guards the Avenue
From contact with the Common;
The two things common there are wealth
And statues one 'd drop bomb on.

When ships come o'er the ocean blue,
The patient wharves in waiting stand
Along Atlantic Avenue,
Nuzzling black noses on the land.

On Harrison Avenue, Ah Ting Tang,
And Hi Chung Lung, and Ho King Kang,
And Ha Hang Wang, and Hu Hong Kong,
And Sam Tee Hee, and Suey Tong,
And a lot beside, by the way abide,
Like broken china on every side.

In Salem Street on all the stores
The signs appear like music-scores;
And noses curve in such a way
That "Holy Moses!" each seems to say.

On the wrong side of Beacon Hill,
The colored gather with a will;
And Joy Street so was called, they say,
From shouts of pickaninnies al play.

No Boston architect can ever idle be,
For when he has a day to spare,
He must on fresh design work steadily
For rearranging Copley Square.

Hey diddle-diddle, a mall in the middle,
The Avenue stretches proud;
The babies there gather
In sunshiny weather,
The jolliest prettiest crowd.

If you would know concrete respectability,
With just a savor of antique gentility,
Just go some afternoon to take the air,
And walk about Louisburg Square.

Perfectly Possible.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, May 20, 19—.

Dear Mother,—It was such a comfort to know that you had left safely before the enemy landed. The reports are dreadful. You remember Mrs. Carron, the sweet little rosy-cheeked, gray-haired lady whose farm is just outside our town on the Brady Street road; she gave you recipes, she was a wonderful cook. The yelcurs* captured the little town where her daughter and her husband were. He was a doctor and wouldn't run away. Her daughter's husband was killed protecting his wife; and the two little girls were killed, *somehow*; and her daughter—well, she got the first news last week; this morning she came into town for news, and came to us. Phœbe opened the door, and the minute she saw her, Phœbe began to cry. The change in that woman! Mother, you remember her, how she looked, so cheery, so comfortable—the clothes just hung on her shoulders they were so loose, and her face was the color of tallow; Phœbe simply fell on her neck, sobbing; she was so ashamed she said afterwards, but she couldn't help it. But Mrs. Carron smiled the strangest smile and said,—I can't get the sound of her voice out of my ears,—“Don't cry, dear, I haven't slept since I heard; but I'll sleep to-night. I've had good news; Bessie killed herself and the little girls before they could touch them.” I made sure the news was true; then I left the women crying together; and I walked out into the back yard, and I walked up and down with my fists clenched and swore and swore. Oh, not at the yelcurs, at *ourselves* who wouldn't prepare in time when we could. But I don't trust myself to think of that! Don't worry about us, here. We've plenty to eat, and at reasonable prices. That's because our farmers can't send their crops away. They are safe, but they are ruined. Our manufacturers have turned their ploughs into swords. They send them under guards; and all the arsenal guns are sent with armored trains. Some provisions go, but not very much; and of course we can't send any abroad. About all our young men have volunteered. We have splendid generals, and our armies are being trained by defeat. They can't conquer us; but oh, at what a woful, wasteful cost we shall win! Tom is better; he wants to go back on his wooden leg; says a wooden leg is as good as a live one for a chauffeur. Oh, don't be afraid of the end, we'll win; and the middle west will fight with the best of them.

Your aff. son,

TIMOTHY.

P.S. The aëroplane raid did no especial damage to property, only killed one man, and he was a pacifist. They were trying to dynamite the bridge; so Brother John says, “No harm intended and not much done!”

P.S. 2. I wish you could see the way the boys work at the arsenal; I wanted to go to the front, but the colonel told me I was worth more than a regiment where I am. So you needn't mention *me* in your prayers; give them all to young Tim and Brother John. We'll win. You will see.

OCTAVE THANET.

Announcement that some famous surgeon has succeeded in making a heart beat after death makes the whole world wonder.—G. A. MARTIN, *Boston Transcript*.

To have made any kind of a beet, even before death, would have been wonderful; but this is “past all whooping.”

A crowd is like a clock,—somebody must wind it up before it will strike.

*Opprobrious slang name for the enemy.

DEC 13 1916

71191

BAZAAR DAILY

10 CENTS

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1916

No. 3



"By Gad, son, this will be 'some' meal—if we're not killed before!"

The Lonely Legion.

We had not known what envy is
Until we saw you fighting there,
England and France and your Allies,
All glorious in your despair,
And smiling, as they smile who die
For Freedom's immortality.

We are the Legion of your blood,
Sworn, too, to die that Honor live.
We fight a fight scarce understood,—
A little in our hand to give,
But in our ears the clanging shame
Of our besmirched, dishonored name.

Pray for us: here in darkness we
Wade through the swamp and breast the stream.
For us no flaming victory,
No lustihood of banners' gleam:
Only to keep the faith, as you
Have kept it, resolutely true.

You who will march in triumph home,
Bright as the sun's compelling spears,
Remember the time to come,
The dewy, peace-encircling years,
There fought for you, obscured, afar,
An uncrowned Legion of the War.

ALICE BROWN.

The Nook.

Sheila wakened herself in the gray morning twilight by speaking aloud.

"Yes, Angus," she said, "I will come."

She had dreamed that Angus, passing the Manse gate in the early forenoon, had seen her in the garden tying up the hollyhocks, and had come to the gate to give her greeting; and that after they had clasped hands through the grille, he had asked her to keep tryst at the Nook.

"When grandmother is asleep this afternoon," she had said, "I can get away. Yes, Angus, I will come."

So vivid had been the dream that she had answered not in her mind, but with actual audible speech which woke her. She lay awake now, fully aware that it was only a dream. She looked out of the latticed window, left open so that the cool September air had free access. A little breeze stirred the looped-back muslin curtains, and the clematis vine, already beginning to drop its leaves, tangled across the top, marked against the gray sky. She would not have been Scotch had she not wondered whether the dream were uncanny; but she was healthily modern, and not given to thinking every trifle of which the explanation was not at first evident as therefore fey. She at once began to account for the direction her thoughts had taken in sleep. She remembered that last night she had decided that the hollyhocks, rudely treated by yesterday's storm, must be tied up, and that as she did so she had recalled how last year when she was doing this very thing Angus had come by, and the little scene of her dream had been really enacted. The vividness of her vision was doubtless accounted for by this fact. As for the Nook, she had not visited it since Angus left for the front. She could not bear it. No, she could not bring herself to take the memory-haunted path along the shore, and climb to the quaint niche set high in the crag, with its little cushion of grass, seat just large enough for two. She could hardly bear now to look at the sea across which he had sailed away, and she would not trust herself in face of that wide prospect they had so often seen together.

Through the day, in all her duties, a sort of undercurrent of her dream went with her. Last night in remembering she had been sad; now that she had in her dream relived the meeting, she had almost the sense of having really seen Angus in the flesh, a pleasant warmth such as

might come to a lover who saw the shadow of his lady cross a lighted window. She did not at all think of going to the Nook, even when late in the afternoon she set out for a walk. The querulous bedridden invalid on whom were lavished her days had sunk into the sleep which came as a merciful respite at this time of day; and for almost the only hours between waking and sleeping she could safely call her own, Sheila, storm or shine, went into the open. She walked slowly down the garden-path to the gate, which in itself, with its tall stone posts and strongly designed grille, gave to the Manse an air of distinction; she passed through it, and hesitated a moment, considering which way she should walk. As she did so, she turned, from old habit, to glance at the dole-niche. A shock thrilled through her. The dole-niche was a hollow cut deeply into the stone of one of the gate-posts in the shape of a cross. Her great-great-grandfather, who built the Manse, had had it made there. In his day, and for some generations after, it had always, night and day, summer and winter, held bite and sup ready to the hand of any wayfarer in need. The niche now stood empty, save when the wind threw leaves into it or one was laid there by intention. Now in the dole-niche, on the bottom of the cross, lay a single green rowan-leaf. It was the token by which Angus had been wont to summon her to a tryst in the Nook. Sheila looked at it for a startled moment as if it were a trick of fancy; then she turned quickly, and with all the speed possible in her walk she hurried toward the shore-path and the cliffs.

A walk of a quarter of an hour and ten minutes of stiff climbing were needed to take her to the trysting-place. As she made the sharp turn of the cliff which brought her to it, she almost said to herself with a smile: "I am here first." Then it came over her how foolish she had been to let a stray leaf, tossed about by the wind in yesterday's storm, send her on such an errand. She was a little out of breath with her swift climb, and a sudden sense of her loneliness brought a gush of tears to her eyes, as she sank down upon the grassy seat. She looked out over the blue sea with blurred vision; but she held herself sharply in hand. She had promised Angus that whatever happened she would meet it bravely. "Whatever happens," she repeated to herself; "even if—" But she choked back the weakness, and repeated to herself firmly: "Whatever happens." It was not for nothing that she came of old and sturdy northern stock. The marrow in her bones had been passed down from heroes.

It was perhaps the strength which came from this self-mastery, perhaps it was the association with which the Nook was rich; but all at once she was comforted with a sense of peace and well-being such as she had not known since she said good-by to Angus. It was almost as if he were sitting beside her, not with the sadness of their last tryst the afternoon before his regiment started; but as if out of dreadful battle-fields he had returned safe and with honor. She thought of the pride which had thrilled her when the news came that he had won the V. C., and she believed that other honors were in store for him. She set her face resolutely to the sea, that she might not turn to look at the empty place at her side. She could fancy him there; she actually felt that he must be there. The sea was flecked with white-caps, and over it to and fro the gulls were crossing and curving in their swooping flights. She fixed her attention on them with a half-conscious resolve not to reason about the matter of Angus' presence; she would just give herself up completely to the joy of imagining it, and shut out disturbing reality. For some moments in the fading afternoon she sat in this curious frame of mind, a sort of waking dream, the feeling that he was near warming her like sunshine.

Suddenly three cormorants went with heavy swiftness across her field of vision, flying low over the sea, and standing out blackly against the sky just above the horizon-line,—the cormorants, omen of evil. She turned sharply to look, and saw the empty seat beside her. She could hold the illusion no longer. She was alone, and Angus was across the sea in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; somewhere beyond the flight of those birds of evil omen, in peril, perhaps suffering, perhaps dead.

She threw up her head proudly and turned to the sea as one who faces a challenge. The cormorants had disappeared as suddenly as they had come, perhaps having dropped in their flight until they were merged in the shadow below the bright horizon-line.

"Whatever happens!" she said aloud, softly and firmly.

As she spoke a light touch seemed to fall on her forehead. The sensation was as real as if actual lips had given the caress. A shock of realization thrilled through her. Her lips parted, her eyes were dilated. Her conviction was full and absolute. She knew that Angus was dead, and she believed that his spirit was with her in the Nook.

"It will be so he is telling me," she said in her thought. "It will be so he thinks I can bear it best."

A supreme wonder and unspeakable joy possessed her. The solemnity of her experience shut out for the time being any possible emotion of sorrow. Between Angus and her death had been but the means of fresh and marvellous proof of how true was his love for her and how abiding. She sat entranced with the wonder of it, surrounded by a consciousness of his presence hardly less tangible than the soft breath of the dying day which touched her cheek. She accepted the fact he had come to tell, and of his love that coming was a proof so absolute as to strike her with positive awe. She no longer knew time or place, or remembered the bitterness of separation through the coming years. The moment was complete and supreme.

Suddenly she rose. Something had brought her to her feet as if by a volition outside of herself. She looked about, and realized how the light had faded. The path down the cliff could not be passed in safety much longer. She smiled with a blessed feeling of being watched and guarded.

"He wouldn't be willing I'd fall," she murmured happily to herself as she turned away from the Nook and began the descent.

She did not look back. She left nothing behind, for the presence was still with her.

She had no need to break the seal of the official letter which waited for her at the Manse. She knew its tidings already.

EGDON CRAIGE.

The Sharpshooters.

[The following extract is, by the courtesy of Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company, taken from "At Suvla Bay," to be published early in the New Year. It is the account of a former Boy Scout, who, as a member of the Royal Army Medical Corps, served at Gallipoli.]

... We were working our stretcher-bearers as far as Brigade Headquarters, which were situated on a steep backbone-like spur of the Kapanja Sirt. One of my "lance-jacks" (lance-corporals) had been missing for a good long time, and we began to fear he was either shot or taken prisoner with others who had gone too far up the Sirt.

That afternoon we were resting among the rocks, waiting for the wounded to be sent back to us; for since the loss of the other we were not allowed past the Brigade Headquarters. There was a lull in the fighting, with only a few bursting shrapnel now and then. . . . Fairly

late in the day as we all lay sprawling on the rocks or under the thorn-bushes, I saw a little party staggering along the defile which led up to the Sirt at this point. There were two men with cowboy hats, and between them they helped another very thin and very exhausted-looking fellow, who tottered along holding one arm which had been wounded. As they came closer I recognized my lost lance-jack, very pale and shaky, a little thinner than usual, and with a hint of that gleam of sniper-madness which I have noticed before in the jumpy, unsteady eyes of hunted men. The other two, one on each side, were sturdy enough. Well-built men, one short and the other tall, with great rough hands, sunburnt faces, and bare arms. They wore brown leggings and riding-breeches and khaki shirts. They carried their rifles at the trail, and strode up to us with the graceful gait of those accustomed to outdoor life.

"Australians!" said some one.

"An' the corporal!"

Immediately our men roused up, and gathered round.

"Where's yer boss?" asked the tall Colonial.

"The adjutant is over there," I answered.

"We'd like a word with 'im," continued the man.

I took them up to the officer, and they both saluted in an easy-going sort of way.

"We found 'im up there," the Australian jerked his head, "being sniped, and couldn't get away—says 'e belongs t' th' 32d Ambulance—so 'ere 'e is."

The two Australians were just about to slouch off again when the adjutant called them back.

"Where did you find him?" he asked.

"Up beyond Jefferson's Post; there was five snipers pottin' at 'im, an' it looked mighty like as if 'is number was up. We killed four o' the snipers, and got 'im out."

"That was very good of you. Did you see any more Medical Corps up there? We've lost some others, and an officer and sergeant."

"No, I didn't spot any—did you, Bill?" The tall man turned to his pal leaning on his rifle.

"No," answered the short sharpshooter; "he's the only one. It was a good afternoon's sport—very good. We saw 'e'd got no rifle, and was in a tight clove-itch, so we took the job on right there an' finished four of 'em; but it took *some* creepin' and crawlin'."

"Well, we'll be quittin' this now," said the tall one. "There's only one thing we'd ask of you, sir; don't let our people know anything about this."

"But why?" asked the adjutant, astonished. "You've saved his life, and it ought to be known."

"Ya-as, that may be, sir; but we're not supposed to be up here sharpshootin'—we jist done it fer a bit of sport. Rightly we don't carry a rifle; we belong to the bridge-buildin' section. We've only borrowed these rifles from the Cycle Corps, an' we shall be charged with bein' out o' bounds without leave, an' all that sort o' thing, if it gits known down to our headquarters."

"Very well, I'll tell no one; all the same it was good work, and we thank you for getting him back to us," the adjutant smiled.

The two Australians gave him a friendly nod, and said, "So long, you chaps!" to us, and lunched off down the defile.

"We'll chuck it fer to-day—done enough," said the tall man.

"Ya-as, we'd better git back. It was good sport—very good," said the short one.

The object of fashions is not to make persons more beautiful, but to render them more noticeable. This is the reason why they must so constantly be changed.

BAZAAR DAILY

Published in aid of the NATIONAL ALLIED BAZAAR

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The DAILY is issued daily for the ten week-days of the Allied Bazaar in Boston. Subscriptions, including postage, \$1.50, may be sent to the Editor, 4, Otis Place, Boston, or to the booth of the DAILY at the Bazaar. Orders for bound copies of the entire issue will be taken at the booth.

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Special Daily Features of the Bazaar.

At the Café Chantant the Marimba Band and the Hawaiian Band each day from 4 to 6 P.M.

In the basement: Pony Circus and Trained Cockatoo, and the Punch and Judy Show free. The Movies, with new and wonderful war pictures.

Golf Lessons. To-day and evening in charge of James Kaye of Wollaston Golf Club.

Paul Revere Hall, 3 to 4.—Miss Lucretia Craig, dancer; Miss Ippolito, violinist; Estreleta, Hawaiian dancer, with Hawaiian Band.

4.30 to 5.30.—Concert Programme: Mr. Griffiths, —Miss Ethel Harding, pianist; Miss Henrietta Adams, soprano; Miss Grace Sage, reader.

8 to 9.—Madame Aleta, dancer, partner, Mr. Rand; Miss Buccuantini, singer, Miss Rodney Smith, singer, in costume; Mr. De Giso, accordion player.

9.30 o'clock Main Exhibition Hall.—Madame Anna Arnold will sing patriotic songs, with chorus.

THE DAILY takes much pleasure in announcing several gifts of \$10 each, and one of \$75. The donors do not wish their names mentioned.

THE DAILY is proud of its brilliant cartoons, of which one will appear in each number. Signed proofs by the artist, Baron Charles Huard, can be bought at the booth of the DAILY, No. 36, for the moderate price of \$1 each. The original of each cartoon will also be on sale each day.

THE ALDRICH autograph, of which the text is printed in another column, is a rare treasure for a collector. Pieces of this sort are not often in the market. The autographs on sale at the book-shop where this is to be found, it may be noted in passing, are really astonishingly good and varied. Letters and manuscripts which in the ordinary course of events would never have come into the market are to be found there in wonderful profusion.

MRS. GOVERNOR MCCALL will assist at the Book Booth on Tuesday afternoon.

A BOOK ANNEX has been opened in the kiosk in the main hall near the entertainment platform.

ALL who have in any way assisted in the preparation of the Christmas bags which have been sent over to the hospitals, making, filling, packing, or sending, must have a peculiar warmth about their hearts at this holiday time. It is pleasant to think of the thousands of hurt soldiers, men maimed, sick, sorry, mutilated, even living their last days, who will be cheered by these messengers of good-will from over-seas. To the furnishing of these

sachets have gone many kindly and loving thoughts; nimble fingers, quick minds, and blessed feelings of pity have all helped in their making; and the war-torn world will at Christmastide be happier for their ministry. One lady in this neighborhood had the happy inspiration of putting into those which passed through her hands, and these were many, some token marked to be given by the recipient to his nurse. To make the soldiers sharers in the privilege and delight of giving was a last dear touch, a bit of imaginative sympathy that was delightful. The Boston branch of workers for the French Wounded forwarded between 11,000 and 12,000 of these Christmas bags. Those who packed boxes of them, while joking with each other about being special agents of Santa Claus, were conscious deep down of a sentiment too delicate and too tender to be easily put into word.

The Editor's Callers.

"I hate Mrs. Candor," Tom declared viciously. "She talks of nothing but people. I detest gossip!"

The Editor smiled with an air perhaps a trifle too superior.

"There is no doubt you hate her," he returned, "but it is not for talking about people. What else do folk ever talk about in society?"

"But she gossips, and I tell you I cannot bear gossip."

"Nonsense. We all love gossip."

"Speak for yourself," Tom retorted incisively. "Very likely you do. I thank Heaven I don't."

"I certainly do," was the placid response. "If you don't, as you pharisaically say, why have you been asking me all those questions about the girl Frank South is engaged to, and the amount of money old Jackscrew left, and how—"

"Oh, give us a rest!" broke in Tom. "That isn't gossip. That's just natural interest in my neighbors."

The Editor laughed, and now with an air most certainly too superior.

"Perhaps you will favor me with a definition," he said. "Just what, according to your notion, is this objectionable thing gossip?"

"Why, gossip," Tom began; then he hesitated. "Pshaw! Of course anybody knows what gossip is. It's talk about other people's affairs."

"Like details about the girls they are engaged to, and the amount of money they leave in their wills, for instance."

"Oh, bother your cheek! Of course one asks things like that."

"Of course one does," assented the Editor, imperturbably. "That's why I say we all love gossip."

"But gossip," insisted Tom, "is different. I stick to it that something should be done to stop all this talk about people."

"You hold on to an idea like a whippet to a catching-cloth," commented the Editor, with a grin. "What would become of history? It is all talk about people."

"But that's facts."

"Um. Is it? Perhaps so. But letting that go, I suppose that what you are driving at is that talk is all right, if one sticks to facts."

"Of course," assented Tom, fairly leaping into the trap.

"Then why on earth, if you don't mind my asking, did you come in here in such a fume because Mrs. Candor had told the truth about Dick's engagement being off?"

Tom shook himself impatiently in his chair.

"Look here!" he broke out explosively, "if you think I'm a beetle on a pin—"

"'Cockchafer' is more generally used in that phrase,"

murmured the other. The caller glared at him, but refused to be diverted.

"A beetle on a pin to squirm for your amusement," he went on, "you are tremendously mistaken. You know that gossip is talk about people."

"A kit is a cat, but a cat is not necessarily a kit."

"And that there is too much of it," Tom said, persisting to the end of what he started to say.

The Editor laughed, and evidently decided to stop chaffing.

"Don't get excited," he said. "I know what you mean well enough. I've had practice in guessing at your ideas from the words that literally convey something quite different. But it's more than you know yourself. What you are driving at is talk that is malicious. Mrs. Candor is generally malicious."

"Well, isn't gossip always ill-natured?"

"My dear Tom, you and I, as I have already had the honor to point out to you, gossip every day; but there certainly is nothing ill-natured about it."

Tom gave an impatient shake of the head.

"I hate that word 'gossip,'" he declared explosively. "I swear that when I talk about people I don't gossip."

The Editor laughed.

"Don't get excited over a mere question of terms," he responded. "Certainly in the phrase 'a dish of gossip' nothing unpleasant is implied. I started to call your attention to the fact that what you object to in Mrs. Candor is not what she talks about, but the temper in which it is done."

"But you keep harping on that beastly word 'gossip,' as if society was a set of malicious old women."

"It was your own word to start with. Call your talk about Frank South's fiancée and so on whatever you please. I call it gossip because I don't know of any better word for the discussion of the affairs of our neighbors that interest us, but which are in reality none of our especial concern. It is perfectly normal that we should be interested in these matters, and I can see no virtue in pretending that we are not."

"But everybody knows," Tom insisted stubbornly, "that gossip is nasty and offensive."

"If you define it as meaning something nasty and offensive, of course it is. That is not the way I understand the word. I consider the love of gossip as a maligned virtue."

"Rubbish! Now you are talking for the sake of hearing the sound of your little ideas," Tom said rudely. "I've noticed that a man with weak ideas is like a woman with ugly girls: always bringing them forward."

"Bravo, Tom! Are you also of the makers of epigrams?"

"Well," the caller said, rising, "I dropped in to see if I could stir you up a bit, and I may as well give you up."

"Like other deeds of self-sacrifice," the Editor observed with a smile, "your act seems to be its own reward; for you got stirred up yourself."

Tom turned his hat around to get it right for his head.

"If I were as clever as you pretend to be," he said with a ponderous effort to be crushing, "I would always speak in a dead language."

The Editor laughed boyishly.

"I say," he retorted, "that reminds me. You have of course heard the old tag of Terence: '*Humani nihil a me alienum puto.*' Do you know what it means?"

"Of course I know. Don't you remember how old Professor Ferox was always slinging it at us? 'I'm indifferent to nothing that concerns humanity,'" Tom quoted with a mimicry of the old Latin professor's manner.

"It really means," corrected the Editor, with a smile, "'If there is one thing I really enjoy, it is a good dish of gossip.'"

Rangardo's Song.

I saw a fairy, a fairy, a fairy;
I saw a fairy, down in the dell!
She danced, oh, so lightly,
With motions so airy!
She glanced, oh, so brightly,
With eyes watching wary!
Was never a dancer who danced so well,
As that lovely fairy I saw in the dell.

Thistle-down gliding, and gliding, and gliding,
Rides not the zephyr as lightly as she;
Now rising so fleetly,
And nowhere abiding;
Now sinking so sweetly,
In curves gently sliding;
A swallow that skims o'er the sun-gleaming sea
Not swifter, or brighter, or buoyant could be.

I love the fairy, the fairy, the fairy,
Fairy that vanished down there in the dell;
For oh, she danced lightly,
With motions so airy!
She smiled at me brightly,
With eyes bold and wary!
But whither she vanished, or where she may dwell,
Neither the winds nor the waters will tell.

HILAD.

THE following letter from Lord Northcliffe, editor of the London *Times*, is here printed because it expresses so clear an appreciation of the sympathy in America for the Allied Cause. The original may be seen at the bookstall.

"'Boston,' says a German newspaper, speaking of an attempt at propaganda in the Hub, 'we have found to be an impossible proposition.'"

"Only a German would have failed to realize that the 'Mayflower,' Old South Meeting-house, Faneuil Hall, and the Harbor mean something to all Anglo-Saxons.

"We Allie know that the names of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, James, Eliot, and how many more, are indestructible links between us. We know what Harvard thinks about the war.

"We know that the best blood in the United States is ready, if the need arise, to be shed, once more, in the cause of freedom. Happily the need has not arisen. We are able to slay the Dragon ourselves. But none the less we are grateful for the sympathy of the Real Americans.

NORTHCLIFFE."

BOSTON is a unique compound of utter recklessness in theory with the utmost caution in action.

WITH lots of folk the reward of virtue is just plain self-conceit.

A BLUFF is always called at Time's poker-table.

PHILANTHROPY is too often largely the attempt to force helpless people to be uncomfortable in our way, in place of being comfortable in their own.

A weary and tired-out chap
Was determined to catch a small nap;
He put salt on its tail,
But that did not avail,
For it slipped out from under his hat.

A lady came to Spotless Town
With polka-dots all over her gown;
And the ladies thought it so beautiful, they
Stopped washing the spots from their gowns to this day.

Through Suez Canal in War-time.

(Continued.)

Ramparts, embankments, the fortifications of which we had seen the inside from the train windows as we came down from Luxor, the Sikh sentinels, with now and then an Australian on duty, continued as we went on. The day faded quickly, according to its wont in these regions, and the camp-fires began to assert themselves rather by flame than by smoke. The figures of the sentinels became moving shadows, and faces were no longer distinct. Once, however, before the darkness quite cut us off from the personalities on the shore, an officer on the *Medina* recognized a brother officer on whose face the shore-fires cast a full light.

"Hallo, Dalrymple," he called out. "How goes it?"

"Who are you?" came back from the shore, the firelit spot with the wide, dusk desert behind it.

"I'm Linton," was the answer from our deck.

"Where are you going?"

"To India."

The response came back in a voice mingling good-fellowship, whimsical raillery, and an indescribable flavor of weariness. Perhaps the contrast between India and the oppressive monotony of life on guard in the desert rushed over the speaker, as the boat went sliding past on the way to the Red Sea and the lands beyond.

"Oh, you old shirker!" Dalrymple cried.

The Australian soldiery had succeeded now to the Indian troops. Their camps were universally riotously noisy with boisterous mirth. Songs and laughter frothed up like the bubbling of a pot that boils over; and as the *Medina* passed, a constant stream of chaff and greeting came to us from the darkened shore. A favorite cry, shouted through megaphones with all the vigor of bull-strong lungs, was the doggerel sarcasm:

"We're the boys
That make no noise!"

Once from beside an Australian camp-fire a big voice shouted:

"Are there any ladies on board?"

"Plenty of 'em," cried somebody from the second-cabin deck.

"Oh, throw 'em overboard!" roared back the strenuous soldier chorus. "We'll catch 'em! God bless the ladies!"

Again to a post that seemed comparatively quiet was tossed from our decks the call: "Who are you?"

As if a regiment had awakened to a man, and all shouted together, came back the answer: "We'm the Australians! We'm waitin' for the Turks!"

Some time in the night—I slept too soundly to know when—we halted a couple of hours. Four steamers were coming in the other direction, and had the right of way. The result was that the southern end of the canal, which otherwise we should have passed in darkness, we took by daylight.

The fortifications continue throughout, and of course are much the same all along. They are somewhat more elaborate toward the Suez end, and here one got a wider outlook into the Eastern Desert. The forces and the encampments are larger when they are so far south that the question of protecting the approaches from the east is more pressing. The redoubts are higher, the works extend farther back from the canal, and frequently men were to be seen at work on trenches or embankments a mile or two back. The desert is not picturesque as seen from the steamer. It has none of that enchantment which belongs to the wonderful stretches around Gizeh or farther up the Nile below the First Cataract. It is equally far removed, it is fair to add, from the inexpressible dreariness of the desert of the Second Cataract region.

The land is dry and arid, and nothing obstructs the view for miles; so that the soldiers at work even at a considerable distance were easily watched through a binocular.

Fairly early in the forenoon the sailors finished putting the ship into the ordinary conditions of peace. The paper was peeled from the glass, the sandbags had disappeared from the bridge, and once more we were in appearance an ordinary P. and O. boat going on its unmolested way to Australia *via* India and Java.

After breakfast the passengers began the game of flinging tins of cigarettes to the soldiers in the camps as we went past. The distance to the shore was about twice throwing distance, but the tins floated, and had to be retrieved by swimming. The first Australian whom I saw start for them modestly kept on his shirt until he was above his middle in the water; but this refinement of modesty was not copied. Scores of men, as we went on, ran to the edge of the canal, stripped to the buff, undeterred by the fact that every woman on the *Medina* was at the rail. In they went, like a flock of schoolboys on a frolic, shouting and laughing. The Australian, whatever else he may be, is eminently a noisy creature. Once a cluster of officers on a pier did send in a superior manner a picturesque Soudanese out in a boat to do the harvesting; but this was the single exception.

Just beyond this little pier was another, and on it sat rows of little Gurkas, the silent, slant-eyed, mysterious, imperially independent folk out of the hills of India,—the people who were outside of the jurisdiction of England, who volunteered to fight, and when they first arrived in Egypt refused to land because the actual fighting was farther on. They are a silent race, and among the turbulent Australians seemed more quiet than ever. They sat amid the cheering of the white soldiers which ran along the banks, and grinned like little Japanese netsukes carved out of cherry-wood. Not a sound came from their throats or lips, but they clapped their hands with fervor and seeming glee.

When we were well past the last garrison, nearing Suez, and all opportunity for further distribution of nicotine was ended, a couple of women of the provincial-woman's-club type of Australian appeared from below with arms full of tins of cigarettes and of sweetmeats. They were a good deal annoyed that the chance of bestowing gifts was over, and showed a strong sense of indignation that the *Medina* had not waited their movements. One of them declared fervently, and with an accent which in America would have been called, to use an Englishman's expression, the "nasal eloquence of the backwoods," that she had never known anything so mean in her life. One of her countrymen, of the uncouth commercial traveller breed, suggested that he would take the cigarettes, as he had thrown all his overboard, but he was sharply informed that they were not brought for him.

The whole passage of the canal, of which this is a pale record, was really an experience with a genuine thrill in it. Those encampments, with the grimness of the desert behind; the water that man had made to cross a continent to serve his ends, and for the possession of which forces were hovering over there in the Eastern Desert, impelled and planned for and incited by councils in Constantinople and in Berlin; the historic suggestiveness of the "old palm-land of tombs" in which the struggle was taking place; all that the presence here of troops from the ends of the earth meant; and all the principles which the measureless contest involved and implied;—a man must have been cloddishly insensitive not to feel it. It had none of the horror of the war-front where actual fighting was in progress, but perhaps for that very reason the imagination could work more unimpeded and forcefully. I am entirely aware that simply to say that it

was thrilling will not carry conviction; but it was an experience which one was not likely to hold lightly or soon to forget.

And so we went through the Bitter Lakes, past insignificant Shaluf with its oil-tanks, past stupid Suez, down the Gulf of Suez, and on into the almost Gulf Stream blueness of the miscalled Red Sea.

A. B.

Fifty Doggerel Charades.

XII.

My first is often full of meat;
With drink my second plies.
Either in heaps is far from neat;
Yet either doubt defies.
When on my first has followed fast
My first and second too,
Then is the giddy midnight passed
My whole in whirling through.

XIII.

A sailor brought from southern seas
First wholes within a cage.
"If these," he said, "should fail to please,
Naught second, I'll engage."

But when he stood before his miss,
Shyness possessed his soul.
"Alas!" he cried, "may not one kiss?"
"Nay," answered she, "but whole!"

XIV.

"Now second first," the landlord cried,
Who on my second stood;
"Pain in my whole," the man replied,
"Prevents me, or I would."

XV.

To my first she went for my second,
Her nerves beyond control;
And gay was her heart returning,
Since health was now her whole.

XVI.

St. Anthony, within his cell,
Found himself in my third;
A ribald first, direct from hell,
A frightful demon herd,
Had made him second from his soul,
Despite the power of my whole.

The Letter Bag.

[The following extracts are translated from the letters written to an American lady from the front. The first is from "the trenches of Farm M.," the others from the neighborhood of Verdun. Their intelligence, feeling, and courage all speak for themselves.]

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1915.

... You belong to a neutral nation, which is a country great by its extent, by its resources, by its riches, and above all by elevation and independence of character. Having been much in France, you are not ignorant of the cordial feelings which we have for the United States: they are those of a people loving liberty for a people who cultivate it. I have indeed been happy, very happy, that in the bloody conflict which desolates Europe and holds the whole world in suspense, the sympathies of the majority of Americans should be like yours, and bound to our cause. France has not wished this war. The proof is that she was not prepared for it: she endures it. Despite the warnings of far-seeing men of intelligence, a notable portion of public opinion cradled itself in the generous illusions of certain pacifists who clung to chimeras; and we all have participated in the punishment of that error. We have expiated by living through days of agony. But even in our worst moments, we have not despaired. We preserve unshaken the certainty that this which deserves to endure cannot perish; that retreat is not defeat; that sometime the sunrise of victory will rise over the road of our destiny. And we have known happy days of the offensive and of success, success which began a year ago. This is because the war of activity has succeeded to that war of position [resistance] that is so little to the taste of our national temperament and so adapted to the temperament of our adversaries. It is necessary to recognize also that all that human intelligence could foresee in the attack they premeditated, the Germans had provided for. But they have deceived themselves grossly in the psychological domain where their methods were not sufficient,—where mental finesse is needed. They have be-

lieved that Belgium would submit to violation without resistance; that England without protest would let them disregard the treaties they have signed; and after these capital errors, they have made this of believing that France could not hold. We have held, we have adapted ourselves to the exigencies of the situation, and we have easily accepted this life in the trenches for which we are so little made.

... The moral tone of the army continues excellent. It gives me pleasure to know and to tell you that this is no less true of the country at large. We have been unfairly judged abroad; we have been judged there by what we say of ourselves, and of ourselves we have said hard things, not as mere fanfaronade, but from a spirit of modesty. Then strangers, who have seen little of intimate French family life, know us only from superficial outward appearances, social phases, or romances. This terrible war may have among other good results, that of correcting erroneous opinions in regard to us in the opinion of those whose esteem we desire. ...

[We venture to emphasize this extract not only because it so clearly gives the earnest side of the writer, but because it expresses truthfully a certain type of American opinion in regard to the French people, and the fine and dignified sentiment which is often among that sensitive race concealed under apparent indifference or folly. The lightness of certain phases of French—or, more strictly speaking, of Parisian—life has been continually commented upon, and often exaggerated from being seen through eyes behind which lived brains not untouched with Puritan super-gravity. No one who has known the intimacies of French life is ignorant of the real seriousness which underlies the gaiety of the French temperament; but for those who do not, the earnest words of this letter, literally written in the trenches, are worth thoughtful consideration.—E.D.]

THE TRENCHES OF WOOD B.M. SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1916.

... You must excuse me that I have been so slow in answering. Very sad events have prevented. My young brother was killed on the twenty-sixth of last March. We received the news a month and a half afterward. ...

He was a young lad of great charm, before whom opened a future of promise. He attracted by his delicate and reasonable nature, his quick brain, his refined spirit. The war had greatly matured his spirit, developed his judgment, and refined his character, so that he presented a happy mixture of youth and maturity. Although far from one another, we lived for long months the same life of hardships, of fatigues, of dangers; and thus was created a fresh sympathy between us. We had much in common already: he had a taste for *belles-lettres*, he painted with talent, he was fond of music; nothing that belong to the arts left him indifferent. He loved me much, and I warmly returned his affection. Since he had come out safe and sound from numerous hard engagements into which he had been thrown, I cherished the illusion that he would win to the end of the campaign without serious harm; and then a bullet fired too surely has cut him down in his twenty-second year. He had been mentioned for brave conduct in a hot skirmish three days before; he was brave. ...

We have suffered during two years a terrible assault. Much blood, many tears have been spilled; sorrows have been multiplied; miseries have accumulated; but the cause which we defend merits the sacrifices which it demands. ... I write these lines by the light of a candle, in one of our shelters that we call "*guitonne*" or "*gourbi*." It is silent around; for the moment the cannon are quiet. The night is clear, and one might say that Nature demanded that man should let her repose. ...

FROM THE TRENCHES OF WOOD B.M. AUG. 4, 1916.

... Of all the neutral countries the good-will which we most prize is that of yours. ... Your institutions and ours are not identical in form, but they are practically directed to the same ideal of liberty and justice. ... Nothing can destroy the past, and as to-day "the Stars and Stripes salutes the Tricolor," our flag saluted the aurora of your history. ...

Sun and Sunflower.

Said the Sun to his faithful flower:
"Please show me your back, at least an hour.
Always the same black face before me,
You have no notion how you bore me!"

"Ah," sighed the Flower to Apollo,
"I would I might your wishes follow;
But you perhaps are not aware
I'm wholly lacking in back-hair!"

M. X. Z.

When one sees a Hindu god of many faces and many hands, one feels sure that the modern type of politician must have been known in India of old.

"Tom, do be careful. You almost knocked that vase down with your arm on the mantel."
"I didn't come within two feet of it."
"You did, and more too."

THE BOSTON MOTHER GOOSE.

III.

THE CHURCHES.

On Salem Street a steeple stands
Whose story 's known in many lands;
For there the lanterns flashed out clear
Their message to bold Paul Revere.

The Holy Trumpeters they sound
With none awake to hear;
But sometimes in a dream profound,
Men know their music clear.

O Holy Moses and world of sin!
If Tremont Temple you enter in,
You'll find the architecture worst
Was ever devised since Adam was cursed.

If you grave dignity would spy,
Just on King's Chapel cast an eye.

Said the saints in a row to the statue below:
"What has happened your anger to rouse?"
"It would anger a saint!" came back the complaint;
"They have stolen the half of my house!"

Said the New Old South to the Old Old South:
"I am handsomer far than you!"
Said the Old Old South to the New Old South:
"That depends on the point of view."

In the Spiritual Temple
The ghosts gave matinées,
Till men found how much better
The Pickford movie pays.

The bells of the Advent
They made such a clatter
The pigeons all went
To see what was the matter,—
Such a tintinnabulation,
Such clangors and such swells,
Jingle-jangled from their station
Those most voluble of bells.
So on the roof the pigeons settled,
And there their feathers preened and fettled.
Outside the Advent is not high;
But if one goes within—oh, my!

The church on Park Street corner stands
Is a receptacle for brands
Plucked from the brimstone fires that flame
In that dread place one does not name.

When churches die in Boston,
To theatres they are turned;
To have a chance at gaiety
Is the reward they've earned.

Says Arlington Church: "Hear, all ye people!
You see these urns up on my steeple;
They are full of virtue's holy oil,
Put up high to keep cool, so it may not spoil."

An Aldrich Autograph.

[At the book-stall in the Bazaar is to be found on sale a most interesting autograph. It is an amusing skit, entirely in Mr. Aldrich's writing, and was found among his posthumous papers. It is full of the author's characteristic fun, and those who knew him can in reading it almost see the contagious twinkle of his eye and hear the charm of the voice which gave double zest to any quip or fancy which bubbled up so spontaneously from his quick mind. It is an autograph which any collector, and no less any book-lover, might own with delight.—ED.]

THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON IDIOCY.

So Bacon wrote our Shakespeare's plays,
And also Marlowe's "mighty line,"
And Burton's prose, and Spenser's lays,
And Peel's and Green's dull things—in fine
Wrote Bacon. Well, if this is thus,
Then Bacon was industrious—
One might quite say, voluminous!

Forgive me, thou whose ashes rest
Beside the Avon, that I can
Even for a moment and in jest
Waste words upon a charlatan.

The above was of course written before my conversion from a weak and childish belief in the Fraud of Avon. But now I am thoroughly converted. After (not years, but) minutes of the severest mental strain, I have myself discovered a cipher (and the lack of one at the end of the numerals representing my this year's income) by which I can prove that Sir Francis Bacon wrote Wordsworth's poems, and left them for post-humorous publication. That several of these so-called poems deal with events which took place long after Bacon's death, is a fact that will not in the least trouble any good, intelligent Baconite—intelligent Baconite seems almost like tautology!

My investigations and discoveries do not end here. "Season your admiration for a while," as Horatio remarks in Lord Bacon's tragedy of "Hamlet." I have procured two large-size regulation drums (from Fort Warren) on which I shall plaster the complete works of Amélie Rives and Edgar Saltus and those of the alleged Wordsworth; from these masterpieces I shall select, by an ingenious method of my own, detached words and sentences which, being joined together with Standard Mucilage, will form an uninterrupted narrative showing conclusively that E. A. Poe was the unnatural son of Lydia Pinkham by a very particular friend (as they would have said in the eighteenth century) of George Francis Train. The dramatic critic of *The Swampscott and Munchausen Gazette*, a gentleman of the highest culture, and the only adequate literary authority we have (now that Howells has gone to New York to "write up" the millionaires), endorses cordially all I have said—and more too! This is no catch-penny job.*

I am really deeply grieved that William S. has turned out so badly. My book will sell at 50 cents in paper and 75 cents in cloth, with liberal discount to the trade.

Yours respectfully,

ROBERT BABINGTON SOUTHEY MACAULAY JONES, M.D.,
Harvard Annex, A. S. S. (Anti-Shakespeare Society),
University of Shawmut.

*No connection with the exploded "Great Cryptogram" of the late Mr. Ignazeous Donnelly.

Bailey appeared at the door with his new roller-skates: "Mother, you'll have to scratch these skates for me—they are so slippery I can't stand up."

DEC 15 1916

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BAZAAR DAILY

10 CENTS

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1916

No. 4



"Listen, Jules, all you've got to do is to cross Paris and take a train for St. Gauberge. There you'll get a stagecoach that'll drop you at La Pernelle. You'll take the road to the right after you've passed the church. Walk about two kilometers and then ask any one where I live. Every one knows me."

Old Plastersides.

(On the Technology "Bucentaur," wrecked in Charles River Basin, October, 1916.)

Ay, tear her battered statues down!
 Long—long enough—the eye
 Has twinkled at their foolish look
 Against the evening sky;
 About her glowed the red-fire's light,
 And swelled the Technic roar;—
 The great Caproni's shop aloft
 Shall plough the Charles no more.

Her deck, once packed with bored trustees,—
 That perfect night in June!—
 With bandsmen and with choristers,
 All more or less in tune,
 No more shall bear such precious freight—
 Keys, charter, treasured things;
 The "muckers" of the North-West End
 Shall pluck her cherubs' wings!

Oh, better that her leaky hulk
 Should sink just out of sight!
 Alas, that such a tipsy bark
 Can be so far from tight!
 If but the flood were deep enough
 For one dark farewell plunge!
 'Tis not—then give the Basin's Queen
 A superdreadnought sponge!

M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE.

A Discord Stilled.

Susanna Clay could not remember the time when she and her cousin Jerry, many times removed, did not quarrel. They had begun it while they were little, going to school in District Number Five. They had continued it when Jerry went into the singing seats and Susanna, who had no ear, but strong lungs, wrecked the congregational singing with her loud dissonances. Jerry told her plainly she had no ear, and Susanna retorted that she had a voice, and when she felt like singing she should sing. In the intervals when they were not quarrelling they had wildly happy times together, and while the happiness lasted it seemed as if they never should quarrel again. And after their last quarrel, about Aunt Selina's clock which Susanna said had descended from her own great-grandfather Peters, and Jerry said had come from his great-grandfather Green, it seemed they never could make up again. They went to Aunt Selina to settle the dispute, and she, sitting with the Bible in her hand and looking over it, as it seemed, into her empty grave and wondering how fleeting mortality should fret itself about clocks, only said placidly: "I can't remember, children. Sometime I'll look it up." In a day or two after that Jerry got a good position with a builder, fifty miles away, and disappeared without even bidding Susanna good-by. Susanna cried that night, though she tried to think it was because Aunt Selina was so feeble. Then in two years Aunt Selina died, and in an unsigned memorandum she left Susanna her personal effects and with them the clock. Her house had been mortgaged long ago, and the money eaten up, and there was nothing else to leave. Susanna, who was living quite alone now, set the clock upon the mantel and regarded it with fond eyes. She had always loved it, and now it had an added value because Jerry had loved it, too. She was sure he had not forgotten it. She knew him, as she had often told him, sometimes in anger and oftener in fun, root and branch, egg and bird.

One night in the late fall she was sitting by her shining lamp, and the clock was ticking tranquilly. She had a story to read in the *County Star*, and a dish of apples at her side, and she was almost content. If she allowed herself to think, she knew she might be very lonely; but

she did not intend to think. As she settled to her story there came a knock at the door, and at the same time a voice called from without:

"Don't be scared. It's me."

It was a voice she knew. She could not get to the door fast enough. She threw it open, and there he was, older, but handsomer, well-knit and sinewy. She kept his hand, and began pulling him into the room.

"Why, Jerry," she said, and she was between laughter and crying. "Why, Jerry, you here?"

He laughed a little, too, but his face was flushed and he kept her hand even after he was seated and Susanna stood by him, thinking how he had brought the sweet cold air in with him. And then they began to quarrel.

"By George!" said he, when Susanna was seated at the other corner of the hearth. "You've got Aunt Selina's clock. Or maybe she told you to keep it till I come round again."

Susanna thought he was reviving the old dispute for fun. "No," said she. "She never so much as thought of you, so far as the clock's concerned. She knew 'twas mine by rights."

"I dunno why it's yours by rights," said Jerry. "That clock come down from great-grandfather Green—"

"Oh, no, it didn't," said Susanna. "'Twas my great-grandfather Peter's, an' it's mine."

She was half in fun when she said it, and she was willing to believe Jerry was in fun, too; yet she knew they were suddenly both in earnest. A deeper flush had come into Jerry's face; his eyes gloomed upon her reproachfully.

"It ain't that I want the clock," he began, and Susanna interrupted him:

"If it ain't the clock, then what is it?"

"It's your bein' so confounded obstinate," said Jerry in good faith, and again she interrupted him with a sudden hoot of laughter.

"Obstinate!" said she. "My soul!"

Jerry rose to his feet.

"Yes," he said, "obstinate. You'd ought to be paid out for it. You'd ought to lose that clock. An' I'll miss my guess if you don't, some fine day or other." And he took his hat and walked out of the house.

Susanna sat still and waited for him to come back. He had always come back in the old days, sheepish and sorry. But the clock went ticking serenely on, and a stick broke and fell. When the clock struck eight she looked up at it and frowned. It seemed to have made all her misfortune, and at nine she went to bed.

The next morning Susanna locked her house early and started across lots to spend the day with Isabel Pierce, who lived over the Ridge. Isabel was an old school friend who liked to have her at any time, and she felt this was the day to go, so that Jerry, when he came to her door, sheepish and sorry, would find it locked. Susanna reasoned that he had really hurt her feelings, and it would be exceedingly bad for him to find himself forgiven, as he must be if she saw him, for that had always been the way. It was after dark when she got home again, and her heart did fail her, the empty house looked so desolate. But she made her fire on the hearth and lighted two lamps, one for the kitchen and one for the sitting-room, and then, because she suddenly knew he would not come at all, she went into the dark bedroom, and put her elbows on the bureau and her head in her hands, and cried. Yet Susanna knew that would never do. She had learned that those who live alone must, when they feel like crying, put on an added cheerfulness, and she wiped her eyes savagely, and went back to sit by her crackling fire. And as she went she took the "Choral Harp" from the centre-table, and sat down with it, to sing

herself into calm. She often sang to herself when she needed to, and she opened first, by custom, to a joyful hymn. She began it in a weak and tearful voice; but the spirit of it uplifted her, and she sang stridently and with a mounting courage. And then she sang another and another, and ever her voice rose more and more. But at a pause she was aware that some one was battering on the cellar door and a man's voice was calling:

"Stop that! stop that, I say!"

Again Susanna knew the voice. She threw down the "Choral Harp," and hurried to the cellar door. There he was on the top stair, laughing, but nevertheless sheepish and sorry. Susanna, too, began to laugh and again she took his hand and drew him in.

"What under the sun you down cellar for?" she asked.

Jerry stood in the kitchen and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Well," said he, "I broke an' entered. I was goin' to steal that infernal clock. An' then you come in the front way, an' I stepped down cellar."

"O Jerry," said Susanna, "d'you want the clock so much as that? You take it then. I don't set half so much by it as I do by your thinkin' well o' me."

Jerry stood staring at her so long that she thought he had forgotten her altogether, and was looking through her at some dream or purpose of his own.

"By George, Susanna," said he, "I know what makes us fight so. It ain't because we ain't friends, an' more. It's because we set the world by one another, an' if we once owned it an' give up to it, we could live together as budge as you please. Susanna, I'm goin' to kiss you, an' within a week we're goin' to get married an' move away from here for good, an' you can take your old clock along or you can smash it against the wall. I don't care. Susanna, you come here."

It was late when he went away, and they stood for a long time in the cold, sweet air, saying good-night. Susanna laughed a little.

"Jerry," said she, "you needn't ha' hollered for me to let you up. You could ha' crep' out through the kitchen, and I never should know you were there at all."

Jerry laughed, too.

"Twa'n't that," he said. "I wa'n't hollerin' to be let up. I was hollerin' to stop your singin' off the key."

ALICE BROWN.

A Daily Paper of the Past.

I wonder, Mr. Editor, how many of your readers now living (I like this careful way of putting the case) will remember a certain enterprise akin to your own but inspired by a wholly different occasion: perhaps only we who took a chief part in that enterprise, which, I had better say at once, was a daily paper published fifty years ago in the interest of a Bazar calling itself a Great Peace Jubilee, which was held in a coliseum built of pine boards in a region of the Back Bay now covered deep and wide with the stateliest edifices of Commonwealth Avenue and its parallel streets. Mr. Patrick Gilmore, the greatest band-master known to his time, was the adequate impresario of the vast affair, and he conducted the choral performance of forty thousand voices (mostly girls' voices) which daily hailed the return of good feeling between the North and the South at the close of four years of Civil War, when the Jubilee had been dedicated to universal good-will by the great general who fought that war to its glorious event in the reunion of all the States.

Everything was on a gigantic scale which could hardly

be exaggerated, but was perhaps a little overstated in some of the joyous gibes which attended the distinctive moments. It is perfectly true that a park of artillery daily sounded the notes of the noble Anvil Chorus, but it was not perhaps exact to say that the Jubilee was opened with prayer by a hundred ministers. No description, however, could have exceeded the great central fact of the singing, and when that stupendous utterance followed at a wave of the director's baton the sight was as magnificent as the sound. The multitudinous sea of faces smote the eye like a vision of the Heavenly Host that accompanied the music of the stars when they sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy; but I suppose the chorus was really made up of the human elements which usually constitute church choirs and musical societies. I never had speech with any member of that chorus until the other day (or month, or year) when an ageless young lady of Beacon Hill (the best part of the Hill) avowed that she had sung in that chorus when more actually a girl. She did not seem to share my astonishment at the fact any more than she partook of my satisfaction in declaring that I was one of the chief writers, if not the very chief writer, on *Jubilee Days*.

That was what we called the daily paper of our Bazar, and I know it will sensibly increase my glory from it when I add that my prime associate was our dear dead, undying Aldrich. Of course we had a managing editor, who was Mr. Stanwood, then of the *Daily Advertiser* (you need not say *Advertiser* in those days; *The Daily* said it all), and of course we had a publisher, who was nearly as young as ourselves and worthy as any publisher could be of two such promising authors. He was the vividly hopeful and courageous James R. Osgood, who indomitably lost money on every one of the *Jubilee Days*, and generously shared his misfortunes with us in the hour of final settlement. With the affair quite in our own hands, we had thought we might as well contribute in verse as in prose, and we mainly did so, naturally expecting that we should be paid for our work as poetry; but what was our surprise and pain when Osgood paid for it as prose. We soon forgave him, for we loved in him the habitual liberality which he was obliged by misfortune to blink at a crucial moment; and now he lies in Kendal Green, and my thought goes to him there in tender regret for his loss to Boston and then to New York, and then to the gain of London, where he died in the hour of success crowning so many years of failure.

Our themes were always the events of the Jubilee, and I have been surprised in looking over my file of our paper to see how much of these events we made, not to say how many. We had the most brilliant artist of his day to illustrate us, and Augustus Hoppin did not ultimately succeed in sparing us some personal touches of his satirical pencil; we had begun it by not sparing him altogether with our pens. His brilliant work was interpreted to the public by a new sort of etching process in a day long before the day of half-tone; but if it must have been cut in wood there was the prince of wood engravers, A. V. S. Antony, in the sole employ of Osgood, to do it.

My bound copy of *Jubilee Days* is one of the few extant, and I wish it were the only one, for I should like to offer it to any patron of this noble charity of yours for about \$1,000, or more, which I would do my best to contribute wholly, or largely, or at least partially, to the cause of the Allies now fighting the battles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

With every good wish, Mr. Editor, for your success in an enterprise which must remain eclipsed by that which I have been fondly celebrating, I am

Cordially yours,

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

BAZAAR DAILY

Published in aid of the NATIONAL ALLIED BAZAAR

EDITOR, ARLO BATES

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The DAILY is issued daily for the ten week-days of the Allied Bazaar in Boston. Subscriptions, including postage, \$1.50, may be sent to the Editor, 4, Otis Place, Boston, or to the booth of the DAILY at the Bazaar. Orders for bound copies of the entire issue will be taken at the booth.

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Special Daily Features of the Bazaar.

At the Café Chantant the Marimba Band, Donald Sawyer and Miss Polly Prior from 4 to 6 P.M.

In the basement: Pony Circus and Trained Cockatoo, and the Punch and Judy Show free. The Movies, with new and wonderful war pictures.

Golf Lessons. To-day and evening in charge of James Kaye of Wollaston Golf Club.

Paul Revere Hall, Serbian-Armenian. 3 to 4.—Madame Zabel Panosian, lyric soprano; Hawaiian Band.

4.30 to 5.30.—Miss Elsie DeWolfe will tell of the miracles performed by the doctors in treating the soldiers who have been burned by gases—Stereopticon Pictures.

8 to 9.—Lansing Orchestra—mandolins, banjos, and guitars.

9.15.—Miss DeWolfe will tell of the miracles performed by the doctors in treating the soldiers who have been burned by gases—Stereopticon Pictures.

9.30, Main Hall.—Mr. A. Chah Mooradian with Choral Society.

THE Editor regrets that he received the notice of the delightful work of the Lithuanians at the Thistle and Shamrock too late for insertion in yesterday's paper. The people of this nationality are doing their bit for the Bazaar most effectively and effectually.

THE diminutive size of the booth of the DAILY and the press of business there have made it necessary to transfer the sale of the artist's proofs and original drawings of Baron Huard to the Atelier, Booth 25. It is to be hoped that the large number of other attractions there will not cause these admirable pictures to be overlooked. The delightful humor of the French soldier has never been better put on paper than by Baron Huard, and a set of the proofs or one of the originals would make a wonderfully fine Christmas gift.

THE four large figures in the Main Hall by John F. Paramino make a decoration hardly to be excelled in appropriateness or in effectiveness.

MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER, author of "Pollyanna," will assist at the Book Booth on Thursday afternoon.

THE effective way of raising money for the Bazaar, could one but devise the practical method of applying it, would be the principle of the plumber's candle. The plumber buys a candle for five cents or less. It is carried to every job, and at a few of them it is lighted. Whether it is used or not, it is charged in every bill for about three times its cost, and often a single candle will go through scores of jobs. In the end the thrifty plumber nets about

a thousand per cent of his original expenditure. Would that this sort of thing could obtain here!

NEVER has there been a time when were more poignantly applicable the lines of George Eliot:

The greatest gift a hero leaves mankind
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!
We feed the high tradition of our race,
And leave our spirit in our children's breast.

No man has served his kind more nobly than he who has fed "the high tradition of our race" that mankind has still something worth dying for; and nothing calls for more fervent gratitude than the fact that no man has served it more effectively or more abidingly.

THE young Americans who have been killed fighting abroad did not give their lives simply for the cause to which they had joined themselves. However great may have been the value of their services to the Allies, the good they have done unconsciously in this country has been greater. They "fed the high tradition of the race," and impressed upon the youth of the United States the nobility of death met in battle for the right and for ideals. Their memory may well be honored abroad; here we owe to it something which hardly falls short of reverence.

ONE of the great functions of the Bazaar is to lighten the annual strain which is imposed upon the brain in the selection of Christmas gifts. The proper, and no less the knowing, attitude for a visitor to take in going about is that of being on the watch for things which will be pleasing and appropriate for the different friends and relatives to be remembered. With list in hand, a lady should pass from booth to booth, saying in her mind, "There is the very thing for Rosa; John would be delighted with this; over on that table 's just what I wanted for Jane." Or, if the visitor is of the helpless sex, and unable to trust to his own unaided taste and judgment, he may ask assistance from the ladies in charge. What woman, and least of all what young woman, could fail to be moved to do her best for the ingenuous swain who blushinglly falters out: "Could you tell me what a young lady would like to have as a Christmas present?" Her warmest sympathies would be aroused, and the swain might be sure for once of making a wise choice, and scoring heavily with the girl of his heart. The Bazaar is to be regarded as the headquarters of Santa Claus, and it is to be patronized accordingly.

The Editor's Callers.

Candida regarded the Editor thoughtfully for a time after the first talk about the weather and the Bazaar had been accomplished. It was evident that she had something on her mind.

"If I ever ask your advice," she observed, "it is always so hard when it comes that I can't follow it."

"Why ask it then?"

"I suppose," she returned, smiling, "that I am always hoping that you will do better. At least I can't seem to help it."

"The fact is, my dear Candida," observed the Editor, "that your instinct as a woman drives you to trying over and over to see if you cannot coerce me into saying what you wish instead of what I think."

"If you were really polite," she threw back, "that's what you would do."

"We might not agree on our definition of politeness," was his comment. "Few people ever do agree on a definition. What is the complication to-day?"

Candida twisted her muff, and knitted her smooth brow. "Oh, such a horrid thing has happened; and I don't see what I am to do about it."

"That is apt to mean with a mere man that he knows perfectly well what he ought to do, and wishes to shirk it."

Candida looked at him firmly.

"If you begin," she said, "by pelting me with epigrammatic statements like that, I will not tell you a word."

"That would be a thousand pities, for you came expressly to tell me, and I am consumed with curiosity to hear."

"Well, at least save your moral reflections till you've heard. You see, it is this way."

She paused, and teased her unfortunate muff more vigorously than ever. The Editor leaned forward, and with a murmured excuse took it gently away and laid it on the top of his desk.

"Now fold your hands like a good child," he directed, "and say your piece straight away."

She smiled and obeyed him, but she looked troubled.

"You know that white house with the latticed fence and the big buttonwood trees just down the street from our house in Brookline. You wouldn't know the people that live there. They came from the West a couple of years ago. There's a daughter, rather a striking-looking girl. She caught my beloved Persian cat and had it sent home, and then I thanked her; and we spoke on the street, and then we exchanged calls. She's younger than I am, and ever so much prettier."

"Consider that I've thrown in the compliment called for by that remark," the Editor interpolated, "and go right on."

She gave him a little troubled smile.

"I've never seen much of her. Once in a while I met her on the street or in the electric. The truth is, I didn't care much about her, and nobody seemed to know anything about the family."

"I'd trust your instincts," the Editor commented as she paused, "even without that social consideration."

"Would you?" she asked rather eagerly, and ignoring the little fling at social conventions. "I think sometimes I'm too apt to take prejudices. Anyway, I haven't anything—at least, I hadn't anything against her. Now I am terribly upset."

"What has happened?"

"Oh, it is horrid!" Candida burst out with unexpected vehemence. "I don't know what right people have to get you all roused up!"

The Editor gave a little explosive laugh.

"It is generally the last thing they intend to do or wish to do," he said. "But get on. You have been doing magnificently, but my curiosity is heated to white heat."

"Well, a couple of weeks ago I received a bill from Henderson & Wannemaker, where I never traded in my life. It was for gloves and things, and a \$35 silk sweater. Of course I went in to ask about it. I will say they were very nice. A girl had come in with my card, and ordered the things. She said she was going to New York that afternoon, so she would take the goods with her, but she gave them two or three hours to look her up, because she had no account. She went off to do errands or something. When she came back, they said it was all right, and off she went with the things she'd bought, leaving them charged to me."

"The firm seems very easily caught by a very old trick," the Editor observed dispassionately.

"She's pretty," Candida responded simply. "I told you she was; and of course they knew about our family. When they saw me, they said at once that I was not the one who bought the things."

"Your method of narration leaves something to be desired," the Editor said. "Who is pretty? You have not said that your neighbor had anything to do with the theft."

"But why," demanded Candida, "did you suppose I told you about her? Of course it was she."

"How did you discover it?"

"They described her, in the first place, and she is easily identified. Then they showed me a sweater like the one she bought. They had had only two made, after a special pattern, and she took that one because it was unusual. Yesterday it was just like a detective novel. I was walking home, and there she was by her gate. She spoke to me, and her coat was open, and there was the sweater. It was unmistakable."

The Editor regarded his visitor closely.

"Candida," he said, "why do you pretend to yourself that you come to ask me what you ought to do? You know you really came in the hope that I would tell you that you needn't do it. No wonder you find my advice hard when you come here like that, just to get an excuse from some obvious duty."

"But how can I go to Henderson & Wannemaker," Candida burst out in vehement self-betrayal, "and tell them that she is a thief? Why, I've called on her!"

"That should, of course, render her immune from the consequences of a criminal action," the Editor remarked with dispassionate smoothness; "but in a world imperfectly ordered it is doubtful if it will."

Candida flushed, and looked as if on the verge of tears.

"Don't be hateful," she begged plaintively. "I'm in real trouble. I thought she was respectable."

"Of course," he said sympathetically. "I'm really very sorry for your fix. In any bother in this queer world, the innocent always suffer more than the guilty. It is part of the price they pay for being innocent. It is horrid, of course; but consider a little. Has anybody paid for those goods?"

"No. The manager said it was their mistake, and they must bear the loss. They were very civil."

"And you consider the possibility of repaying their civility by becoming accessory to the theft of their property?"

"I don't consider anything of the sort! Oh, you are cruel! I'm not to blame."

"Not yet; but you would not be to blame if you were so unfortunate as to discover that some one you know had committed murder. The law would make things most unpleasant for you just the same, if you concealed your knowledge."

"But that, of course, is different."

"In principle or in degree?" the Editor demanded very gently.

Candida regarded him wistfully for a moment in silence. Then she rose and retrieved her muff.

"I might have known what you would say," she declared, evidently more in sorrow than in anger.

"You did know," he responded, facing her bravely. "You knew perfectly well that we all have duties to the community and to our neighbors, not to speak of ourselves; and that the fact that they are disagreeable does not make them any the less duties."

"Of course I know it. That's the hateful part of it. I wish I didn't know; and I hoped you'd say I was a fool to interfere. I wish I hadn't come!"

"What earthly difference did your coming make?" he asked, smiling, and holding out his hand. "You know you had your conscience with you when you came."

He who follows goose-steps is likely to find that they lead into foul and miry places.

The Burrowers.

In the fire-trench—or perhaps it would be more correct to call it the water-trench—life may be short, and is seldom merry; but it is not often dull. For one thing, we are never idle.

A Boche trench-mortar knocks down several yards of your parapet. Straightway your machine-gunners are called up, to cover the gap until darkness falls and the gaping wound can be stanchd with fresh sandbags. A mine has been exploded upon your front, leaving a crater into which predatory Boches will certainly creep at night. You summon a posse of bombers to occupy the cavity and discourage any such enterprise. The heavens open, and there is a sudden deluge. Immediately it is a case of all hands to the trench-pump! A better plan, if you have the advantage of ground, is to cut a culvert under the parapet and pass the inundation on to a more deserving quarter. In any case you need never lack healthful exercise.

While upon the subject of mines, we may note that this branch of military industry has expanded of late to most unpleasant dimensions. The Boche began it, of course,—he always initiates these undesirable pastimes,—and now we have followed his lead and caught him up.

To the ordinary mortal, to become a blind groper amid the dark places of the earth, in search of a foe whom it is almost certain death to encounter there, seems perhaps the most idiotic of all the idiotic careers open to those who are idiotic enough to engage in modern warfare. However, many of us are as much at home below ground as above it. In most peaceful times we were accustomed to spend eight hours a day there, lying up against the "face" in a tunnel perhaps four feet high, and wielding a pick in an attitude which would have convulsed any ordinary man with cramp. But there are few ordinary men in "K(1)." There is never any difficulty in obtaining volunteers for the Tunnelling Company.

So far as the amateur can penetrate its mysteries, mining, viewed under our present heading,—namely, Winter Sports,—offers the following advantages to its participants:

(1) In winter it is much warmer below the earth than upon its surface, and Thomas Atkins is the most confirmed "frowster" in the world.

(2) Critics seldom descend into mines.

(3) There is extra pay.

The disadvantages are so obvious that they need not be enumerated here.

In these trenches we have been engaged upon a very pretty game of subterranean chess for some weeks past, and we are very much on our mettle. We have some small leeway to make up. When we took over these trenches, a German mine, which had been maturing (apparently unheeded) during the tenancy of our predecessors, was exploded two days after our arrival, inflicting heavy casualties upon "D" Company. Curiously enough, the damage to the trench was comparatively slight; but the tremendous shock of the explosion killed more than one man by concussion, and brought down the roofs of several dugouts upon their sleeping occupants. All together it was a sad business, and the Battalion swore to be avenged.

So they called upon Lieutenant Duff-Bertram—usually called Bertie the Badger, in reference to his rodent disposition—to make the first move in the return match. So Bertie and his troglodyte assistants sank a shaft in a retired spot of their own selecting, and proceeded to burrow forward toward the Boche lines.

After certain days Bertie presented himself, covered with clay, before Colonel Kemp, and made a report.

Colonel Kemp considered.

"You say you can hear the enemy working?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Near?"

"Pretty near, sir."

"How near?"

"A few yards."

"What do you propose to do?"

Bertie the Badger—in private life a consulting mining engineer with a beautiful office in Victoria Street and a nice taste in spats—scratched an earthy nose with a muddy forefinger.

"I think they are making a defensive gallery, sir," he announced.

"Let us have your statement in the simplest possible language, please," said Colonel Kemp. "Some of my young officers," he added rather ingeniously, "are not very expert in these matters."

Bertie the Badger thereupon expounded the situation with solemn relish. By a defensive gallery, it appeared that he meant a lateral tunnel running parallel with the trench-line, in such a manner as to intercept any tunnel pushed out by the British miners.

"And what do you suggest doing to this Piccadilly Tube of theirs?" inquired the Colonel.

"I could dig forward and break into it, sir," suggested Bertie.

"There seems a move in the right direction," said the Colonel. "But won't the Boche try to prevent you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How?"

"He will wait until the head of my tunnel gets near enough, and then blow it in."

"That would be very tiresome of him. What other alternatives are open to you?"

"I could get as near as possible, sir," replied Bertie, calmly, "and then blow up his gallery."

"That sounds better. Well, exercise your own discretion, and don't get blown up unless you particularly want to. And, above all, be quite sure that while you are amusing yourself with the Piccadilly Tube, the wily Boche isn't burrowing past *you*, and under my parapet, by the Bakerloo! Good luck! Report any fresh development at once."

So Bertie the Badger returned once more to his native element, and proceeded to exercise his discretion. This took the form of continuing his aggressive tunnel in the direction of the Boche defensive gallery. Next morning, encouraged by the absolute silence of the enemy's miners, he made a farther and final push, which actually landed him in the Piccadilly Tube itself.

"This is a rum go, Howie!" he observed in a low voice to his corporal. "A long, beautiful gallery, five by four, lined with wood, electrically lighted, with every modern convenience—and not a Boche in it."

"Varra bad discipline, sir!" replied Corporal Howie, severely.

"Are you sure it isn't a trap?"

"It may be, sir, but I doot the oversman is awa' to his dinner, and the men are back in the shaft, doing naething." Corporal Howie had been an "oversman" himself, and knew something of subterranean labor problems.

"Well, if you are right, the Boche must be getting demoralized. It is not likely for him to present us with openings like this. However, the first thing to do is to distribute a few souvenirs along the gallery. Pass the word back for the stuff. Meanwhile I shall endeavor to test your theory about the oversman's dinner-hour. I am going to creep along and have a look at the Boche entrance to the Tube. It's down there at the south end, I think. I can see a break in the wood lining. If you hear any shooting, you will know that the dinner-hour is over!"

At the end of half an hour the Piccadilly Tube was lined sufficiently with explosive material—securely rammed and tamped—to ensure the permanent closing of the line. Still no Boche had been seen or heard.

"Now, Howie," said Bertie the Badger, fingering the fuse, "what about it?"

"About what, sirr?" inquired Howie, who was not quite *au fait* with current catch-phrases.

"Are we going to touch off all this stuff now, and clear out, or are we going to wait and see?"

"I would like fine—" began the Corporal, wistfully.

"So would I," said Bertie. "Tell the men to get back and out; and you and I will hold on until the guests return from the banquet."

"Varra good, sirr."

For another half-hour the pair waited—Bertie the Badger like a dog in its kennel, with his head protruding into the hostile gallery, while his faithful henchman crouched close behind him. Deathly stillness reigned, relieved only by an occasional thud, as a shell or trench-mortar bomb exploded upon the ground above their heads.

"I'm going to have another look round the corner," said Bertie, at last. "Hold on to the fuse."

He handed the end of the fuse to his subordinate, and having wormed his way out of the tunnel proceeded cautiously on all fours along the gallery. On his way he passed the electric light. He twisted off the bulb and crawled on in the darkness.

Feeling his way by the east wall of the gallery, he came presently to the break in the woodwork. Very slowly, lying flat on his stomach now, he wriggled forward until his head came opposite the opening. A low passage ran away to his left, obviously leading back to the Boche trenches. Three yards from the entrance the passage bent sharply to the right, thus interrupting the line of sight.

"There's a light burning just around that bend," said Bertie the Badger to himself. "I wonder if it would be rash to go on and have a look at it."

He was still straining at his gnat, when suddenly his elbows encountered a shovel which was leaning against the wall of the gallery. It tumbled down with a clatter almost stunning. Next moment a hand came around the bend of the tunnel and fired a revolver almost in the explorer's face.

Another shot rang out directly after.

The devoted Howie, hastening to the rescue, collided sharply with a solid body crawling toward him in the darkness.

"Curse you, Howie," said the voice of Bertie the Badger, with refreshing earnestness. "Get back out of this! Where's your fuse?"

The pair scrambled back into their own tunnel and the end of the fuse was soon recovered. Almost instantaneously three more revolver-shots rang out.

"I thought I had fixed that Boche," murmured Bertie, in a disappointed voice. "I heard him grunt when my bullet hit him. Perhaps this is another one—or several. Keep back in the tunnel, Howie, confound you, and don't breathe up my sleeve! They are firing straight along the gallery now. I will return the compliment. Ouch!"

"What's the matter, sirr?" inquired the anxious voice of Howie, as his officer, who had tried to fire round the corner with his left hand, gave a sudden exclamation and rolled over upon his side.

"I must have been hit the first time," he explained. "Collar-bone, I think. I didn't know, till I rested my weight on my left elbow. Howie, I am going to exercise my discretion again. Somebody in this gallery is going

to be blown up presently, and if you and I don't get a move on p. d. q. it will be us! Give me the fuse-lighter, and wait for me at the foot of the shaft. Quick!"

Very reluctantly the Corporal obeyed. However, he was in due course joined at the foot of the shaft by Bertie the Badger, groaning profanely; and the pair made their way to the upper regions with all possible speed. After a short interval a sudden rumbling, followed by a heavy explosion, announced that the fuse had done its work, and that the Piccadilly Tube, the fruit of many toilsome weeks of Boche calculation and labor, had been permanently closed to traffic of all descriptions.

Bertie the Badger received a Military Cross, and his abetter the D. C. M.

IAN HAY.

Fifty Doggerel Charades.

XVII.

Who chooses for my whole a knave
Is sure my first; and for himself
Does second woe till he must needs
Sadly my third, a hapless elf.
At the first step in wisdom's ways
My fourth stands clear before all eyes;
Ne'er with the base first him have whole,
But still to fifth the fool be wise.

XVIII.

To save his first
From doom accurst,
My third across my fourth did second;
But he, betrayed,
Was soon waylaid,
Since his fell foe with whole had reckoned.

XIX.

Dark, sparkling, from the depth of earth
My first is digged, and after clings
To beauty's neck; or, taking birth
Of water, in my second springs.

Cast in the sea, down sinks my whole,
Nor woman's second knows me more;
Over it long the green waves roll,
Nor second gilds it on the shore.

XX.

The actor, drunk with self-conceit,
With third would groundlings stir;
My shrinking whole is at his feet,—
He gives no first for her.

I and my second see the show
With weariness and scorn;
Actor and whole, full well we know,
For art were never born.

XXI.

Naught ever can my first without my second;
My whole as reason feminine is reckoned.

XXII.

Half dead my first; my next half living;
Who does my third needs much forgiving;
But wins it not if, like my whole,
The error he repeats, as, on my soul,
My fourth is like my third in dole.

XXIII.

My first times first my fourth would be;
Halve it, and you my second see.
My third one seventh of my fourth;
My whole the test of highest worth.

XXIV.

"What? Second first?" fair Kittie cried.
"Then who would whole for me provide?"

A youth who went out in a yacht
Said he found home the pleasantest spot;
For his stomach, he said,
Climbed up into his head,
Though he begged and implored it would not.

THE BOSTON MOTHER GOOSE.

IV.

THE STATUES.

The Maid in the Mist
 She has worn out her wrist
 Holding her petticoats high;
 Soon it will be shocking
 To see folk come flocking
 When she's dropped them, and lets them lie!

The angel on the monument
 For Crispus Attucks named,
 Frantic, on its escape is bent;
 For which it can't be blamed.

Sops and sugar candy,
 Dancing-master handy,
 Franklin by the City Hall
 With his legs so bandy,
 Like a jack-a-dandy.

Science and Art their blankets took,
 And they took thick blankets too;
 And sat down each in a granite nook,
 On the Library steps in view.

"But why those weighty blankets?" cry
 The passers great and small.
 Said they: "To keep our scalp-locks dry,
 If rain should chance to fall."

"Come buy! Come buy!" calls Phillips,
 To passers on Boylston Street.
 "Buy chains French-made,
 For a better trade
 You never may chance to meet."

If the eagle on the tooth-pick,
 Down in Post Office Square
 Changed places with the eagle
 On the Beacon,—I declare,
 That were a weird phenomenon
 To make good people stare.

Was he in truth excusable
 Who made the Banks of brass?
 A sarcasm so obvious
 Could not unnoticed pass.

In his chair on the Avenue Garrison sits,
 While many a sparrow around him flits;
 And the more they twitter, the more frets he,
 Who talked through life incessantly,
 That now forever he dumb must be.

Leif Ericson, dressed for a fancy ball,
 Is trying on a pose, his face turned west,
 Which he believes, if taken in the hall,
 Will show his hired costume at its best.
 While the telescoped boat down under his feet
 Shows how well he is able to make both ends
 meet.

The Good Samaritan means well,
 First aid for injured giving;
 But the result one hates to tell,
 If the hurt man were living.
 Since he has had no proper training,
 Wide open he the wound is straining.

Says Hamillon: "This place is cold,
 And much exposed to storm,
 So I have brought my bedclothes here,
 To keep me rear-ly warm.
 For much my dignity 't would tease,
 To have my granite nostrils sneeze."

Called the Devens statue across to the Banks:
 "There's little in ugliness us outranks."
 Quick back the cheerful answer came:
 "No matter; we got here just the same!"

Oh, the sculptors tell their children,
 If they're very, very bad,
 They had better mend their manners
 Or their future will be sad.
 They may grow up to be pirates,
 Thieves, or any kind of crooks;
 Or,—far worse!—may make a statue
 Bad as that of Phillips Brooks.

John Glover, enraged to the tips of his toeses,
 For a movie-film up on the Avenue poses;
 In spite of his cannon and bullets of lead,
 Some rascal has stolen the hat from his head!

Gay go up and sad go down,—
 Viewing the statues of Boston town:
 Statues of marble and bronze and lead,—
 Would that the most were of snow instead!

Questions for Discussion at the Women's Clubs.

How far is a hired cook morally responsible for the temper of the family for which she works?

If property has been bequeathed to twins, can it properly be inherited by a two-headed child?

Would the world be better if the men had all been born women and the women all born men?

If women had the vote, would hens crow, and what would be the probable increase in double-yolked eggs?

If John Keats had been Bernard Shaw, would he have written "Pilgrim's Progress"?

If Eve had had the right to vote, would it have prevented the Fall of Man?

How far can the philosophy of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table be applied to the use of cereals?

If a unicorn were impaled on the two horns of a dilemma, where would be the point of its one horn, and would it settle the question?

How far would Cleopatra have been an ideal President for a woman's college?

If Queen Elizabeth had married Guy Fawkes, would she have given Ireland Home Rule?

If you were in solitary confinement, without books, and were allowed to have the advertisements of one patent medicine to read, what would be your choice?

BAZAAR DAILY

10 CENTS

BOSTON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1916

No. 5



"The Kaiserbloom": an ideal type of super-man.

The Zeppelin.

[From "The Cause: Poems of the War," to appear later; by the kind permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.]

Guns! far and near
Quick, sudden, angry.
They startle the still street.
Upturned faces appear,
Doors open on darkness,
There is a hurrying of feet.

And whirled athwart gloom
White fingers of alarm
Point at last there
Where illumined and dumb
A shape suspended
Hovers, a demon of the starry air!

Strange and cold as a dream
Of sinister fancy!
It charms like a snake,
Poised deadly in the gleam,
While bright explosions
Leap up to it, and break.

Is it terror you seek
To exult in? Know then
Hearts are here
That the plunging beak
Of night-winged murder
Strikes not with fear

So much as it stings
To a deep elation
And a quivering pride
That at last the hour brings
For them, too, the danger
Of those who died.

Of those who yet fight,
Spending for each of us
Their glorious blood
In the foreign night,—
That now we are neared to them
Thank we God.

LAURENCE BINYON.

The Daughter of Ibrâhîm the Father of Nûwas.

(Although this narrative is in the form of fiction, the events took place in the summer of 1907 in Syria practically as told.)

I.

It was the schoolmaster, the *fikî*, of the small village in the Syrian hills where I was stationed who introduced me to the situation. He was an agreeable young Moslem, in a silk robe of narrow green and yellow stripes, and at his first call he told me he should next day close the school at the mosque for lack of funds. In the interests of the Expedition that I represented, I undertook the modest napoleon a month required for its continuance, and the *fikî* became my devoted friend. At one of his afternoon visits he spoke of Sheikh Hassan Osmân, and that gentleman's matrimonial prospects. We sat drinking tea in the courtyard of the abandoned mission-church in which I was camped, ragged Bishâra, stupidest of servants, in attendance, and oily Franzîz of Nazareth keeping in earshot when he could.

"Oh, beautiful tea," murmured the schoolmaster. "Dream-worthy tea; it is even better than that of Sheikh Hassan!"

"Nay, O Pilgrim," I answered in the approved fashion, "it is but dust from the bazaars of Russia; your kindness commends it. Who travels, fares plainly; and I have drank the tea of Sheikh Hassan, fragrant with freshly steeped mint. It was to this as sun to moon. It was yesterday I went to the Sheikh about his land."

"Under Allah's will," said my visitor, "he will let you dig on it. But he is an old one, and full of trouble about a matter which is the talk of the village."

"Of what matter is the talk?"

"*Yâ Salâm*," said Hâjji Hâmed, setting down his cup in well-feigned surprise, "has it not blown this way? Thus it is: desire has come upon Sheikh Hassan, so that he neither eats nor sleeps,—a desire for the daughter of Ibrâhîm the Father of Nûwas."

My friend the schoolmaster, skilled in three modes of calligraphy, a Hâjji, and one who knew the Qurân by heart, was something of a gossip, and a tale lost nothing from his telling. Not two hours before I had seen the man of whom he spoke rating the harvesters in one of his barley-fields in a voice quavering but unceasing, and certainly anything but love-lorn.

"Like a fire," ran on the Hâjji with gusto, "desire consumes the marrow of his bones!"

I expressed interest, but inwardly I doubted both the marrow and the fire. I thought it improbable that the aged bones of Sheikh Hassan were consumed by anything more romantic than rheumatism.

"The word goes that she is a pearl among maidens," went on my friend; "but to talk of that is shameless. Her father, Ibrâhîm the Father of Nûwas, is eager to give her to one so rich and of such piety; but Abdul Ahmed spoke openly against it, reviling Sheikh Hassan in the shop, so that all the young lack-lands were laughing and the elders put to shame."

"If Allah wills," I said piously, "He will make an end. Does Abdul Ahmed place his desires against those of the Sheikh?"

"Like a fire! and he follows Sheikh Hassan a-field with his gun, and threatens him, and sets his men at naught. And a-whiles the Sheikh feels chill with this trouble and his years; and a-whiles Ibrâhîm the Father of Nûwas and his brother and his cousins stay him, and comfort him, and say: 'How are you, O Sheikh, to yield to such a one? Is he not a dog, the son of a dog, the father of a dead donkey? Is it Sheikh Hassan that shrinks before the lack-land, a thing-not-to-be-named?' Thus the Sheikh is now hot, and now again he is cold."

Hâjji Hâmed told the tale thrice with subtle changes before he finished his call. I went down the hillside that evening to the shop, and as I left after purchasing some Samsûn tobacco, I noticed a young man in a yellow jacket, rather ragged, with a short gun across his knees, squatting just on the edge of the light from the doorway. An older man was, with a wealth of opprobrious words, denouncing him, and waving his hands in energetic gesticulation. The young man, without a trace of feeling on his heavy, dogged face, chewed a straw without appearing to listen.

"That," said my boy Bishâra, "is Abdul Ahmed, called Landless."

"And who sits beside him?" I asked, catching sight of a second squatting figure—this one wholly in the shadow.

"*Nâm?*" responded Bishâra: "oh, that is Nûwas, the son of Ibrâhîm. He is a blockhead even as I am, O Master. He is the particular friend of Abdul Ahmed."

II.

When Bishâra brought next morning the water for my bath his eyes were big with news. After the rubber tub had been turned into an aquarium for the various monsters that sweetened our well, I lingered a moment to finish my cigarette.

"Is there news, O Father of Stupidity?" I asked.

"*Nâm?* Aye, there is news! The village talks of nothing else! O my Master, there is an uproar!"

I waited in silence, looking across the valley through the iron-barred window. I knew this to be the short cut to getting Bishâra to facts.

"An uproar, sir!" repeated the fumble-witted one.

I threw away the butt of my cigarette and rose.

"O my Master!" exclaimed Bishâra, with a rush, "there is an uproar because Abdul Ahmed has girdled with fire, so that they are dead for the ages, five of the olive-trees of Sheikh Hassan,—five of the best, between moon-set and dawn: and Abdul Ahmed has fled, and Sheikh has turned cursing on Ibrahim the Father of Nûwas; and he and his kin have sworn to beat Abdul Ahmed, only he is not presently to be found."

"Abdul Ahmed has begotten a folly," said I. "Go and get breakfast."

At three that afternoon I sat down to write to the agent that the Expedition would purchase the mission church. It had been for sale since the failure of the mission half a dozen years before, and while it was not quite what we wished, it had the strong point of "exterritoriality." Once over the threshold, we were on English ground. I finished my letter, and as it was not cool enough for riding, I then went to my room to change. Except for the buzzing of the flies the place was very still. From the flat-roofed village a little below rose the shrill droning of a woman's voice, blended with the *ruzz-ruzz-ruzz* of a quern. That one sound came upward with the effect of a single column of wood-smoke seen rising from a camp-fire at dawn. I was buckling a spur when the afternoon quiet was shattered by a sudden clamor on the north side of the mission. A confused shouting drew rapidly nearer, swelling in volume. I pulled my carbine out of its boot, and, flinging it on the cot, went out, calling my men. As I came into the court the shouting and yelling were seemingly just in front of the mission: howls, shrieks, and curses were mingled with the sound of men running, with roars of defiance, and—with startling abruptness—the rattling crash of stones against our gate. Simultaneously some one without began to hammer furiously at the wicket, and to shout for admittance. My five men rushed forward and shot the extra bar. I dove back, seized my rifle, and ran to them. Of a truth, things were happening, and that with a vengeance.

"Open, O sir! Open, in the name of Allah!"

A shower of stones sounded on the wood.

"Open the wicket," I said to the men, "and stand clear of it."

Old Mohammed the Orderly drew the bolt; there was a lull outside. Not without a curious feeling that I was making of myself an uncommonly good target, I looked out. With his back against the gate, and his flushed face level with mine, stood Abdul Ahmed, called the Landless. His gun was in his hands, pointing toward a half-circle of excited villagers, who, for the most part armed with stones, stood in a mass some twenty yards away. Some few were provided with guns. I divined instantly that Abdul Ahmed and not the mission was the object of attack. For me was but one course. I put on a rage I did not feel, and shouted with such air of authority as I could assume:

"What sort of a *fantasia* is this? Are you people gone mad?"

For answer came back from the crowd a chorus of discordant yells in which I distinguished nothing clearly. But at the same time the voice of Abdul Ahmed was saying in my ear:

"By the Bread and the Salt, O sir, let me inside the House of the English. I have warmed up Sheikh Hassan with a charge of shot, and for this the dog-sons of shameless mothers will slay me. Let me wait but half an hour in the House of the English, and a horse will be in the valley. Even now one leads him thither."

I wanted to take him in as one man set upon by many. I wanted to take him in because of his good courage. I much desired to see what would happen; but I could

not because I was not my own master. The Expedition's interests could not be perilled by being involved in a village row. Yet, certainly, on the other hand, the villagers, when their anger had cooled, would feel only contempt for me if I refused a suppliant.

"Look, O People of the village," I shouted; "here is one who asks for shelter."

"The gate in his face, the dog without faith!" yelled a big peasant.

"Silence, son of burnt fathers!" I cried in answer. "On one condition he enters."

A wild yell greeted this. I thrust my rifle through the wicket. Abdul Ahmed brought his gun to his shoulder, and very slowly swept a half-circle with it. Check!

"Allah will reward the compassionate," he said in a cool whisper. "We are fooling them out of time, O sir, at the very least."

"I will take him in if I please," I called. "Who here shall dare to forbid me? But I shall hand him over to the men of the Bâshâ at Nablûs as soon as may be."

"The curse of Allah on such hospitality, on its father, its mother, and its religion!" said the voice of Abdul Ahmed, quietly and bitterly.

The crowd stirred, some bawling out that they would shoot if the gate were opened, others that I should promise "on the words of an Englishman" to hold the prisoner. Out of the confusion came a stone which banged against the wood a handbreadth from my head. That decided me. I drew back and slammed the wicket.

"Open!" I ordered.

My men drew the heavy oak bars and looked to their arms. At that instant from without sounded a yell that must have leaped simultaneously from every throat in the crowd.

Old Mohammed, his big ivory-handled pistol at full cock, flung back the gate. He did so just in time for us to see the last of the crowd tearing madly down the terraced hillside. Among the olive-trees below the village, we saw a lithe figure running, ducking, dodging, and the whole male population, men, boys, and dogs, tearing pell-mell after. Abdul Ahmed had bolted with the pursuit at his heels. We watched the chase to the bottom of the valley, where for a moment the Landless disappeared among the olives. It was a fresh wonder to see him emerge on horseback! The yell of the villagers came to us faintly. We saw him halt, and among them, suddenly, the gleam of gun-barrels. Two or three shots were fired at the fugitive. He was well out of range, but, as if to show that he accepted the compliment in the spirit in which it was given, he turned in the saddle and fired twice. Then, brandishing his gun above his head, he swung round the hill, and disappeared.

ORIC BATES.

(To be continued.)

"Alas! My life is full of woes,"

Wailed Jeremiah Grace;

"I cannot see my lovely nose,

It grows so near my face,"

"But when one knows one's nose is there,"

His loving wife replied,

"About one's nose no one should care,

If friends are satisfied."

An envious and not over-refined Yale man, somewhat far from pleased at the result of a foot-ball match, was heard to say, with profane embellishments, that never again would he be found in Cambridge, for it was only a gob of wheel-grease on the rim of the Hub.

Cupid's scientific name is Propinquity.

BAZAAR DAILY

Published in aid of the NATIONAL ALLIED BAZAAR

EDITOR, ARLO BATES

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The DAILY is issued daily for the ten week-days of the Allied Bazaar in Boston. Subscriptions, including postage, \$1.50, may be sent to the Editor, 4, Otis Place, Boston, or to the booth of the DAILY at the Bazaar. Orders for bound copies of the entire issue will be taken at the booth.

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Special Daily Features of the Bazaar.

At the Café Chantant the Marimba Band, and Madame Estrellita from 4 to 6 P.M.

In the basement: Pony Circus and Trained Cockatoo, and the Punch and Judy Show free. The Movies, with new and wonderful war pictures.

Golf Lessons. To-day and evening in charge of Matt Campbell, Jordan Marsh Company.

Paul Revere Hall. 2.30.—Miss Elsie DeWolfe will tell of the miracles performed by the doctors in treating the soldiers who have been burned by gases—Stereopticon Pictures.

3 to 4.—Miss June Moody and Miss Lucretia Craig in Solo Dances. Hawaiian Band. Madame Estrellita, Spanish dances and songs.

4.30 to 5.30.—Miss Randall and Mr. Joseph Santeley, from the Raymond Hitchcock Company, by the courtesy of Charles Dillingham.

8 to 9.—Vaudeville Attractions; Dancers; Miss Amelia Burnham, Mr. Leroy Young, Exhibition Dancing; Miss Mabelle Patten, Ballet Dancer; The Misses Helen Mann and Helen Linnehan, Character Dancing; Misses Beatrice Poole and Georgine Moses, Classic Dances; Mr. Paul Chute, Unique Solo Dance; Miss Melba Proctor; A Dramatic Story Dance of Mrs. Wyman's entitled "The Somnambulist"; Spanish Scene and Pantomime Dance by Messrs. Herford, Hartwell, Robert Grantham, Calbraith Perry, James Kennedy, Paul Jones Chute, Misses Florence Barker, Mabelle Patten, Grace Parker, Amelia Burnham, Florence Meredith.

9.15.—Miss Elsie DeWolfe will tell of the miracles performed by the doctors in treating the soldiers who have been burned by gases—Stereopticon Pictures.

9.30, Main Hall.—Patriotic Songs, Madame Androva and Chorus.

A Personal Explanation.

I REGRET exceedingly that there has apparently been unreasonable delay in the delivery of a good many copies of the DAILY. I took beforehand so much pains to be sure that this could not happen that I went over and stamped, counted, and verified something like three thousand wrappers. I took them myself to the publisher, and I am absolutely sure of his word when he declares that they were properly wrapped, and delivered at the post office. I cannot see that any precaution has been neglected outside the post office. Over what happens afterward I have, unfortunately, no control. I am extremely sorry and not without a good deal of indignation that the extra pains I took should have been thrown away. I can only express to those who suffer, my regret; I do not see that anything need be apologized for.

ARLO BATES.

TO-DAY is Poland's Day, and at the very name of Poland a strong man might well fall to weeping. So wonderful is her past, so heart-breaking is her present, that humanity should rise up to aid, to succor, and to avenge her!

THE Paul Revere House at the Toy Booth, No. 1, is a wonderfully clever bit of reproduction, and its only possible fault is that it is a hundred times too pretty for a dolls' house. It was made by Mrs. O. E. Williams, and is a miniature replica of the old mansion in North Square. Mrs. Revere is providing the historic lantern, thus solving an important historic point, and showing that the sexton was a mere puppet in the affair. The toy is really, besides being a most attractive bit of work, a lesson in historic architecture, furniture, and costume.

THE kindnesses which the citizens of one country do to those of another in misfortune are often of effect more general and more lasting than large political benefits, because they appeal to the sentiments of the common people. It is notorious that nations, in the great world-struggles for self-preservation or self-aggrandizement, are likely to have short memories for any sort of benefits from the outside; but the relief work done by this country in the present war has made its appeal to so many of the simple common people of the various countries involved, that the good-will engendered must long have its effect. Every day the direct influence of the common people is stronger in the governments of the world, and permanent universal peace will never be possible until universal good-will is thoroughly established. Toward the establishment of such good-will is this Bazaar working.

THE BOSTON MOTHER GOOSE, which has been appearing in the columns of the DAILY, is being prepared in a neat pamphlet, with introductory verses and a wonderfully life-like portrait of the old lady herself. The price will be fifty cents a copy, and it is expected that a first edition will be on sale to-morrow at the booth, No. 36, of the paper.

A MOST interesting item at the booth of the American Fund for the French Wounded is a basket of woven wire, made by a wounded Annanite soldier from French Indo-China, in a hospital in France. It was presented by Madame la Générale de Castelnau, and is really a thing of beauty.

Two elderly ladies, beaming benevolence and piety through gold-bowed spectacles, were yesterday seen listening to the Hawaiian Band with rapt yet critical attention. At last one said with a sigh: "It is certainly very alluring, Jane; but I don't think it will quite do for our missionary meeting. I think it is perhaps a little secular."

FRIDAY is fish day, and at the Blue Cross Booth, No. 9, will be sold four hundred pounds of dried fish, gift of the Gloucester fishermen.

The Editor's Callers.

"I dropped in," said Gregory, with a hint of doubt in his tone which was evidently not meant to be there, "to ask if you didn't want me to write you an article on *vers libre*."

"That is very easily answered," the Editor responded. "No, I don't."

Although he smiled, the reply was so decided that Gregory looked offended.

"You are curt enough, I hope!" he exclaimed. "You might at least have let me tell you about it."

"Oh, I want you to tell me about it; only I prefer that you shouldn't write it."

"Why don't you want it?"

"What in the world do you think my readers care about *vers libre*? Why not offer me a paper on the Bacon-Shakespeare madness, or on the miracles of Prester John? But tell me about it, by all means."

Gregory looked a little doubtful, but he drew from his pocket a book.

"I found this," he said; "and it seemed to me a chance for comparison."

The Editor bent forward and took from the hand of his visitor the little volume bound in faded blue paper, and regarded it with a smile.

"My old friend," was his comment. "I haven't seen a copy of 'Infelicia' for years. I fancy even collectors do not care anything for the poems of Adah Isaacs Menken nowadays. They are like the snows of yester-year, or her glorious ride up sham mountains in fleshings, tied to a white horse in 'Mazeppa.' *Sic transit*—if these things were ever *gloria*."

"Then you know it?" Gregory asked.

The Editor smiled, and began to quote:

"Away down in the shadowy depth of the Real I once lived.
I thought that to seem was to be."

We had too much fun with it when I was a college lad for me not to remember it."

"But it's the beginning of *vers libre*."

"The beginning!" snorted the Editor. "What about 'Ossian'? What about lifeless corpses of 'prose poems' centuries older? From the time men began to study metrical form, the people who could not work in it tried to show that it was artificial, and that they could do without it."

"Well, anyway," Gregory persisted, "at least this is the beginning of the present craze."

"Not in the least. Not one of the foolish folk who are trying to-day to show themselves independent of form ever heard of the Menken. Besides, 'Leaves of Grass' was earlier by a dozen years."

Gregory had by this time a look in which mingled grievance and doubt.

"Well, anyway, I could compare—"

"Oh, compare!" interrupted the Editor, impatiently. "It would be like comparing one heap of sticks with another. A pile of prose lines no more makes a poem than a pile of sticks is a tree. Why compare?"

"I thought your readers—"

"My readers, if I still had any when you had done with them, don't want comparisons of that sort." He was turning over the little volume as he spoke, and began to read with a smile:

"See the poor wounded snake; how burdened to the ground;
How it lengthens limberly along the dust.

Now palpitates into bright rings only to unwind, and reach its bleeding head up the steep high walls around us."

It is much of a muchness with the more recent product," he said, "only that in the mid-nineteenth century sentimentality was more the fashion, and now we have what it is the misleading fashion to call realism. One was as true as the other, neither more nor less. The woods were full of 'prose poems' in the eighties, but I doubt if one of them is left to-day, even in the refuges for old age called anthologies."

"It is easy stuff to parody," observed Gregory, with the air of one who had an example in his pocket.

"Parody! Anybody could parody it; but the difficulty is that in the end the original is funnier than the parody. I would undertake to put into the manuscript of any of these writers pieces that nobody could tell

from the rest; and that the authors could distinguish only by remembering what they had written. There is no fun in parodies where things parody themselves."

"There are plenty of parodies made," suggested Gregory.

"There always have been," the other assented. "I remember one that we used to spout in the early seventies. It might have been written to-day.

"I met a man. Where? 'Twas in the gutter.

We embraced.

We at once were friends. Our meeting was a palingenesis of Paradise.

"Hast thou, oh, hast thou, Philadelphian,

Eighteen pence?"

"I have it not," I shrieked; "or—"

Whom do I love?

Whom do I admire?

Not four lolling in a carriage, but twelve bulging out of a cart."

It is all of a piece?"

"But don't you think there may be something in it?"

"There's something in a flying horse," quoted the Editor. "Yes, there is this in it. Folk who long to produce, without having the power to compass the language of art, decide to do without it. The result has to be justified, of course, and the natural course is to proclaim—they are generally honest enough about it—that old conventions are obsolete. They are always novel, because each outbreak is so easily forgotten; and they always can defend themselves for the moment by calling attention to the fact that many great works of art were sneered at in the beginning. It is easy to draw the conclusion that anything that is laughed at must therefore be great art. It has been done over and over again."

"Do you think that is the whole of it?" Gregory asked.

"The whole of it? Of course not. The rest of it is pretty accurately said in this extract from the criticism from the London *Athenæum* that the publishers have put on the cover of 'Infelicia' here." He read from the faded blue page a sentence, adroit and acute, from the review of more than half a century ago: "The poems 'show much uncultivated pathos and senseful love of nature to have existed in the author's mind.' Uncultivated and senseful, those are the words, my dear fellow. That is the rest of it. A good deal of cleverness, a fair amount of fancy, very little imagination, and no technique. That seems to me to be about the whole of it. I am an old fogey, you know."

"I wish," observed Gregory, rather wistfully, "that you'd let me write about it. I think I could give your view."

"My view?" echoed the Editor, with a laugh. "Readers do not care a fig for my view or yours. If they bother at all about these constantly appearing and as steadily disappearing literary eccentricities, it is either to seem to be in the intellectual swim or to amuse themselves with novelty. They don't want views on it. As to the writers, they are of the same tribe as Browning's young Duke:

"So all the old Duke had been, without knowing it,
This Duke would fain know he was, without being it."

Though they take themselves too seriously not to think such a verdict cruelly flippant. After all, *vers libre* is an opium-dream of the muse at best."

"But what about their sense of humor?" Gregory asked.

"Some of them have a sense of humor," was the answer; "but how many persons have you ever known who could apply it to their own doings? Human vanity takes care of that."

"Well," quoth Gregory, rising and pocketing 'Infelicia,' "you are pretty difficult. Good-by."

"Perhaps I am," assented the Editor. "Good luck."

"Old, Unhappy, Far-off Things."

[The following is practically a literal report of the conversation of Mrs. Robert Stone, the wife of President Lincoln's Physician. Mrs. Stone was a cousin of General Lee, and also of the writer.—ED.]

"Yes, my dear, Brandon House is the most beautiful place in the world, even now," said the old lady; she was beautiful herself, sitting there in her big, shabby house, before a table which had more silver on it than food, and waited upon by an old, old negro, whose wool was as white as the enormous cotton gloves that covered his black hands. "Yes, a beautiful house; but I wish you could have seen it before the war!" she said, sighing. "It was almost ruined by the Yankees, inside as well as outside. They cut the portraits out of the frames, and broke the mirrors—vandals, my dear, vandals! 'Huns,' my brother used to call them. But what could you expect? The officers were not gentlemen. There were no gentlemen above Mason and Dixon's line,—at least," she corrected herself, hurriedly, "very few; and your dear grandfather can hardly be called a Yankee, because he married one of our Southern girls. But as for Brandon, if it had not been for my husband's friendship with Mr. Lincoln (I suppose I must call it 'friendship,' though at the time I wouldn't have believed I should ever use the word!), if it hadn't been for their—ah—acquaintance,—Brandon would have been burned. When I think of that, I can see the finger of God in my Robert's having been called in when the President needed a dose of blue mass!

"That is why I have forgiven Lincoln; indeed I have even come to quite respect the man,—as one respects persons of character in the lower classes.

"It was curious, considering our connections, Robert's happening to be Lincoln's doctor—. . . I recollect I came downstairs one morning—that was in 1861—and there was your Cousin Robert sitting at the breakfast table, looking very much perplexed.

"I've had a call, Meg," he said; 'but I wanted to see you about it before I answered it.'

"Who's ill?" I asked him.

"The call is from the White House," he said.

"The White House!" I said; 'O Rob, you don't mean that *that man* has sent for you?' (I was a Rebel in those days, my dear; and I am a Rebel still, though, of course, I never let it be seen.)

"Yes," he said; 'I don't know why in the world he has done it! He must know who I am. Of course I won't go, Meg, if you don't want me to.'

"Want you to?" I said; 'good heavens, how can you think of such a thing? We should be ostracized! We haven't a friend who would ever recognize us again if you went near him. If Cousin Robert Lee heard of it, he would think I had turned traitor!'

"But just at that minute in came old Dr. Hall; I was poorly and he was looking after me. We loved him, both of us. Robert used to roll up pills in his office, before he put out his own shingle. 'What's the matter, Bob?' the old doctor said.

"Well, sir," said Robert, 'Lincoln has sent for me, and I don't know what to do. Of course I shan't go, if it will annoy Meg.'

"Go?" said Dr. Hall, 'of course you will go! It's the opportunity of your life. Go and kill him! Kill him!' Dr. Hall always had his joke. 'I'll come along, and hold your hat,' he said.

"I'll sharpen the knife!" I said.

"And then Dr. Hall said, 'Ah, well; of course you must go, no matter who sends for you. In our profession, we can't choose our patients, any more than a minister can choose his congregation;—sometimes very big scallawags sit in the pews! So you will have to go to

this man Lincoln, and do the best you can for him. Give him a fist full of aloes, with my compliments!'

"Of course Rob went,—and I was mortified to death! But it was that morning's work which kept Brandon from being burned. For certainly, in those next four years, Lincoln *was* kind. I have always been just to the Yankees; I was just to your worthy grandfather—though how one of our girls could have married a Northerner!—However, that's neither here nor there. Yes, I am willing to admit that Lincoln was kind. I have wondered whether he was trying, by being polite to me, to ingratiate himself with General Lee, against the time Lee should take Washington. But perhaps not. Perhaps not. My dear husband said I was suspicious; but *he* loved him, and couldn't see anything wrong with him—except, of course, his manners. The poor man had no manners. But he was kind. He let me send a messenger through the lines every month, with provisions to my dear sister's family, and he promised that just as soon as it was safe I should have a special guard, and go down to Brandon myself. So one morning—Good Friday morning—your Cousin Robert came into the breakfast room, holding something up in his hand.

"Guess what it is," he said.

"You look as pleased as if it was a check for \$100,000," I told him.

"It's better than that!" said he. 'It is the President's order for a guard to take you South to-morrow, you and some older lady, for of course you could not go alone,—with Yankee officers.'

"Oh, I was so happy! I could hardly breathe I was so happy. I was going to see my family again, after these long, long years! Of course there were a great many things to do; I had to send word to my sister, who was to be 'the lady' whom the President's order said I might take. That was quite gentlemanly in him, wasn't it? Generally the Yankees never protect their women, in any way. I must say, my dear, I am a *little* shocked to know that you travelled here, all alone, on the train! What was your father thinking of! You say you are over thirty? My dear, a female needs the protection of the gentlemen of her family—if she is *ninety*! However, times have changed. Well, I had to get my little Virginia's spring hat; so I went down town to buy ribbons for it, and to get things for the people at home,—such sad need in the South—such sad need. I bought some hoop-skirts for my sisters, you may be sure! Well, the day passed, and I was just as busy as busy could be, and at night I was very tired. But I couldn't go to bed before I had trimmed Ginnie's hat, and it was when I was tying up the ribbons to put on that little bonnet, that suddenly the door-bell rang furiously. There seemed to be some discussion at the door, and I went out into the hall. I saw two soldiers standing on the steps, with flambeaus in their hands, and they were talking to Willis;—Willis was a very smart nigger in those days," she interrupted herself, looking affectionately at the shambling old man with the white wool; "you recollect, Willis?" she said, and the darkey touched his forelock with his shaking, white-gloved hand. "The soldiers saw me, and one of them pushed poor Willis aside;—you recollect, Willis?—and called out to me, 'The doctor! The doctor! Where is he?'

"My husband is not at home," I said.

"We must have him at once!" the man said. He was panting, and his hands were trembling so that the flambeau shook, and the shadows lurched about. And I said, 'What on earth is the matter?'

"Good God, madam," he said, 'Mr. Seward's throat has been cut from ear to ear; we've come for the doctor!'

"I cried out with horror, and told them to run up the

street for Dr. Hall, and if they couldn't find him, to come back, because I knew Rob might come in any minute. Then I went upstairs again, but, oh, it seemed to me as if there were spots of blood all over that heap of ribbons on the table! I couldn't trim Ginie's hat; and couldn't even stay in the house by myself! I went out into our garden, and opened the little door in the garden wall between our house and Rob's mother's house, and ran into her parlor. I remember she was standing before her musical glasses—you see that case over there against the wall? The musical glasses are in it. She always played a little air before she went to bed; and she was playing '*Believe me if all those endearing young charms*.' I've never heard it since without a shudder! Of course I burst out about Seward's assassination, but while I was telling her, *her door-bell rang!* and rang! and rang! and I ran out into the hall, ahead of her old Matilda, and opened the front door myself, and there were two officers standing on the steps—I knew they were officers by the straps on their sleeves; and one of them screamed at me: "*Is the doctor here?*"

"No!" I said; "but I've sent the soldiers to get Dr. Hall for Mr. Seward. Is he living?"

"And the officer said, 'Madam, what is this you say about Mr. Seward? I have come from Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln has been assassinated!'"

"And I said, 'No! No! It is Mr. Seward!'"

"The man said to me, 'What are you talking about? Good God! Seward? It is the President! I helped to carry him out of the theatre. The blood—the blood,' he said, in a sort of whisper; 'it dripped on my hand.' He looked sick, and he rubbed his hand on his trousers. I can see him now.

"Just at that minute Robert's boy came in through the back hall from our house; I remember he had his master's gauntlets in his hand, and the buggy whip; Rob was just behind him.

"What in the world is all this fuss?' he said to me; and then he saw the soldiers. 'What do you want?' he said. But they didn't wait to answer him; they just took hold of him and pulled him into the street. I heard one of them cry out:

"Mr. Lincoln has been assassinated! Mr. Lincoln has been shot! Mrs. Lincoln is calling for you—"

"And they pulled him over the pavement to the carriage, and pushed him into it. I ran down the steps after them, into the street, saying:

"Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen, don't let any harm come to Dr. Stone!' But they did not listen to me; they just slammed the door of the carriage, and the driver lashed the horses, and they tore off over the cobblestones, down the street. Mother had come out of the parlor, and was standing in the doorway, wiping her fingers on a lace handkerchief; they were wet, you know, from the musical glasses; she looked perfectly bewildered.

"What is it?' she said. But I stood there on the pavement, with the wind blowing my skirts round my ankles, and burst out crying:

"Oh,' I said, 'he will be hurt!' I never thought of poor Lincoln—it was just my Rob. 'They will hurt him,' I said; 'everybody knows I am Robert Lee's cousin, and they'll put my Robert in prison!'"

"You see, I knew that people used to whisper 'traitor' when they saw me. Yankces have no manners (though you have been very well brought up, my dear. Nobody would dream you were from the North).

"Well, I started up mother's steps, but waited to let two men pass me; they were gesticulating, and talking very loud and frightened; and one of them said:

"And Stanton was to have been killed, too, but he was out of town."

"Then I knew it was a conspiracy against the Government."

MARGARET DELAND.

Fifty Doggerel Charades.

XXV.

My first my second till his third
Refused to serve him more.
His wife declared his course absurd,
When fourth to him she bore.

"Your third how second," then she cried,
"And like a fourth too high."
"Do break this habit!" he replied;
"It is my whole, more strong than I."

XXVI.

My first a measure is; the king my next
Is sure to have, while farmers for it pray;
My whole a measure is; if you're perplexed,
It is the obstacle that's in your way.

XXVII.

When my first found my next at hand,
He said with dismal cry:
"Where is the good so long I planned,
And third ere I shall die?
Now spite of all my whole, I know,
Unfinished all these schemes must go."

XXVIII.

Seek for my first at the poles;
For my second where the chariot-wheel rolls;
My whole you'll find, when on pleasure bent,
Delighting crowds in the circus-tent.

XXIX.

My first and second are the same,
And by my fourth I might you name.
One fifth my second thrown away,
My fourth would as remainder stay;
Yet one fifth of my first, 'tis plain,
Is of my fourth a fourth again.
To do my whole still Mercy strains,
However black the guilty stains.

The Letter Bag.

[Extracts from the letters of an American who enlisted in England early in the war, and who is a Lieutenant in the — Guards.]

APRIL 3, '16. BELGIUM.

... I'm feeling very perky this morning, for an order has just come through for us to move to a safer place further back, and I already feel younger, for we have been in this continuous hell for three weeks to-day, and our nerves are pretty well shredded. It's all very well, and our natural job to go up to the trenches at night, and have things humming about us; but being shelled all day and every day besides is more than most people can live unaffected through for any length of time. Mind you, the other battalions are never up in the shelled area for more than eight or ten days at most; they do about four days in reserve under intermittent shell fire, then two days in support trenches, 2 in the front line—or about that much—and then go right away back for a week, while we poor devils have been under shell fire for three weeks, and go up into the lines sometimes 2 nights out of 3, sometimes alternate nights, depending on the amount of work required. Two officers of this company are on detached duty, and one sick in hospital, so I'm the only subaltern left, and last week I went up three nights running; the first two nights it was bullets only, but the third night Fritz was after the reliefs passing to and fro in our communication trench, and we got shelled good and plenty, spending half our time in the trench taking cover, instead of outside doing work. It was impossible to stay in the open, for they plastered the place with shrapnel, "woolly bears" and "whizz bangs"; and when they let up so that we could resume work, a very busy maxim traversed our area so that it wasn't too healthy either. Night before last I was in charge of 3 platoons, and we were dodging shrapnel and whizz bangs for over a mile—you can imagine my funk and anxiety with three platoons to get through whole if possible. But both those two bad nights, though we had some precious narrow squeaks and several helmets got strafed or dented, we lost no men. Thomas A. is really wonderful, and doesn't care a hang. One lad summed up the situation tersely the other night in his only French: "No bloody *bonne promenade* this!" and another called out in a plaintive voice—"Don't strafe me, Fritz, I'm next for leave." A few have their nerves a bit shaky, but they joke with their pals, and feel better.—I think the wretched officers with responsibilities feel it most.

THE BOSTON MOTHER GOOSE.

V.

A BOSTON ALPHABET.

- A** is Sam Adams in Adams Square,
With such an I-don't-give-Adam air.
- B** is the Browning Club, known in the town
As a place where the poet is done up so brown.
- C**'s Charles River Basin, most lovely of views
When sunset and dusk mingle on it their hues.
- D** is the Dome of the State House, all gold,
Marking the market where laws are sold.
- E**'s the Exchange, where whatever the weather
The brokers all hasten to shout there together.
- F** is the Frog Pond, where Boston fads
Are taken for baptism by their dads.
- G** is the Garden, where flowers are gay,
And lovelier yet are the children at play.
- H** is the Harvard boy; his manners to spoil
Is Boston society's unflagging toil.
- I** is a pronoun which ever to use
The modest Bostonian is firm to refuse.
- J** is for Jobs. But the rest of this verse
It would give in high quarters offence to rehearse.
- K**'s Boston Kultur, as it would be
If German dominion had crossed the sea.
- L** is the Library, on whose scutcheon boldly
Two little boys stand without nighties so coldly.
- M**'s the Museum; Back Bay's of it proud;
And North End Italians go there in a crowd.
- N**'s the North End, once there dwelt aristocracy;
Now 'tis the home of the foreign democracy.
- O** is Old South, saved by action concerted,
When by its children the shrine was deserted.
- P** is for Parks, lovely laid on each side,
Matchless they stretch, Boston's glory and pride.
- Q** is the line waiting long to get in
When the Rehearsals on Friday begin.
- R** is Rehearsal; as all are aware
Better are heard than concerts elsewhere.
- S** is the Subway, when one in it goes,
Where one will come out again nobody knows.
- T** is Trimountain; don't ask where it stands,
For its top was dug off to fill in Back Bay lands.
- U** is the Union Club, where portly gentlemen
Eat, smoke, and talk of nothing,—then do it all again.
- V**'s Veneration the Boston man knows
Whenever a mirror his face to him shows.

W's for Washington, riding so grand
Adown through the Garden with air of command.

X is Expenses, a fungus that all
Know grows most rankly inside City Hall.

Y is for Yawns the Bostonian suppresses
Feigning to like transcendental addresses.

Z is for Zig-zag, which old Boston ways
Make to fool strangers in tortuous maze.

The British Tommy and the Harvard Unit.

There is no one thing that impresses a surgeon who has spent a great deal of time working in British Base Hospitals more than the wonderful spirit and fortitude with which the average British Tommy bears up under the suffering and crippling that is an inevitable part of the present European catastrophe.

Having spent two summers with the Harvard Surgical Unit in General Hospital 22 of the British Expeditionary Force and having acted as consultant for the other British Base Hospitals in the immediate vicinity, I have had under my personal observation something over ten thousand British wounded, and I can truthfully say that in practically no instance has there been any exhibition of loss of courage at the often inevitable crippling resulting from the removal of eye or limb.

No one who has not worked with these men can have any conception of the inspiration it is to surgeons and nurses for the accomplishment of their best work to be daily in contact with men who give so much for the sake of their country so cheerfully. Each soldier is imbued with the idea that he is out, as he expresses it, "to do his bit," and if doing that bit involves what it does to so many, each man feels that he has done his duty and is willing to take "whatever comes to him" in so doing.

The several hundred surgeons and nurses who have constituted the various Harvard Surgical Units, besides giving of their strength and time to help the Allies, have also helped themselves to a much broader view of the brotherhood of man than probably any of them had before.

It is not my purpose at this time to call special attention to individual members of the Units, but I cannot let the opportunity pass without expressing my appreciation of the fact that the success of the Harvard Surgical Units has been largely due to the energy and versatility of the manager, Mr. Herbert White, of the University Press, who now keeps an office-force simply for the purpose of doing the executive work for the Units and for forwarding all kinds of Red Cross supplies to the different Units and to the various other hospital interests in England and France. Probably no man in America has done more than Mr. White to demonstrate to the Allies the desire of many in this country to show friendship for them.

ALLEN GREENWOOD.

"Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight"
The way they gobble worms to see,
Chewing them not a mite!

Young wife (*doing her accounts*): "How much is nine and sixteen?"

Young husband: "Twenty-five."

Wife: "Oh, no, that isn't right, for then my check-book wouldn't balance. Can't you call it twenty-three?"

DEC 18 1916

BAZAAR DAILY

10 CENTS

BOSTON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1916

No. 6



The last word in modern comfort at a winter resort on the Somme.

The Forgotten.

I.

And even while we wait,
For them that thirst, bright Time is growing late.
Such hours are quick to go;
Quick, even so
As pale auroras flicker,—
Pulse of my heart! how quicker
To them that wait what Spring may bring at last,
And look,—and find her past.
Quicker than orchards blow;
Quick as a smile, to rise
And ripple from the young believing eyes;
And go.

II.

And even while we wait,
For them that starve, the daytime is so late.
Even such hours must go;
But slow,—slow.
Slow for the ooze of hope;
For hands too weak to grope;
For hearts too spent to listen, at the last,
Knowing the footstep passed.
Last hours, and stark as snow
Over the heart's dim cries;
Slow as the smile that wakes, in aged eyes,
To fade and fade;—
And go.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

The Daughter of Ibrahim the Father of Nûwas.

III.

Less than an hour after the escape of Abdul Ahmed a deputation waited upon me with much ceremony to request ("Was I not the dowerer of the portionless and a cool fountain of kindness?") that I would visit the wounded Sheikh Hassan Osmân, that he might be blessed with my skill in surgery. I went gladly enough, willing to put an end to my share of the day's business by an act which might counterbalance any feeling among the people that I had been guilty in refusing asylum to one hard-bested.

On the way to the house of the Sheikh I heard the whole story: how the trees of the Sheikh had been burned early in the morning; how he had flown into a towering rage, and declared he would shoot the offender at sight; how he had cursed Ibrahim the Father of Nuwâs, root and branch, for bringing this upon him; how he had given over his cursing when they had offered to join his feud and had adduced his senile rage as proof of the youthful vigor which made him an exceptionally fitting spouse for the fifteen-year-old daughter of Ibrahim. Of the afternoon's catastrophe I was told by an eyewitness. The Sheikh, breathing vengeance, had gone to look once more at the ruined trees. As he stood with a small crowd of villagers among the olives, suddenly Abdul Ahmed, gun in hand, had appeared on the scene. He had called out tauntingly to know if the Sheikh was yet minded to lead home a new wife. The old man had answered with a curse, and, being unarmed, had snatched at the gun of a bystander. At this, Abdul Ahmed had promptly blazed away with both barrels. The first took the Sheikh in the right shoulder, and peppered him well with shot. Luckily, on account of the distance, they had done little more than embed themselves in the skin; but the second barrel, charged with a ball, had splintered the old man's heel.

After this brilliant piece of powder-play, the Landless One had coolly reloaded. He called out that if he fired again he should do so to kill, and then started to walk away. The villagers, recovering themselves, set after him, and he ran. Others, attracted by the noise of the shots, joined the chase. Eventually he had come to my door, but with that firm justice for which I was distinguished, said the narrator (Oh, the stealth and inscrut-

able meaning of the sultry brown eyes that here glanced obliquely at my own!), I had frightened him away with talk of the Government. They had characteristically forgotten the wretched Sheikh until the chase was ended. Each man, apparently, had then turned on his fellow with the question: "Why didn't you stay with him?" Thus wrangling, they went back, to find that the old man had limped and crawled halfway home. He had lost a good deal of blood, and was weak and giddy when they found him.

Most of all, however, the Sheikh suffered from the 'aib which had been put upon him. Nothing we Occidentals can say of "disgraces" quite represents an 'aib. It is something that eats into the soul until it is requited. An 'aib may be wiped out with blood or money, but it can never be forgiven without redress.

"But how did the Landless get a horse?" I asked.

"Wallâhi!" cried four men together. "It was the son of Ibrahim who waited in the valley with the horse! And the horse was Ibrahim's—Allah save us from begetting such sons! This Nûwas is a friend to the enemy of his house. Now he cries 'Woe! Woe!' while Ibrahim beats him with a stick!"

I was astonished, and showed it. Here was a friendship worthy of old days. A boy of perhaps fourteen who aids a penniless friend to thwart the wishes of his own father in the matter of disposing of a daughter, and who lifts a horse out of the parental stable therefore, might well "taste stick," even with us. In Syria he would certainly be gorged with that quickly cloying diet.

The deputation was yet talking when we reached the house of the Sheikh. We crossed the dirty court, and entered the dark and cool *selâmlik* where the wounded man lay. He was stretched on the low divan, groaning feebly in response to the questions of solicitous friends, who almost filled the square room. It was with some difficulty that I got them out and obtained hot water. I pass over the surgical details of my visit. By the same messenger who carried to Nablûs, six miles away, the news of the shooting to the ears of the Mutessarif Bâshâ, I despatched to the mission doctor a note for bandages, and trusted to luck that the old man should not die and our Expedition be held responsible because I had done this service. I was much relieved at each visit I made during the next two days to find the Sheikh holding his own. Indeed, on looking back, I believe his soul suffered more from the disgrace than did his body from its wounds; nor should I be surprised if a burning lust to be avenged made him well-nigh insensible to his hurts.

IV.

Three days after the fray, as I sat smoking in the dusk of the court, Bishâra tumbled in at the gate, quite breathless.

"O my Master," he cried, "they have got him safe. They caught him in the Wady 'Azzûn, and he is here with five soldiers in charge of him. And I saw the *shawish* [sergeant] in the shop, and he was telling—"

"Who has got whom?" I interrupted.

"Nâm? The soldiers have taken Abdul Ahmed. They have brought him here in irons. The *shawish* is in the shop, telling how they took him. In the morning they will carry him to Nablûs to prison."

"Get my shoes," I said; "I will go to the village. Send Mohammed with a lantern."

The little box of a shop was filled with peasants, grouped about a very fierce and very ragged sergeant of police, who was evidently enjoying his popularity to the utmost. The men rose courteously as I came in. I bought some tobacco, and sat down beside my friend Hâjji Hâmed, the schoolmaster. As I refrained from

asking questions, the narrative I had interrupted was quickly recommenced.

"Aha!" ran on the sergeant; "a dog-son. . . . Whence so much wit? . . . But I took the fox. . . . Ask the Mutessarif Bâshâ who is eyes and hands to his police. He will tell you: 'Without 'Aly Shahîn I would know no peace.' Not so?"

"True, by the head of my father," said a villager. "Did not Abdul Ahmed elude us? Yet by the cunning of this one he was taken."

"Cunning is a good thing," said the sergeant, rolling a fresh cigarette, "but without courage and daring the rest is as nothing. By my head, there was great danger. We had news he was at Jiljulieh, and so were riding at ease down the Wady 'Azzûn. So! A man on a gray horse with a gun across his saddle-pommel. Ha! He is not afraid to use it either, the son of a burnt father! That is known. But I rode to him. 'Halt,' I said to him, 'in the name of the Sultân!' He raised his gun. Oh, he is a bold one, that Abdul!"

"*Yâ Salâm!*" exclaimed a breathless hearer. "He raised his gun?"

The sergeant borrowed a match, lit his cigarette, inhaled deeply, and then spoke while the smoke curled slowly from his lips, beneath his short black mustache.

"In the name of the Sultân," I said; but that devil only grinned, and raised his gun. But I, I rode straight to him, so that he was overcome with fright. Then fear seized him, so that he threw down his gun, and wept."

"A strong liar," whispered the schoolmaster in my ear. "One of the soldiers told me they took him asleep at noon. And in that is only one thing doubt-worthy: that they should themselves have been awake."

Shortly there appeared at the door of the shop one of the soldiers. He excused himself lamely for deserting guard, but the sergeant was evidently glad of one who would indorse all his boasts, and he began telling the tale over again. By the time this was completed, with ardent confirmatory chorus from the soldier, a second of the sergeant's men slipped in; and I reflected that the irons on Abdul Ahmed's wrists would soon be all there was left to take care of the prisoner. Ibrahim the Father of Nûwas, much solaced by this day's work, called for the retelling of the whole story, as I was starting on my homeward way.

ORIC BATES.

(To be continued.)

Some Ancient Wisdom and a Moral.

While engaged a few years ago in writing a life of Carlo Goldoni, the dramatist, I was often led into Italian pastures far afield from the drama. To be enticed into an acquaintance with Machiavelli was unavoidable, since this much-maligned Florentine was the author of the first real comedy of manners written in the Italian language. I confess, however, that after reading "The Mandrake," as I was bound in all conscience as a biographer of Goldoni to do, I turned with considerable avidity to "The Prince," in order that I might find the manner of the man, whose name has become a synonym for duplicity.

Now I have no intention of holding a brief for Signor Niccolò di Bernardo dei Machiavelli; yet I must confess that after glancing through his much-anathematized epitome of statecraft, as well as his history of Florence, I came to the conclusion that he was considerable of a patriot and also a very sophisticated person. Indeed, I have had reason to feel, during the past two years, that those in authority in my own land might profit from a study of Machiavelli. Our world has become quite as

unscrupulous as that in which he lived, and far more warlike. Those who would guide our nation to a safe haven have need, it seems to me, of a statesmanly wisdom such as Machiavelli displayed when he penned these words:—

"For the Conqueror doth not care for doubtful friends, who will not help him in his need; and the Loser will not welcome thee, when thou wouldst not take arms, and run his risks."

But Machiavelli was not the only worldly wise Florentine of the Renaissance who devoted his leisure moments to the writing of history. Francesco Guicciardini, a lawyer, diplomat, administrator, and soldier, who was born just ten years before Columbus sailed on his first voyage of discovery, found sufficient time during his active life to write so consequential a history of his native land, that he has taken an important place among the historians of Italy. I confess that I have not read Guicciardini at any great length; yet I chanced, not long ago, to be browsing in the library of a friend, where my glance fell upon a prettily bound volume bearing the title "The Maxims of Francis Guicciardini." It was an English translation published some seventy years ago, and having a fondness for things Italian and knowing Guicciardini by name, at least, I picked it from its shelf and began turning its pages in a desultory way. In a moment my attention was arrested by this passage so applicable to the United States at the present time, that it seemed as if it must have been written yesterday, instead of four centuries ago:—

"I commend him who stands Neutral in the Wars of his Neighbors, if he be so powerful, or has his Dominions of such Condition, as that he hath nothing to fear from the Conqueror; because he doth thus avoid Peril, Expenses, and Exhaustion, and the Disorders of the others who may afford him some profitable Opportunity. Except it be with these conditions, Neutrality is Foolishness, because binding thyself to one of the parties, thou dost run no danger but the victory of the other, but standing between, thou art always bruised, conquer who will."

While it may be commendable for Americans to stand neutral in the wars of our neighbors, we should ask ourselves whether indeed our *dominions are of such condition* that we have nothing to fear from the conqueror. If we are not, we may learn to our sorrow the truth of Machiavelli's admonition that the conqueror will not care for doubtful friends, and that the loser will not welcome those who would not take arms and run the risk.

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

The Legacy.

[This poem, read at the Papyrus Club in 1907, has not before been printed.]

With patient toil he tilled his plot of ground,
And stored each shoot that light and air had found.
Amid the labor that he loved so well
His neighbor's shadow on the harvest fell.
Pausing to argue, with a languid smile:
"Why work, my friend, when naught is worth your while?"
The idler asked: "Rewards men die to gain
I count not, but I hold them all in vain.
"Worthless your work, the shadow of a shade!
Why labor to create it?" Undismayed
The toiler turned. "God knows," he said; "not I!
Though naught do I produce, I like to try!"
The other laughed. "Lo! neighbor, everywhere
I long have sought a man to be my heir;
"To you, what share of my estate you please,
Cash, titles, gems—" "No, neighbor, none of these,"
The man replied: "If honestly you mean,
Give me your shrivelled thought to make it green.
"And if your bounty would add one thing more,
Leave me your ashes, to enrich my store.
"That gift were priceless!" "Ah, my friend, why so?"
"Neighbor, your dust would make my garden grow!"

THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN.

BAZAAR DAILY

Published in aid of the NATIONAL ALLIED BAZAAR

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The DAILY is issued daily for the ten week-days of the Allied Bazaar in Boston. Subscriptions, including postage, \$1.50, may be sent to the Editor, 4, Otis Place, Boston, or to the booth of the DAILY at the Bazaar. Orders for bound copies of the entire issue will be taken at the booth.

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Special Daily Features of the Bazaar.

At the Café Chantant the Marimba Band, Donald Sawyer and Polly Prior in Exhibition Dancing from 4 to 6 P.M.

In the basement: Pony Circus and Trained Cockatoo, and the Punch and Judy Show free. The Movies, with new and wonderful war pictures.

Golf Lessons. To-day and evening in charge of George Bowden of Tedesco.

Paul Revere Hall. 3 to 4.—Portuguese Dances; Marimba Band; Solo Dances; Hawaiians.

4.30.—Mr. Stewart Baird, "Impersonations," of the Sybil Company, by the courtesy of Charles Dillingham.

8 to 9.—Miss Bertram, soprano, Irish Songs.

9.45.—Main Hall, Singing of Patriotic Songs.

SHALL we ever again be able to see a person part the lips without expecting to hear: "Can you tell me where—"

THE crowds at the Bazaar are large, but they are uniformly good-humored. The kindly purpose of the enterprise seems to have entered into the hearts of the folk, and in a way to have made the bustling, noisy stir wonderfully human and wonderfully humane.

THE phrase "to trench on another's ground" will after this war have a fresh and biting significance.

PATRIOTISM is the love of country; but love of the material prosperity of one's land is not patriotism. It may be a poison which destroys patriotism utterly. No man is truly a patriot who does not realize that a country which has nothing worth dying for has nothing worth living for. The backbone of national greatness is national self-respect, and national self-respect is possible only where men are ready to give up anything, even life itself, rather than that the national honor shall be tarnished.

THE decorative cartoons made by F. Verheyden for the booth of the DAILY and for the Belgian booth have attracted much attention and admiration. Fine in conception and strong in design, and excellently adapted to their purpose, they are a notable contribution toward the success of the Bazaar.

To Friends of France!

I would it were possible to bring nearer home, make more real to your life, a tiny village on the Eastern front, such as the one where I first started my chateau-hospital. How can one depict the agricultural difficulties

that have been obliterated by the untiring labor of old men, women, and even of children; to bring vividly before your minds the hundreds of humble cottages where the mother with tears in her eyes joins the hands of her little ones, and piously repeats with them: "O God, our Father in Heaven, keep papa and our big brothers safe and bring them back to us."

Here all is sadness, hard labor, and resignation.

From time to time a mounted *gendarme* rides up to the town hall. Our mayor, a very old man, talks a moment with him, and as the horseman takes his leave, he hands out a paper which the mayor thrusts into his pocket, going with tender heart about his various daily duties, as though nothing had happened.

At nightfall the old man, unaccompanied, glides along the outer walls of the chateau, enters by the side door, and directs his steps towards my little study, which is now in the possession of my head-nurse and her aids. He knocks gently, then enters. He has come so often on this sad mission that the words "Which one?" are now superfluous; the interrogation in the woman's eyes suffice.

"It is So-and-so! Dead! Will you come?"

Silently the nurse dons her dark blue cape, and together they go to break the sad news. For alone he finds himself incapable of saying the tender word, of proffering the simple gesture that consoles.

As the season of Great Good Tidings approaches, does it not seem both fitting and proper that those of us who are in sympathy with the glorious French should find some tangible way of expressing that sentiment? There are many who feel so disposed, but cannot find proper means. Imagine then the surprise in a tiny township, when, after rolling the drum, the town crier announces that some lone sympathetic citizen of a far-off foreign country has taken the trouble to write a *personal* letter to the mayor, praising the valor of those at the front, lauding the courage of those who wait! Think what a change from the much-dreaded "casualty roll"!

Therefore with no other thought in mind than that of making real and more human the great bond of sympathy between the sister republics, I appeal to each of you, readers of this paper, to write a personal letter to the mayor of some little town, anywhere in France.

It would be my pleasure to supply names of persons to whom one may write in English, and for those who do not speak French, a sample letter has been printed, which will be enclosed with name on request to

MADAME CHARLES HUARD,
44 Gramercy Park, New York City,
or

Booth 31, National Allied Bazaar, Boston.

The Editor's Callers.

Phyllis came in looking so charming that the Editor wanted—quite in a fatherly way—to kiss her on the spot; but he restrained this entirely natural impulse, and restricted himself to a compliment.

"My child," he said, "you have really no right to be so pretty."

Phyllis promptly produced a dimple, just by way of showing that she could be prettier still. It was her only answer, but it was sufficient.

"And such a taking frock," he went on.

"Oh, do you think so?" demanded Phyllis, finding her voice instantly when it came to a question of clothes. "I hoped you would."

"You knew I would. What diabolical favor have you come to ask, that you take the trouble to put on a frock that crushes me utterly?"

Phyllis laughed gleefully, and seated herself in the chair he handed.

"I haven't a favor to ask at all," she responded. "I only wanted to ask you something, and see what you'd say."

The Editor leaned forward impressively, and laid the tip of a finger on the arm of her chair.

"My dear Phyllis," he said, "will you do me a favor?"

"What is it?"

"Tell me first what you want me to say, and then you can let me know afterward what it is about. I wouldn't have you disappointed for the world; and if you put it the other way, I might say the wrong thing."

Phyllis deepened the original dimple, and looked as if on sufficient provocation she might even produce a mate to it.

"You mustn't talk nonsense," she declared, "for this means a lot of money for the wounded."

"Is it serious then? What is it?"

"Why, of course you know this is my coming-out year."

"Out of the nursery; yes, of course," the Editor assented. "I really think you are old enough now to sit up to dinner, and have long dresses—only that grown-ups don't wear long dresses any more."

She lifted a reproving finger, and ignored his words.

"And Aunt Ellen has always promised to give me a coming-out ball."

"Nobody gave me a coming-out ball," he interpolated. "Probably that is the reason for the failure of my social career. But then even when I was young I wasn't pretty like you, and I had no Aunt Ellen."

Phyllis shook her head at him sternly, but she still refused to be diverted from what she had to say.

"A ball, you know, costs an awful lot of money; and now Aunt Ellen says that if I choose I may have \$5,000 to give to the wounded instead."

"Instead of your ball?"

"Of course. But isn't it horrid to have to decide?"

"Surpassingly horrid. If she sets traps like that, I regret less that I never had an Aunt Ellen."

"Oh, she's a dear," honest Phyllis protested; "but what shall I do?"

"You might remain in, I suppose, and shirk the decision."

"Oh, I'm out already. You know you came to mamma's tea."

"So I did; but I always try to forget when I have suffered a tea. It makes me more friendly to folk. I remember, now, you were embedded in roses, and had on a purple frock."

"Purple!" she exclaimed in horror. "It was very pale lavender."

"Well," the Editor conceded generously, "have it so by all means. The exact shade doesn't alter the fact that you are irrevocably out. What are you going to do about it?"

"Why, there isn't anything to do," Phyllis said rather woefully. "Of course I can't have my ball; and I had counted on it so. If I had it now, I should think of all the poor fellows that money would have helped, and it would be horrid! But don't you think that it is too bad that—"

"That you can't have your cake and eat it too?" the Editor finished the sentence she left incomplete. "Quite, quite too bad. It is one of the most painful of earthly limitations that the thing can't be done. So you are giving up the ball, like the little trump that I always knew you to be."

Phyllis looked at him with sudden gravity.

"Do you think it is awful of me to be pleased with having things like that said?" she asked with a touch of wistfulness. "That's what I wanted to ask you."

The Editor looked at her quizzically, and then laughed aloud.

"Oh, you poor child of self-tormenting Puritans!" he cried. "I didn't suppose one of your kind was left. Of course you are pleased that people approve of what you've done. You'd be a humbug to pretend you weren't. You can't help it, and you wouldn't be human if you could. The Puritans couldn't help it either, and so they had a sort of mental hair-shirt of self-reproach always ready to clap on at a minute's notice whenever anybody approved of their conduct. We all know when we are acting finely, my child; and the pleasure of it is one of the strongest inducements to go on in the same fashion."

Phyllis regarded him with an air of some doubt.

"But they always told me that I ought not to pride myself on being decent," she objected. "I always thought it was wicked and horrid."

"Fiddlesticks and grandmothers, my child! If we don't pride ourselves on doing well, we shan't keep at it very long; I can tell you that, young lady. Besides, we must pride ourselves on something, just to keep our self-respect."

Phyllis brought the dimple from its temporary retirement.

"But don't you always try to think you don't pride yourself on being good?" she asked slyly. "You don't boast your good deeds."

"You remind me of Charles Lamb's remark," was the Editor's answer, rather indirect than ingenuous, "that one of the greatest pleasures in life is to do good by stealth, and have it found out by accident. Life has a lot of humbug in it. It is like nitrogen in the air. It keeps us from a too morally oxygenated atmosphere."

"I don't know what that means," Phyllis said hardily, "but you needn't explain it. I must go to pour at Ethel's tea."

She rose as she spoke, and adjusted her fluffy furs.

"Then you don't think I'm a cad because I was pleased at Jack's praising me for giving up the ball?" she asked shyly, and with the pink coming into her cheeks.

The Editor took her hand kindly, and with an air almost paternal stroked it softly.

"My dearest maid," was his answer, "nothing in the world is better than that you should be happy to have Jack praise a good deed that you've done at a sacrifice."

The Penny.

She left her bonds, her stocks, her gold,—
For richest of earth's women she,—
And through the spaces wide and cold,
To Heaven's gate came wistfully.

"A single penny," Peter said,
"Is all you here for entrance pay;
But 't must be one, ere you were dead,
In charity you gave away."

The ghost on the chill pavement stone
Fell down, and prayed on bended knee.
"Oh, such a penny was never known!
Yet let me in!" moaned she.

St. Peter pointed finger stern
Toward a way that led below.
"Find Dives there," he said, "and learn
The lesson he can show!"

RUTH CARUS.

THE hot waffles upstairs are causing trouble in suburban homes. They are so delicious that the ladies who taste them depart with firm determination to treat their husbands to a similar dish. The cooks, frantically following divers and sundry receipt-books, cannot accomplish this, and hence domestic excursions and alarms.

A Peasant Woman.

She took her baby on her breast,
After the long, hard toil of day;
And as the sun sank in the west,
Started the long, hard way.

Only to see her man go past
When the war-shattered troops marched by,
All night she walked; till dawn at last
Tinged as with blood the sky.

And with the dawn the throbbing drum;
And there her wistful eyes may see
The shattered rank of heroes come,—
Friend, neighbor, but not he.

A kindly sergeant stayed to speak.
"So brave he was," he stammered low.
"He died for France." With death-pale cheek
She heard, but eyes aglow.

Her man-child, with no tear let fall,
Up toward the war-flag's tattered pride
She lifted as who gives her all.
"Five la France!" she cried.

QUINCY TOWNSEND.

An Appreciation.

I was twelve years old when first introduced to France. I remember the year, because we landed on the day of the battle of Solferino, a battle since immortalized by a French dye. I remember the place, because my mother, a poor sailor, remarked she was glad to lay her head on the Brest of France.

Later we saw the entry of the Army of Italy into Paris. Whether it was the sight of those victorious battalions swinging down the Boulevards which turned my boyish thoughts to West Point, or the reluctant promise of a wise parent to consider a military career if a young would-be patriot would abandon his threat to run away and enlist at the ripe age of fourteen, is of no consequence.

I remember, too, being lifted in a dense crowd in order that I might catch a glimpse of the Empress as she swept up the Rue de Rivoli with postilions and cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, and of appropriating to myself the gracious smile, poor lady! bestowed in my direction. I do not claim now in days of reason that that smile was intended for the bareheaded boy on his father's shoulder, but I know that then and there I adopted, annexed as my own, another country. For how many things is the smile of a woman responsible!

When my parents started on the then conventional journey, to follow the track of the Israelites from the Red Sea to the Jordan and incidentally to discover by the way proofs of the fulfilment of prophecy, I was dropped, perhaps as a useless encumbrance, in a French school known as the Pension Roulet. An older brother and one other American boy failed to modify sensibly the French atmosphere. It was a new world. I remember how insignificant *café au lait* and a *petit pain* looked in the morning to eyes accustomed to a New England breakfast. But I was equal to the occasion. For I proudly wrote my mother that butter for breakfast was a grave mistake—"Monsieur Roulet says it clogs the brain." I cannot, however, adduce anything to show she became a convert to this theory.

I remember that laundry days were so far apart that my stock of underwear, designed for shorter intervals, became at once alarmingly inadequate.

I remember, too, the big boy who sat next me at the long table,—he was a German-Swiss, named Respinger,—who regularly diverted to himself my share of a large plum tart to which we looked forward every Sunday

evening. My memory needs no jogging on this point, because my older brother advised me to battle for that triangle of plum tart, advice I put into practice the following Sunday with disastrous results. Shall I ever forget dear old Monsieur Roulet's lecture on the vulgarity of using the fist in the defence of one's rights!

The memories that cluster about those months are vague now. Is it any wonder? For I read in the journal in which I recorded my doings and impressions one ever-recurring phrase—"Same as yesterday." The impressions not recorded in that journal are the permanent ones. There were, to be sure, excursions in the mountains, hunts for fossils which I still incline to call "petrifications," duels with short sticks in the cellar of the new building, between the German boys; and among the impressions, that made by the sweet face of a daughter of the house at whose feet I laid with fifty others the first offerings of worship. But what I did not realize then as most worthy of record was something altogether too subtle for a boy to appreciate, something intangible but not evanescent, something akin to a flavor or an aroma, which pervaded even the literature fed to the schoolboy. Very likely at the time I was not keenly interested in the morals so artfully concealed in "Télémaque" and the "Dialogues of the Dead," those "Greek poems in French prose"; very likely I did not then recognize the genius which, as d'Aguesseau says, "gave to trifling subjects a new importance, treating the gravest with a touch so light that it appeared to have invented the sciences rather than learned them"; but I am sure that in those days when Fénelon, seasoned now and then with a *chanson de geste* and a novelette, was my meat and drink, I felt the influence of that incomparable grace, that beauty and finish of workmanship, that limpid art and fresh originality, which have made French literature the delight and despair of the reader.

My second contact with France was in a sterner school, the *École des Ponts et Chaussées*, and the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*. The tinsel glitter of the Second Empire had passed away. The Lady of the Gracious Smile was in mourning for an Emperor and a throne. After the baptism of the Revolution had come the baptism of national defeat and humiliation—both regenerative. Even the student of Monge and Euler could not fail to be impressed by that extraordinary vitality and recuperative energy which, in spite of the tragedy of Sedan and the Commune, the burden of the war indemnity, the three royalist pretenders and the Napoleonic legend, triumphed over reaction and laid the enduring foundations of the Republic. Paris was a seething furnace of political emotion and excitement, in the midst of which the intellectual life flourished, radiant and serene. What a delight it was to steal away from stereotomy at the *Conservatoire* for an hour with Taine at the *Beaux Arts* or Caro at the *Sorbonne*! And how astonished was the West Point graduate to find in the *Annales* of the *Ponts et Chaussées* the sources, even to the illustrations, of his Mahan!

There follow later associations in an editorial capacity with Rod and Verlaine, Sarcy, de Maupassant, and others, associations chiefly of correspondence and tintured with commercialism, though not devoid of personality; and later still the closer associations formed in official life—a longer story. But on these it is not necessary to dwell. For I am speaking of foundations, foundations of affection and of taste, and these were laid long before in the schoolroom and the family, when the same clarity and precision which distinguishes all French literature was found in the textbook, and the charm which pervades French social intercourse in the home.

I am neither blind nor unjust in respect to my debt

to Germany, a debt contracted more especially in the realm of Science. But in those particular subjects in which I was interested, when I foot up my debit column I find most of the items are to be charged to patient minute compilation and practical application, and few to originality.

If in later life I had had the honor of having talked to a Kaiser, as when a boy I was smiled upon by an Empress, would the current of my sympathy have been diverted? I think not. For beginning with student days in '73 and '74, and continuing down through numerous tourist wanderings to official life in six capitals, I encountered so often that insolence, no less offensive because veiled, that rasping pretence to superiority, that brutality of method, in matters large and small, that even the accolade of a Kaiser could not have condoned them. After '70 the Prussian shadow spread gradually over all Germany, completely obscuring the simple homely land of our earlier love. Should any one contend that my experience was exceptional, I beg to cite the recent experience of the world at large, of which mine is a humble but faithful illustration.

No, I do not regret the boyish choice, confirmed in maturer years. France wears her faults upon her sleeve. On the empty sleeve of to-day they are forgotten. The bitter irony of it all is that we should ever have judged her by a Boulanger instead of a Joffre, by an Austerlitz instead of a Verdun.

ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.

Fifty Doggerel Charades.

XXX.

Double my first is found inside,
They say, of every Russian's hide.
The work of every printer's reckoned
By what's the double of my second.
Who is my whole in any clime
Gets twice my second many a time.

XXXI.

My first is perusal;
My next is notation;
My third is refusal;
My fourth is evasion;
My whole, like blessed charity,
A covering for sins may be.

XXXII.

Sweet Rose did I for pity first,
So fair she third and cold;
Yet I so high her charms must fifth,
I cried: "Despair makes bold!
I am my whole with fervent love;
Your favor let me boast!"
"Fourth!" sneered she. "Leave me. I'll return
Your letters second post."

XXXIII.

When spicy scandal greets the ear,
It may be first or first and next;
But if of third the tale we hear,
Then whole we call it, sorely vexed.

XXXIV.

When that my second bore my whole,
Men seized it as a thing accursed,
And cast it straightway in the sea,
Because my whole was not my first.

XXXV.

My first has not my next because
"My whole!" hath ordered fashion's laws.

A farrier fared to the fair
To get for his fair fairing there;
But the cost of the fairing
And fare set him swearing,
For he vowed it was fairly unfair.

The Letter Bag.

APRIL 13, '16.

... Good old Mackensie Rogan and our Regimental Band have been in France three or four months now and have done themselves proud. The old man has fifty-one years' service, having started as a drummer, and he is still going strong. I have heard the band several times on off days in the big town behind us, and the other day a crump burst near enough to throw debris and stuff on the roof of the building in which he was playing, but he finished the piece without a break, and then a staff officer turned the audience out. Another day I heard the massed drums and fifes of the Guards Brigade play in the Square there, and it was splendid.

JULY 16th, '16.

... Just at this juncture a silly ass (a private) in a near-by hut caused a young explosion by putting some cordite into an old oil bottle made of brass and touching a match to it: result, loud bang, one man narrowly missed by a bit of brass, and the remainder of the oil bottle embedded in the wall of the hut; also perpetrator very much scared at his performance, assuring me, who happened to be the officer on the spot, that he wouldn't have done it if he'd known it would cause an explosion—crazy loon! He's in the book, and I suppose I shall have to be the cause of his getting strafed, though it does seem funny that a man should have to be school-boyed here in camp when there's hell-fire and destruction going on unasked not very far off. ... I suppose you have read about the new wound stripe—all officers and men who have been wounded are to wear a three-inch, very narrow perpendicular stripe on the left arm, gold Russian braid. It had already started in England, one stripe for each occasion wounded. ...

AUG. 7, '16.

... Yesterday I saw a pen with 250 odd Hun prisoners in it, including three beastly looking officers. Of that lot two officers and ninety men had come over the night before and surrendered—500 of 'em, which is half a battalion, started across, but got caught between the two artillery barrages, and only 92 got over; it was their *first* time in the trenches, and they had new uniforms and were a pretty well set up looking lot—Jaegers, with light green uniforms; so if they are coming over in half-battalions to any extent before they have had a proper dose of the trenches and our fire, it looks pretty cheery for us—that lot thought the war will end by Aug. 13! The rest of the prisoners were a bestial, ratty, mangy, loathsome looking swine, and nearly all had also come over of their own accord to surrender. One of the compound guards told me one of the Hun officers had "cursed him proper" when he woke him up that morning, so I said, "Wake him with your boot next time, seeing how they treat our officers"; and he replied, "Well, sir, I did bring 'im to by droppin' a brick on the floor of the tent next to 'is 'ead."

AUG. 15, '16.

You seem surprised that we have parades anywhere near the lines; we don't have just *drill* parades very near (5 miles is the nearest I can remember) but parade doesn't mean only for drill—we have rifle, ammunition and gas-helmet inspections as near as two miles from Fritz, or anyhow within the shrapnel zone, and I've had to dismiss quick sometimes. ... You also asked about the Y. M. C. A. huts—Yes, they are a splendid institution, and everyone seems to agree that they are about the most valuable and useful things of their kind. ... They are a godsend to the men.

SEPT. 24, '16.

... Two friends of mine and several acquaintances were killed on the 15th, and Col. — was killed too; they got his body back to — and I made an expedition to bring him in. I managed to send him back to where his battalion were resting, and he got a proper burial. I gave him as decent a send-off as possible from the battlefield—I had my party fix bayonets and present arms as the limber moved off; we couldn't have done even that had it not been a rainy day, for the Huns weren't so very far off, and would have caught the glint of our bayonets and shelled us.

Little Bailey having been disobedient through the day, his mother suggested, when he was saying his prayers, he should ask God to help him to obey his mother. To this suggestion he answered, "I did, one night."

"But you ought to every night."

"O mother, I trust God more than that."

Which is merrier, a grig or a sandboy?

What is the relation of divorce to a knowledge of cooking?

A man's heart is in his stomach. Is it affected by an operation for appendicitis?

THE BOSTON MOTHER GOOSE.

VI.

ET CETERA.

High jinks and jinks low
 How the ginko trees do grow,
 In the Public Garden fair
 Lifting in the summer air
 Boughs like garlands rich and rare.
 For some dream of eastern passion
 Seems their fluted leaves to fashion,
 As some wizardry each tree
 Compassed in its mystery.
 And when Autumn comes to scold
 With its winds so bleak and cold,
 Then with talismans of gold,
 All the ground they cover well;—
 Shaped as for some orient spell
 Cunningly by magian wrought
 With dread words all magic-fraught,
 Planned and shaped in wizard's cell,
 So to foil the evil schemes
 Which the bitter Autumn dreams.

Whatever thing can't be found out,
 The Oneday Club must talk about;
 All questions having no replies
 Are precious in its members' eyes.
 Of certainty the glim they douse,
 Of great ideas the clearing-house.
 The isness of the ain't
 And because of the why
 To them are just as easy
 As to swat a noxious fly;
 They play with words like tennis-balls,
 And find it stunning fun;
 And there's nothing, nothing like it
 Beneath the searching sun.

Once 'Boston Notions' were knicks and knacks,
 Knives and razors, and pins and tacks;
 Now they are creeds, and cranks, and views,
 And mixed religions where each may choose;
 Strange-isms and philanthropies,
 And mushroom ethic theories.
 Crops may flourish, or crops may fail,
 Feast or famine may here prevail,
 Weather be sunshine, rain, or hail;
 But the crop of fads in Boston Town
 Will never be done till the place falls down.

The whirling Hub goes round and round;
 It need not go ahead:
 For through a wide circumference
 Its moving force is spread.

Hi-diddle-diddle! The men who can fiddle
 All to the Symphony come;
 But when they get there they only can stare
 At the man with the kettledrum!

The good policeman, brave and grand,
 Stands in the street and waves his hand.
 Now he says: "Stay!" and now says: "Go!"
 And then, the first thing that you know,
 He says them both, and with a smash
 The autos come together—crash!

As I was going up Beacon Hill,
 Beacon Hill—was not clean;
 And there I met a Back Bay miss,
 As pretty as a queen.

I said: "Orion's shining bright."
 She answered, smiling sweet,
 "Because, you know, it's owned by right
 By our dear Beacon Street."

Oh, Charon's Barge, one summer night,
 Crammed full of faculty,
 Sailed into darkness out of sight,
 And vanished utterly.

Then Charon's Barge, an empty shell,
 White on the Basin see,
 Until at last they sold the sell,
 A house-boat for to be.

But then this boat so very dear
 Could not such doom abide;
 And so one day in autumn drear
 Committed suicide.

The codfish up on Beacon Hill
 Keeps watch o'er the Speaker's chair;
 The grasshopper down on Faneuil Hall
 Swings lightly in the air.
 Should that codfish that grasshopper gulp,
 Good gracious, the row there would be!
 For people would cry: "Oh, my! Oh, my!
 What a shell-fish cod is he!"

A club, a club, and a very swell club,
 In a very swell house of tone;
 And a consciousness of its swellness swells
 A swell in the front of stone.

The Boston child on Browning feeds,
 He talks Theosophy and creeds;
 He prattles of the Soul of Things,
 And scorns the levity of kings.
 His spectacles' refulgent glare
 Fills common mortals with despair;
 He never's young and never ages.
 Within the comic papers' pages
 He in immortal sameness stays,
 And out of them he never strays.

Symphony Hall the people seek
 Twice at the end of every week;
 And there, with plaster gods to view,
 They read their programmes through and through;
 And since advertisements are dry,
 Musicians to divert them try.

It is ever the fashion of men at the Hub,
 When they're tired or bored, to kill Time with a
 Club.

Rub-a-dub-dub! A dome like a tub,
 And four squashed pyramids near;
 An acre of factory-lines all refractory,
 Making a mixture most queer;
 Inside to pass the building round
 The only way is underground.
 If Tech to move made up her mind,
 Why leave her architects behind?

DEC 18 1916

BAZAAR DAILY

10 CENTS

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1916

No. 7



Ch. Huand

The stage door.

Decoration Day.

When with new leaves and flowers ye next shall go
To strew fresh memories upon your dead
And plant clean flags for soldiers who once bled
In Lincoln's cause; when next your trumpets blow
From earth to sky the solemn strain and slow
Of Taps above each sleeping veteran's bed—
O then forget not those dear youths that shed
Their April's blood, whose graves ye do not know.

Far off in France their bodies folded lie
Sheathing unbudded promise 'neath the sod,
Their blossomed spirits safe in peace and ease.
Pass not these other happy warriors by;
For these strew flowers and lift your thanks to God;
They too served Lincoln's cause; sound taps for these.

OWEN WISTER.

The Daughter of Ibrahim the Father of Nûwas.

V.

Early the next morning I went to see how Sheikh Hassan was getting on. I arrived at the house of the Sheikh to find him—gone!

Oh, mockery of ink and paper! Oh, impotence of pens and set words! I tell what had befallen not as it should be told, but as best I am able: Abdul Ahmed had escaped, and Sheikh Hassan had been arrested in his place. These two facts were all that were offered me by the old servant whom I found in the court of the house. Later, from Mustâfa Kerim, the keeper of the shop, I obtained particulars in this sort:

"Yea, O sir, those devils have taken him,—him who is a Sheikh, a Hâjji. By the head of my father, but the times are passing evil, or they should smart for it. It was after Your Excellency left last evening that another soldier came in. Soldiers? I spit on such! They left but one on guard, and here they sat till cock-crow, drinking my coffee and smoking my tobacco. Did I see the color of their money? Not so much as a louse could stand on! The company had thinned to five or six, when in ran the last of those knaves, and whispered to the *shawîsh*. *Shawîsh*? Say rather long-dead-donkey-father! And when he heard he roared, and smote the man, and leaped to his feet. And Ibrahim the Father of Nûwas, who has brought all this trouble upon us, bellowed that Abdul Ahmed had escaped. And so it was, but he went not alone. Thus it happened. There came to that sentry-swine the boy Nûwas, the son of Ibrahim. And he spoke the sentry fairly, and said he was come to take leave of his friend. And the soldier denied him; but Allah wished to punish Ibrahim through his son, and so made the boy plead well and the sentry yield. And a short two hours after Nûwas had gone away again, the sentry looked in at the door.—No Abdul, but only his chains, and two window-bars that had been filed half through and wrenched free at the bottom. Till broad daylight all were searching, but nothing did they find, save that the mare of Sheikh Hassan, the Pearl of the Village, our pride, was lifted. The Pearl of the Village! The fleetest and the best! And now Sheikh Hassan will no more need the yellow corn from me, of which he bought weekly two measures. A mare worth a sultan's ransom, gone like the wind, and the boy-devil Nûwas has taken yet another horse from his father, and gone too. Let them return, if they would that I spit upon them both!"

Mustâfa Kerim was entirely right in regard to the excellence and value of "The Pearl." She was the darling of her master's heart, and so guarded that only in a time of confusion in the family could Nûwas have

succeeded in lifting her. I was still in the dark, however, why my unfortunate patient should have been taken away.

"Why take him?" cried Mustâfa in answer to my question; "because they who have lost all taste for small wickednesses must gorge on greater villainies! When they could find nothing of Abdul Ahmed, they took counsel together, saying that they dared not go empty-handed to Nablûs. And that devil *shawîsh* said: 'Let us have a rich witness, such as the Bâshâ and his council love.' Then they took the Sheikh—Allah consume their marrow!—because he was rich and stricken and old, and well-nigh without kin. They put the old one in irons and lifted him into a litter. And he was silent until they told him of the lifting of the Pearl, and then he wept."

"Allah increase your goods, O Mustâfa," I said. "The affair is not my affair, but I will write a letter to the English doctor at Nablûs, telling him of this. They will free the Sheikh, lest their day be blackened."

VI.

Of the following letters, one I received five days after the wretched Sheikh had been carried to Nablûs, and the second four months later, after I had left Syria. They explain themselves, and bring this tumultuous history to a close.

THE FIRST LETTER.

NABLÛS; C. M. S. HOSPITAL, July 17, 19—.

My Dear Canton:

I have seen the Pasha about your Sheikh. At first he "knew nothing about him," but he afterward "found out." I insisted upon seeing him. They had stuffed him into a villainous hole in the prison, and I found him in a very apathetic condition, the left leg badly inflamed, and a slight temperature. I insisted upon getting him into the hospital, becoming responsible for his safekeeping. He has bucked up a little, and is now telling stories of the Russian war to a small Jew in the next cot. He told the nurse that he only wants to see his mare again and die. I don't think it likely he will for some time do either.

I am yours heartily,

ARTHUR WINTON.

THE SECOND LETTER.

To the Khawâja Kantûn, making diggings for the Government at the Beled of Bâb el Kalâbsheh, by way of Masr.

Peace and prosperity and direction under Allah from the Hâjji Hamed el Fiki of Fendakumieh.

It is already long, O Sir, that I have meant to write to you, but here one comes more readily by attar than by news. The money for the school comes every month from the Big Gentleman who now makes the diggings you began. Of them I will not write, since I am in darkness of their meaning or their purpose. Mustâfa Kerim blesses you because the men are well paid, and never was so much money seen here before; and too for the letter you wrote to the English doctor at Nablûs concerning Sheikh Hassan Osmân at the time of his misfortune.

The Bâshâ would not let the Sheikh go, not even when he was sent cured out of the Hosbitâlieh. A guard was set over him, and at night he slept in the court of the house of the city treasurer.

At this time came thither a Persian who was a leper. He was a scribe of the scribes, and master of nine schools of writing. I know not why the hand of Allah had cast upon him the affliction of leprosy, unless because he was of the sect of the Shi'a. Now this one remained here for some days, and because of his craft I fed him. And he told me that the last money that had come to his hand had also been from a man of Fendakumieh. And when I wondered, he told me that it was at Ajlûn, across the Jordan: and that there he had written a letter for a young man, who, with a boy and a blood mare, he had met by the road. And I was stirred, for I knew it must be Abdul Ahmed the Landless and Nûwas the son of Ibrahim; and that the mare was none other than our Pearl. So I told him somewhat of what had here befallen, and he told me what was in the letter. It was to be sent to the Hosbitâlieh, to Sheikh Osmân.

In this letter Abdul Ahmed offered brazenly one half of the mare as blood-money for the olive-trees and for the injury; and a quarter more that the Sheikh give over all thought of marriage with the daughter of Ibrahim the Father of Nûwas; and a quarter more for fifteen Turkish pounds. And if the Sheikh liked not this bargain, there was no more to be said: Abdul Ahmed would take the mare to Beyrût and sell her. But if the bargain liked him, he should send a letter by post to Nûwas the son of Ibrahim at Ajlûn, and when the vouchers for the blood-

money and the fifteen pounds came, Abdul Ahmed would write to the Bâshâ acknowledging his guilt and the affair would end. This was the letter that the Persian wrote by the roadside near Ajlûn.

And when Sheikh Osmân received this letter at Nablûs he was amazed at such shamelessness, and showed it to the Englishman doctor. And the Englishman doctor whistled after the manner of his kind (for so the Sheikh has since told me), and said: "Let the feud rest. Take peace and the mare."

So the Sheikh sent the quittance and the money, and vowed never to look on the daughter of Ibrahim. And Abdul Ahmed rode boldly into Nablûs on the Pearl of the Village, and told the Bâshâ that he did the shooting, and that now there was no feud. At first the Council said: "To prison"; but he gave five Turkish pounds to the Kâdi, and the Kâdi whitened him in the eyes of those great ones. So he came back among us, and gave over the Pearl to the Sheikh, and kissed his hand, and they are much together, so that it is a great wonder! And Abdul Ahmed is to marry the daughter of Ibrahim the Father of Nûwas, for between his gun and the friendship of the Sheikh there is no standing against him. Thus does Allah weave with the threads of our lives, even as it is written:

"The shuttle flies from hand to hand,
But all unknowing grows the weave."

Mustâfa Kerim salutes you; Sheikh Osmân salutes you; and many others. Forget not your friends, and may Allah increase your prosperity.

Written by me, Hâjji Hamed el Fikî, at Fendakumieh, the sixth of Ramadan, 1327.

ORIC BATES.

A Sheaf of War Memories.

I must begin by stating clearly that this meagre sheaf of memories is made up of stray straws snatched by me here and there as the warwind whirled them by, and I ask to be forgiven for binding them together with a quite personal band composed of too many I's and me's.

I know how hard it must have been for you at home to understand our ignorance on this side of the water of the storm rolling up from the Near East. To illustrate how completely we were in the dark, when a friend living near us on the island of Noirmoutier telephoned me on the morning of August 1, 1914, that she and her children were starting at noon to join her husband in their château in the south of France, as the mobilization would make travelling impossible twenty-four hours later, not only did I think her panic-stricken, but I told her so. I went at once to her villa to help her pack, laughed at her fears, and tried to persuade her to stay, not believing her when she assured me that she had the terrible facts from one who knew. She begged me to take a thousand francs from her store, predicting that we should have trouble about getting money later, and not at all liking the idea of leaving me with only a little over three hundred francs on hand. I told her that our month's supplies would be sent to us on Monday, the third, and took the lofty tone that no matter what might take place in Europe, American credit would be all right. How often in the coming weeks did I regret that rejected thousand francs! Twice we saw our last ten-franc piece melt away in payment for bread and postage stamps; everything else we had on credit, thanks to the moratorium, which cut both ways.

It was a chilly, gusty day, that first of August, 1914, and my spirits sank as I walked home to Le Gaillardin after seeing my friend start at noon. A sight not calculated to cheer me was the setting sail of a yacht carrying a party of young reservists to the mainland. As her sails filled, and she bent to the breeze, an Abbé, standing on the rocky point jutting out into the bay, lifted his hand in blessing, and the men on the white deck bared their heads as his words of benediction came to them across the dancing waves. I stopped to say a word to the mother of one of the boys, herself the daughter of a famous marshal, and her evident anxiety depressed me still more. Her son fell gloriously last November, and three are missing from the gay band of his friends who used to fill her pretty cottage with laughter and song.

But on reaching home I was reassured by the complete scepticism shown by my husband and one of our friends who was there with him. A friend? I might more truthfully say brother, so dear was he to us. How could any one imagine, they insisted, that Germany, with almost all the commerce of the world in her hands, prosperous to a fabulous degree, could be so short-sighted as to bring on a war? It was a woman's scare, they told me, and I was so glad to be reassured that I cheerfully swallowed the snub. Just the same, should there be trouble, our friend, although past the military age, would be obliged to report at headquarters, and in order to avoid any delay he decided to take the afternoon boat, and run up to Paris for a few days. We went to see him off at five, and his last words were that he should be back in a week's time.—He fell a year ago last September, charging superbly at the head of his men.

We left the boat-pier, and walked under the trees to the main road which runs straight in to the town of Noirmoutier, about two miles inland. As we stepped out from the shade of the ilexes the strong west wind bore to our ears the terrible sound of the tocsin, hurried, fateful, threatening. It was the call to a general mobilization. No more doubts now.

The next image that I recall is that of a young Parisian, rather a dandy, good-looking, well-dressed; he had bought a Swampscott dory from my husband, and came to Le Gaillardin the following afternoon, his six-year-old boy holding tightly to his hand. There were a few outstanding bills, he said, that had not been settled, and he wanted to pay them up. My husband replied that these small charges had not yet been presented to him, that they amounted to very little anyhow, and had better wait for the present. "But I am starting to-morrow," persisted the Parisian. "Then leave them till you come back," was my husband's answer. The young man looked down at his boy, whose big, solemn eyes never left his father's face; then he threw back his head with a laugh, and said so gayly that the child must have thought it some dull, grown-up joke not worth puzzling over, "And what if I never come back?" A quick pain caught me in my throat, and my husband's lips trembled; neither of us spoke. They went away, and I, watching them through the window, saw the little boy stumble as they walked along the path to the gate; he could not see where to place his feet, for his eyes were always on his father's face.

I recall another father. It was a late afternoon in the November of the same year; we were walking home across the fields, and stopped to say a word to a peasant ploughing, his two boys of ten and twelve beside him. In reply to some remark about the failing light he said: "It's not for the fun of the thing that we're working so late. They are going to take Cocotte off in the morning" (here the younger boy turned brusquely and hid his face on the mare's shoulder), "and I follow next day. The kids must learn how to plough; they and the wife will have to do that; I shan't be here to help them see to the early potatoes." We gave some socks and one of the sweaters that our knitting women had already begun to turn out by hundreds, thanks to Boston aid, and many a time during that long, dark winter we saw those two red-headed little chaps pluckily doing their work; when a good potato harvest rewarded their efforts we felt a personal glow of delight.

HELEN CHOATE PRINCE.
(To be continued.)

"Tell me not in idle numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;"
Sandwiches of sliced cucumbers
Make it something better seem.

BAZAAR DAILY

Published in aid of the NATIONAL ALLIED BAZAAR

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The DAILY is issued daily for the ten week-days of the Allied Bazaar in Boston. Subscriptions, including postage, \$1.50, may be sent to the Editor, 4, Otis Place, Boston, or to the booth of the DAILY at the Bazaar. Orders for bound copies of the entire issue will be taken at the booth.

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Special Daily Features of the Bazaar.

At the Café Chantant the Marimba Band and Madame Estrellita from 4 to 6 P.M. Last appearance.

In the basement: Pony Circus and Trained Cockatoo, and the Punch and Judy Show free. The Movies, with new and wonderful war pictures.

Golf Lessons. To-day and evening in charge of James Barnes, Whitmarsh Golf Club, Philadelphia.

Paul Revere Hall, 3.—Miss Columbia's Greeting to the Children of the Allies; Dance by the pupils of Mrs. Lilla Viles Wyman.

8.—"The Cotter's Saturday Night," given by the Scottish Musical Comedy Company.

9.15.—A lecture on the American Field Ambulance work at the front, by Mr. Luke Doyle, who has been in active service in the Field Ambulance.

Main Hall, 9.45.—Miss Mary Desmond, soloist, will sing "God Bless the Prince of Wales," with chorus.

THE Post Office authorities are now giving special service to the mailing of the DAILY, for which we wish to express our thanks.

THE postal cards made in the trenches by the soldiers are selling admirably. The choice of them brought \$100. It is doubtful if it is to be sent through the mail with a one-cent stamp on it.

THE life-buoy of the Lusitania, which hangs in the Main Hall, is one of the most poignantly suggestive of all the relics in the Bazaar. It is a sort of historic document which for generations will tell its pathetic story, and is far more eloquent than anything that can be put into words. It will be sold by auction on Saturday night from the stage, by Mr. John R. Rathom, the editor of the Providence *Journal*.

THE Thistle and Shamrock Booth has for Saturday an attractive programme of the folk dances, songs, and games of France.

THE Canadian War Exhibit is rather of solid historic than of sensational interest, but there are a good many thrills in it. The jewelled fragments of glass from assassinated Rheims, the fragments of a Zeppelin destroyed in England, the helmet of one of the Kaiser's guard, the first machine-gun captured by the Canadians, and so on for an astonishing list of mementoes and souvenirs. The poster show is in itself richly worth a visit, and the whole collection one of the important features of the Bazaar.

The Editor's Callers.

"Of course social honesty is impossible," Dick observed, repeating the old statement with an apparent conviction that he had discovered a great and original truth. "It is too bad that we should all lie so continuously."

The Editor regarded him curiously.

"So Mrs. Noah was remarking to a friend," he returned, "when that eminent shipwright and voyager, her husband, sent Shem to tell her that in ten minutes the gang-plank of the Ark would be hauled in."

"Even if it has been said," Dick persisted with undiminished gravity, "it is just as true. It doesn't take the truth out of a thing to say it over."

"Hum! Doesn't it? I am not so sure of that."

"But aren't our commonest phrases lies?"

"You must remember, my dear Dick," the other reminded him, "that no man is obliged to convict himself."

The caller evidently did not understand the delicate insinuation, but went on stolidly.

"Now when I came in I said I hoped I saw you well; but I really didn't care a button whether I saw you well or not."

"Thank you; I didn't for a moment suppose you did; and, what is more to the point, you did not mean that I should. A lie is an attempt to deceive; and you were not trying to deceive me."

"But what I said wasn't true."

The Editor regarded him with a look which said plainly enough: "In what words of one syllable can I make him understand?"

"My dear Dick," he said, "you are evidently so anxious to prove yourself a liar that it seems cruel to thwart you. Suppose we grant that on general grounds, and now stick to the particular instance. You meant me to think that you were not so boorish as to omit the ordinary conventions of courtesy; and your words conveyed that intention perfectly. When you say what you mean, and what you mean is true, I fail to see where the lie comes in."

Dick's rather obstinate jaw began to look more firm.

"But I say it wasn't true that I cared how you were."

"It also was not true that your aunt's cat has six legs. You meant to say that as much as you meant to say you cared about my health."

Dick showed evidence of growing bewilderment.

"Look here," he said, "are you really trying to say something, or is this just your usual guff?"

"It is my not un-usual endeavor to have people employ terms properly. It is so stupid to call a convention a lie, because it isn't meant to convey what it might literally mean. We give an arbitrary meaning to a sound, and make it stand for a house or a tree or whatever you will. We take a phrase and make it stand for a social idea. The two processes are practically the same."

"But the phrases mean something else."

"They might, of course; but the same thing is often true of the sounds. What is a tree, a plant or a thing to keep your boot in shape? Do I lie if I say I have a lot of trees in my dressing-room?"

"Why, of course not; but that is because we know what you mean."

"You know what I mean when I say I hope you are well, or write 'Dear Sir,' or send a servant to say 'not at home.' I knew a detestable old woman in the country once, who, when she saw an unwelcome caller coming up the avenue, told the maid to say she was out, and then whipped out of the back door for two minutes to make it true."

"Well," declared Dick, uncomprehendingly, "she did make it true."

"Nonsense! She made a perfectly honest conventionality into a lie. By taking the words literally, and then being only momentarily out, she turned them into a falsehood, and a very sneaking one at that. Besides, she was fool enough to lie to herself."

"She was rather a sneak," Dick assented. "When I lie, I do it straight from the shoulder."

"Lie," echoed the Editor, impatiently, "I am not talking about your lying. That, as they said so often in the old novels, is between you and Heaven. I am trying to get it through your thick head that you don't know a lie when you see one. Do you call it a lie to begin a letter 'Dear Sir' or to end it 'Yours truly'?"

"Why, not exactly," was the hesitating answer; "but that is different."

"Oh, feminine excuse! Do try to be sensible, if you can without bursting a blood-vessel in the effort. Speech is full of phrases that have come to have specialized meanings, and are so used without a trace of anything else. You meet a man and tell him it is a fine day. If you mean that to be taken literally, it is an insult, for it accuses him of being so great a fool as not to have perceived the fact already. You mean really to tell him that you are friendly, and do not wish to pass without letting him know it."

"But that is true, anyway," persisted Dick, whose wits were certainly never intended to shine on intellectual race-tracks.

The Editor made a gesture of impatience, but he controlled himself, and went on.

"When I say 'good-evening' do you expect me seriously to have considered whether I really am interested that your evening shall be good? Am I lying, because I tell you, in abbreviated form, that I do?"

"Why, I never thought 'good-evening' meant that," Dick returned, staring.

"It doesn't; it only says that, if you go to taking another meaning of the words, as you might take another for the tree in my boot. It really means the same thing that 'hallo' does, only it says it more politely."

Dick regarded him with earnest eyes.

"I suppose," he said, "that I say a lot of things without knowing what I mean."

"Most people do," the Editor returned, smiling ambiguously; "but then perhaps you don't mean them, after all."

To My "Poilus."

Oh, my *poilus*, bearded, rugged,
 "Bleuets"¹ scarce to manhood budded,
 Whose blue waves, fame-crested, break to-day,—
 Worthier tongues than mine have sung you;
 But let me, who've lived among you,
 Known and loved you well, my tribute pay.

Deafened by the roar and rattle,
 Dazed and stricken from the battle,
 Stretcher-borne, and limping, in they come;
 But from wounded and from weary,
 Comes the greeting ever cheery:
 "On les aura, ça marche bien,"² from every one.

Haunted by the fierce attacking,
 Food and drink and sleep long lacking,
 Yet each still claiming, but half-healed, to do his share;
 Quick to lighten every labor,
 Giving to each task a flavor
 Of his piquant *poilu* wit and temper rare.

Though he hates the thought of tubbing,
 And his matitudinal scrubbing
 May be wanting both in detail and in scope,
 Yet an extra busy morning
 Finds him zealously adorning
 All his comrades with an extra share of soap.³

You may catch him in his nighty
 On some expedition flighty,
 Such as waving to the Tommies as they pass;
 But for the potato-peeling,
 You are apt to find him stealing—
 Though it's not his usual habit—in to Mass.

Glorying in the linen-changing,
 From an early hour he's ranging
 Far and wide, shirtless, in sockless feet;
 And from dull routine escaping,
 Round his person coyly draping,
 Comme une voile d'épouse,⁴ his weekly sheet!

For some cigarettes he'll barter
 All his daily share of "rata,"⁵
 Which is truly called a "*sale bidoche*"⁶;
 But he'll fight you to a finish,
 If his *pinard*⁷ you diminish,
 Though he styles this precious liquid "*plûtôt moche*."⁸

Unashamed of the detection
 Of some samples of refection
 Which he's hidden for safe-keeping in his bed,
 He conceals these peccadilloes
 Underneath his comrade's pillows,
 And will smilingly invite you to his spread.

Through the curé's loud imploring,
 He may be discreetly snoring,
 Yet he faces death, high-hearted, undismayed;
 And his sharply moral strictures
 On some extra moving-pictures
 Would put even Billy Sunday in the shade.

Eloquent his perorations
 On those placed in lofty stations,
 Governmental, these he calls "*des gros légumes*"⁹;
 And a visit of inspection
 Fills him with a dire dejection,
 And with prophecies most lamentable of doom.

But his Lieutenant's a hero,
 And his Capitaine a Nero,
 Singing ballads 'midst the bursting shell and bomb;
 And he's proud to tell their story
 For the honor and the glory
 Of the leaders of Verdun and of the Somme.

Hiding suffering with joking,
 'Neath the knife serenely smoking,
 Courteous and grateful, kind and brave;
 Oh, my *poilus*, who'd not love you,
 Praying all the Powers above you
 To confound your foes and France to save!

Holding death in grim derision,
 France triumphant in your vision,
 Well we know your breed, for once we knew
 How, of every age and station,
 For the saving of a nation,
 Fought, and bled, and died our "boys in blue."

CLARA BOWDOIN WINTHROP.

¹The boys of the Classes of 1915 and 1916 are called "*bleuets*." The new French uniform is blue.

²"We'll get them yet, things are going well." "*On les aura*" is now in France the universal expression, and one of the newest and most famous cartoons has it for a title.

³He helps to wash their faces. ⁴Like a bridal veil. ⁵Rations. ⁶Horrid mess. ⁷Wine. ⁸Rather weak or poor. ⁹"Big potatoes."

From a Set of Limericks on the Thames Villages.

DATCHETT.

Said a rat to a hen, once, in Datchett:
 "Throw an egg to me, dear, and I'll catch it."
 "I thank you, good sir;
 But I greatly prefer
 To sit on it *here* till I hatch it!"

MEDMENHAM ABBEY.

Few hairs had the Vicar of Medmenham,
 Few hairs, and he still was a sheddin' 'em.
 But had *none* remained
 He would not have complained,
 Because there was far too much red in 'em.

K. D. W.

Why Italy Put off Fighting.

Many Americans naturally wondered at Italy's long delay in entering the war on the side of the Allies. They wondered further that she did not declare war on Germany until this last summer. They imputed to her mere sordid self-interest. The facts, however, do not warrant any such harsh opinion; for they show that it would have been suicidal for Italy to break with the Central Powers in August, 1914—and suicide cannot be required of a nation except when all is lost, even honor. Merely as a practical question, Italy was undeniably right in waiting until she was strong enough both to protect herself and to bring valid help to the Allies, before she entered the conflict.

When the war broke out, she was in a state of military destitution. Her campaign in Tripolitania and with the Turks had exhausted her supplies and left large gaps needing to be filled in her army. Experts doubted with reason whether she could prevent the Austrians, led by German commanders, from breaking through her frontier and overrunning Lombardy and Venetia in the early autumn of 1914. Such a disaster would have been not only irreparable to Italy herself, but it might have plunged the cause of the Allies into a panic. So Italy's prudence was of the utmost benefit to all her friends as well as to herself.

Having replenished her equipment, renewed and mobilized her army, she denounced the treaty which bound her in the Triple Alliance, and attacked Austria in May, 1915. Foreign critics who wondered why her fresh troops did not sweep the Austrians before them and dictate terms of peace to the Emperor Francis Joseph in Vienna were almost as fatuous as they would have been if they had wondered why Italy did not march her army across the Adriatic; for the almost impregnable Alpine wall which the Italians had to surmount in the north was scarcely less difficult than the sea itself.

Besides these military considerations which held her back, she was entangled in economic relations with Germany which, of themselves, would have been sufficient to justify her in not breaking with that ruthless Power. Only since the war began have foreigners, and many Italians also, understood to what an alarming extent Italy had become the commercial and industrial vassal of Germany. In no other country, except perhaps in Belgium, had the clandestine invasion of the Germans, ironically called "peaceful penetration," been carried so far.

Thirty years ago the Germans supplied a great deal of capital to promote factories, electrical establishments, steamship lines, and many other forms of economic development. They founded the great Banca Commerciale, which almost dictated the directions in which Italy's industries should expand, because it loaned money to the projects which it secretly approved as helpful to Germany, and withheld it from others. This bank prohibited munitions factories, for instance, in order to make the Italians dependent upon Germany for their war supplies. It floated navigation companies, but took care that they should not compete with the Hamburg-Amerika and the North German Lloyd. It not only controlled much of the capital which nourished Italy's material growth, but it had trusty and experienced Germans at the head of each concern, or, if not visibly at the head, in order not to excite too much suspicion they were at the really vital points. And just as has happened in this country, the Germans saw to it that politicians who represented them, with or without disguise, should be elected to Parliament. "Peaceful penetration" with a vengeance!

When the war broke out, therefore, Italy woke up to realize that a large part of the sources of her wealth was in German hands. To declare war on Germany at once would have deprived her of much of that wealth sorely needed for carrying on the war. If she had expelled the Germans who were managing the commercial and industrial enterprises, where could she have found among her own people experts to replace them at a moment's notice? The passengers on an ocean liner might conceivably find the officers so obnoxious that they would like to throw them overboard; but they would refrain, knowing that there would be nobody left to steer the ship or run the engines. This was Italy's plight in regard to Germany in the summer of 1914.

But even if Italy had not been so dependent on German experts and initiative, she could not lightly adopt a policy which might cut the ties which bound her trade to Germany. Her statesmen had to look forward and plan for conditions after the war. It was certain that, however the war ended, Germany would continue to be an important market for Italian products. So it was the duty of her statesmen to make the rupture, if it had to come, as little harmful as possible to Italy's permanent interests.

Thus it will be seen that Italy's motives for going to war with Germany differed intrinsically from her hostility toward Austria, and required very different action. Just as she was obliged to wait until she could put her army into condition before she declared war on Austria, so she had to safeguard her industries and her economic concerns before she broke with Germany. Her traditional attitude toward her Teutonic allies also differed widely. Although she had come to feel the weight of German influence as a burden, she still remembered her league with Prussia in 1866, which had resulted in the recovery of Venetia; and she had always cherished a vague expectation, illusory as I believe, that Protestant Germany would protect her, if danger arose, from any attempt of the Roman Catholic Powers to restore the Pope to his temporal throne. Austria, on the other hand, was Italy's hereditary enemy. From 1815 to 1866 Austria had upheld Despotism, her own and that of her satellites, in the Peninsula; and when the frontier line was drawn between Austria and Free Italy, it left several Italian districts still under Austrian dominion. More than this, the Austrians, in collusion with the Germans, had drawn the frontiers so that all the approaches into Italy lay wide open to Austrian invaders, whereas if the Italians should invade Austria, they were met everywhere by natural defences of immense strength. Italy could never rest without anxiety until her northern and eastern borders were rectified.

Of the great value on the military side of Italy's co-operation with the Allies, I need not speak. For over a year and a half she has kept a large Austrian force busy, steadily wearing down the Austrian troops in number and diminishing their supplies of food and munitions. On the moral side, her service has likewise been incalculable. By refusing to throw in her lot with her former Teutonic allies, she disposed forever of the Teutonic pretext that Germany and Austria had had the war forced upon them and that they were fighting on the defensive. If Italy's testimony stood alone, it would suffice to transmit the truth to posterity.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

Flattery may be laid on with a trowel, but truth must be applied with a camel's-hair brush.

Where ignorance may kiss, 'tis folly to be wise.

The Wounded Dream.

He was a very cheerful little Dream, and he had all night long been making happy a wretched Belgian orphan pitifully lodged in a corner of a hovel blown to pieces by shells. As he was flying back home over the trenches, a fragment of shell struck him. It dashed him into the mud, and quite ruined his shoulder, so that flying would always be a trouble. When he managed to get himself out of the mire and struggle homeward, he was a very battered and forlorn creature indeed. His mishap did not make him any less cheery, for if you are a bright dream, cheery you stay always; but after his accident he was sent to the hospitals. There, of course, it would seem natural for him to have been wounded, and nobody would mind.

So it came about that one autumn midnight the little hurt Dream was cheering what remained of a big English Sergeant after the shrapnel and the surgeons were done with him. The Dream had showed the sick man happy pictures of childhood, and had cleverly spread rosy clouds before painful episodes of sin or sorrow in later life. There had been too many of these, for the Sergeant had been both wild and wicked; but the Dream was there to comfort, and for that night at least the soldier saw nothing of his past to pain him. At last, when the Dream and the Sergeant seemed to be lying out on the grass under an apple-tree down in Sussex,—a tree gnarled and crooked and famous for the sweetness of its fruit, a tree where many an afternoon the boy that was to be the soldier and be shot in Flanders had lain in the sunshine and munched the red globes,—they fell to talking.

"I haven't been comfortable before since I was blown to pieces there in the trench," the soldier observed. "I don't seem to ache at all to-night."

"I'm very glad," the Dream answered. "Of course that's what I'm here for. It's my business."

"You've been wounded yourself," said the Sergeant.

"Oh, yes; but I don't mind it now I'm used to it. It was very unpleasant when it happened—especially falling into the mud. I don't believe you have any idea how a dream hates to get into mud."

"It must be a queer go," the other commented with a smile. "I'm not over fond of mud myself—especially when you have to march in it up to your knees."

"You'll never have to do that again," suggested the Dream, softly.

"Right you are," assented the big Sergeant. "With both legs gone and only one arm, and one eye keeping them company somewhere, I certainly am out of the marching column."

He said it quite cheerily, for the influence of his little companion held him, and would not let him be sad.

"Perhaps," went on the little Dream, "you'll never get round again, anyway."

"That's what I think myself, little chap. Out of my one eye I saw a look the surgeon gave the nurse this afternoon, and I got the creeps all right. It was my marching orders."

"Well, perhaps that wouldn't be so bad, Sergeant. It's going to be terribly hard if you live on. Why, even I, a dream, find this smash in my shoulder a great nuisance whenever I fly; and you—"

"Well," the Sergeant broke in with a grin, "you must remember how much less of me there is to be bothered than there was. I'm not good at mathematics, or I'd reckon what per cent of me the surgeons have left. It's a lot less than half."

"Do you really want to go on living?" the little Dream asked.

The big man hesitated.

"The truth is, little chap," he said in an altered voice, "I don't; but I'm not too sure that it wouldn't be better than the other thing. I've been a pretty rotten lot in my day."

"And you're afraid of what might happen to you if you don't go on living?"

"Well, it's this way. I don't know what's there, and I do know I've deserved a pretty stiff hauling over the coals. I could make up my mind better to face it, if I knew the worst of it."

"Why not think, then, of facing the best?" asked the Dream, cheerfully. "At least you deserve something for giving up your life in a good cause."

"I don't know as there's any great credit in that. Of course a man can't stand by and see his country have her throat cut. Besides, there was Belgium; I was never such a blackguard that I wouldn't fight for a square deal to the under dog."

The Dream smiled on him sweetly and reassuringly.

"I think," he said, with a look that comforted the Sergeant like the sunshine of a perfect October noon, "that even if in the place where you will go if you never wake up any more you find you are the under dog, you'd be likely to find somebody to fight for you."

"Do you really think so?" asked the soldier.

"I'm sure of it," said the little Dream.

The big Sergeant lay quiet for a time, thinking intently. Then he looked at the little wounded Dream with earnest eyes.

"I've a great mind not to wake up," he said.

"I wouldn't," responded the little Dream. "Why should you?"

EGDON CRAIGE.

Fifty Doggerel Charades.

XXXVI.

My first my next my whole;
And then in pain,
Cried out my third
Once and again.

XXXVII.

When night was black as is my first,
Stole forth to prey my first reversed;
When night was colored like my next,
My next reversed by plunder vexed;
My whole by day and night alike
Went forth to plunder, slay, and strike.

XXXVIII.

My whole is my second; the whole of the law
From my first reversed your skill may draw.
Turn second around, and from its side
You may draw red wine in a flowing tide.

XXXIX.

My first I despise; as my next do I stand
To condemn it where'er it appear;
That the sentiment often attached to my whole
Is my first, I have sometimes the fear.

XL.

My first a mother, but a curse, alas!
The next comes floating on the flood of years;
My first would stay the stream that strives to pass;
But comes my whole, and naught is left but tears.

XLI.

My first and fourth are still the same,
Though looking different ways;
My next begins and ends my whole,
And in my third still stays;
Half of my first and fourth it is,—
The other half we drink;
My third is but five hundred less
Than all the land, I think.
My whole was a fast girl of yore,
Who trouble made and woe galore.

The Loyal Legion.

(An incident founded on fact.)

Within the German prison pen
The word was passed,—is it surprising?
That roused by Roger Casement's men
The Irish patriots were rising.
The word was passed and as it sped
The stealthy summons circulated—
"Your turn has come to play the man,
Speak, Kamerad, and you are slated."
Thus from the Teuton web was spun
The Irish Legion, recreant blighters.
And counting on each mother's son
To emulate the fiercest fighters,
The Teutons furnished these recruits
By hope of Erin's freedom flattered
With spending money and new suits
In place of khaki stained and tattered.
Because they looked such perfect Huns
These men from Limerick, Cork, and Kerry,
Ere they were sent as food for guns,
Were given one chance to be merry.
To see Berlin, where Kultur reigns,
Would make these new compatriots wiser,
Forgetting Tipperary strains
In one united "Hoch der Kaiser!"
The loyal legion took the hint.
The money jingling in their pockets,
They pledged the Kaiser without stint
Until their spirits soared like rockets.
And one a little worse for wear,
Who haply hankered for a shindy,
Exclaimed, "Begorry! let's see where
The Bosches call Unter den Lindy."
Away they strode, and as they marched
Their rampant spirits kept on soaring.
They halted when their throats felt parched,
And ere long they were simply roaring!
Arriving at the Avenue,
Chief glory of their foster nation,
They broke into a song or two
In token of their jubilation.
For now that they had slaked their thirst,
Their souls were yearning for a ditty.
"Rule—Rule Britannia!" proudly burst
On the bewildered German city.
The listeners upon the street
For one brief moment thought they liked it,
Then with antagonistic feet
Toward the blithe procession hiked it.
The legion could not understand
Why epithets and blows were showered.
"God save the King," sang all the band
Until the last was overpowered.
They went to prison against their will
For punishment, perhaps sepulture.
An Irishman stays Irish still
In spite of foreign coat or Kultur.

ROBERT GRANT.

A Reading-Lesson from Charlotte Cushman.

[The following pleasant glimpse of noted people is from the pen of the late Arnold Burges Johnson, who for about twenty-five years was the private secretary and personal friend of Charles Sumner. Sumner died in his arms. For more than forty years he held the third office on the United States Light-house Board, and was held, at home and abroad, an authority in pharology. He had note as a scientist, and was one of the earliest experimenters in under-sea signalling. He died in Boston in February, 1915.]

Senator Sumner's study and bedroom were in the second story of his large old-fashioned house. The rooms adjoined, with communicating doors. The study had two working-desks, the Senator's and mine. His was at one end, while mine at the other was by the door which opened into the bedroom.

It was the Senator's habit to have me read the morning paper to him while he was dressing. The door between the rooms would be thrown open, and I, seated at my desk facing the wall, would read in a loud, penetrating, monotonous voice the headlines and such items as I deemed of interest. The Senator, meanwhile, would be moving about as he dressed, and would call out to me from time to time: "Enough, give me the next." Then

I would break off and turn to another column, which I read in the same catalogue-like voice.

One morning, at about eight o'clock, when the performance was at its height, the butler appeared, announcing: "A lady to see the Senator." "Show her up," said Mr. Sumner. "Proceed." I continued my recital of the day's news, with hardly more of an interruption than a wave of my hand toward a chair and a bow, as the lady entered the room.

In a few minutes the Senator came into the study, and, as he caught sight of his visitor, was profuse in his apologies. "Ah! My dear Miss Cushman! That you should have been brought up here, and that I should have kept you waiting! Allow me." And he would have at once escorted her to the drawing-room on the floor below, but she would have none of the ceremony, and without delay struck into the object of her visit. As I recall it, it was in behalf of a nephew, either to procure him admission into the army, or his discharge; which, I do not remember. The Senator promised his aid, and, leaving certain papers with him, she promptly took her leave, the Senator preceding her downstairs, and opening the door for her himself. On his return to the study, he asked: "Why didn't you tell me who had called?" "I did not know myself," I answered; "and I don't now, for I did not catch her name. May I ask?" "Why, that was Charlotte Cushman, the great actress." And during breakfast, which was at once announced, he told me much of her extraordinary career.

A few nights later, I was in a Pullman car on my way to New York. Passing through the car from the diner, I saw, through the open door of a compartment, a lady seated before the mirror, a maid brushing her heavy white hair. I had hardly found my seat when the porter told me that a lady wished to speak with me; and as I looked up I saw at the end of the car a maid beckoning. When I reached her, she said: "Madame desires to speak with Monsieur." I followed her into the compartment, and the white-haired lady faced me. It was Charlotte Cushman.

She motioned me to a seat, and without preliminaries began. "I saw you at Senator Sumner's the other morning, and heard you read. You are his secretary, I believe?" I bowed. "Young man, I have sufficient esteem for the Senator to feel sorry that he should undergo the daily-infliction of such reading. May I ask why there should have been such an intolerable performance?" Overcome with embarrassment, I tried to explain that the Senator had taken much pains to drill me in that manner of reading; that, as far as I could, I gave him just what he asked. She listened, and then, picking up the evening paper, said: "I will show you how it should have been done, and if you profit by it, I think Mr. Sumner will be grateful."

And with the maid still at work on her wonderful hair, she read aloud the headlines from the paper she held in her hand. And such reading! Every word was clear-cut, every word was given its proper intonation, its due weight and emphasis in the sentence; each sentence conveying not only its meaning, but the subtlest shade of meaning; and all given in her round, full, sonorous voice, that was of itself music. As she finished, she said:

"I hope you will not forget this, and will imitate it when next you read to the Senator."

And I, bowing over her hand, said: "I shall never forget my reading-lesson from Charlotte Cushman; but I can never hope to attain to the perfection of my teacher."

When I told the Senator of my adventure, he, laughing heartily, said: "We will leave oratory to Charlotte Cushman, and will continue our newspaper-reading in our own style."

DEC 19 1916

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BAZAAR DAILY

10 CENTS

BOSTON, MONDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1916

No. 8



"Curse 'em—and just when I needed that sage for the stuffing of our duck!"

An Appeal to Humanity.

The European war reminds one, with startling emphasis, how far behind the Angel of Death and Pain the Angel of Mercy lags. The common purpose of all humane Americans, in this crisis, is to spur forward this somewhat indolent Angel of Mercy, and to endeavor to lessen the sad truth of Hood's familiar words:—

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun."

Our business now is with the living, and not with the dead. The heroic dead have been borne to the highest heaven, from the field of battle, as in chariots of fire; they have received a kind of apotheosis; they are already numbered with famous men in glory everlasting. Those little wooden crosses in Flanders and elsewhere, more moving than the stateliest mausoleum, are symbols of a transcendent experience forever secure; the heroic dead chant "in the cathedral of immensity" the triumphant song "The way of the cross is the way of light."

We cannot agree with Byron in his view of the battlefield:—

"Alp turned him from the sickening sight,
Never had shaken his nerves in fight,
But he better could brook to behold the dying,
Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,
Scorched with the death-thirst, and writhing in vain,
Than the perishing dead who are past all pain."

Pain is the one great foe against which the medical profession, that rarest combination of science and humanity, arrays all its forces, pain and the source of pain. If not overcome and expelled, pain means death. To weep over the dead who have won eternal freedom, while doing nothing for the living in their distress, is never anything higher than sad superstition; usually it is of the same stuff as the cheapest insincerity.

Dr. John Brown, in his little classic, "Rab and his Friends," has some fine words on sympathy. Physicians, Dr. Brown says, "get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in them pity as an emotion ending in itself, or at least in tears and long-drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a motive is quickened, and gains power and purpose." It is this kind of pity or sympathy that is now our great need; any other kind offering itself as a substitute for practical help merits only reprobation.

The sufferings caused by this war are simply unimaginably vast and terrible. One must not confine the effort to represent them to the mutilated forms at the front, nor to the weary days of convalescence in the hospital, nor to the cripples that are returning in place of the men who went forth in the pride and strength of youth, nor to the endless heartache, inside the iron ring of heroism, of those whose brave and beloved can never come back to them. Beyond all this lies an area of suffering that will persist through the life of another generation. I mean the suffering that must come to the children of the dead and the disabled. Here is a human sorrow aggravated by acute economic misery. Bitter struggles must follow this war, of mothers and children, weakened by grief, to keep the wolf from the door. Terrible will the world seem to them, as they are forced to face it, that ordains a struggle so pitiless for the wives and children of those who gave their lives that freedom might not perish from the earth.

It is this unmerited woe that falls upon the families of heroic men that is the most moving of appeals. These soldiers of the Allied Armies are fighting and dying, and undergoing mutilation, that tyranny may not again overrun the earth; that the government of free peoples shall not come to an end; that the organization of science detached from the impulse of humanity, and turned into

an engine of death, shall meet eternal defeat; that faith in a moral Deity and in a moral race of men may not be extinguished; and that the civilization won by all the ages of honor may not be forever lost.

When stripped to the bone, this is the cause for which the Allied Armies contend. They are fighting for the moral forces in human nature and in our human world against the Teutonic nations whose organization draws its warrant from the animal struggle in the sub-human sphere, and in the black belief that "War is the Father of the universe." The Allied hosts are fighting the idea that governments may use, for their own brutal ends, and without the consent of the governed, their peoples like cattle in the slaughter-house; they are contending against the theory that rulers are justified in systematically misinforming and misleading those whom they rule, in calling them to rejoice in the shadow of victory when the shadow is the shadow of death.

General Grant, in our Civil War, used to tell the Confederates that it would be for the highest good of the South to be beaten by the North. At that time that was a hard saying for the brave Southern people to believe, and few of them were able to believe it. To-day every wise mind in that great and gallant section of our common country sees clearly the truth of the prophetic remark made by the magnanimous Northern commander. It is for the interest of the Teutonic peoples that they shall be beaten in this war. Germany is the monumental example of a great people misled, misinformed, victimized by rulers as contemptuous of individual freedom at home as they are ruthless abroad. The awakening will come; the mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind. In the day of Teutonic defeat, the Teutonic peoples will begin to win their freedom and the rights that belong to man as man.

The fundamental issue of this war is between a moral and an unmoral civilization; between faith in a moral world and hypocritical assent to the order of the world as moral, concealing the real conviction that nothing reigns in human affairs and in the universe but brute force. In giving to the cause of the Allies our support, moral and economic, we are aiding the highest forces and hopes of mankind, and we are opposing in our strength the militarism that has made a covenant with death and a league with hell.

As an American citizen of British birth, I have till now neither written nor spoken on this tragedy of humanity. I have refrained because I desired to keep my American citizenship inviolate, and because I did not wish to follow the example of other American citizens of foreign birth. Now that the end of the war, though still far distant, is within sight, and since there is little likelihood that the United States will be drawn into this conflict, one may express one's thoughts and hopes with less reserve. I desire ardently that the people of the United States should, by their more abundant gifts to the relief of suffering, gain an increasing share in the experiences of resurgent manhood plainly seen to be coming among the Allied nations. Part of the mighty issues of the sufferings and achievements of these Allied peoples will be a new perspective of values; a new solidarity of souls whose wealth of memories, insights, ideals, and hopes no mind can measure; a new world of men. Our people must not grovel while kindred nations soar; we must claim a place in their high fellowship by a greater ministry to their distress.

GEORGE A. GORDON.

"Oh, the man is always full of the most visionary schemes. He's quite capable of forming a company to get silver out of the linings of the darkest clouds."

A Sheaf of War Memories.

(Continued.)

Our next touch with the outside world was when a family of refugees from Louvain arrived in the town. This was really an event, and we went in at once to see what could be done for them. We found the sorry group sitting in the dining-room of the principal hotel, nine in all, including two babies,—a buxom elderly woman, her two daughters, one son-in-law, a nephew, two grandchildren, and a waif, little Victor. The two men and one of the daughters spoke French, and we sat there for more than an hour, hearing tales of such unspeakable horrors that, in spite of the truthful manner of the Belgians, we fully believed them only when we had heard and investigated too many to leave room for doubt.

We all took great comfort in spoiling our refugees; any amount of dresses, hats, gloves, and so on were sent to the comfortable house lent to them, and we could not imagine why they always appeared in the shabby clothes they had worn when they first came among us. Finally we discovered that their chief pleasure was in remaking and carefully putting aside their new raiment against the day when they would return to their own country; we evidently were not worthy to see the glories. One day a lady who spoke Flemish came to Noirmoutier, and went to see the mother of the family, who could never speak a word of French. Naturally enchanted to be able to talk to some one besides her own family, she told the ghastly story, already familiar to us, speaking with great calmness and clearness; she kept entire self-control until at the end of her recital she suddenly broke down completely, and burst into violent weeping. Her visitor made out through her sobs the wail: "I shall never see again my beautiful kitchen stove! I bought it only a month before the devils came, and now I shall never see it again—never again!"

Little Victor, the only outsider, had his own special history. A boy of twelve, he was to sail from Antwerp with his mother and her eight children, having escaped from Louvain. They were all on board the boat lying at the pier, when the mother asked a sailor if she had time to send Victor ashore to buy bread for the voyage. Receiving an affirmative reply, the boy landed, bought his loaves, and returned to see the boat far away in the river. He did not even know for what port she was bound, and was banded about from one place to another, a poor little bundle of unclaimed humanity, until at Calais some one attached him to the band of his townfolk bound for our island. There he became at once a hero, and was taken possession of by our Mayor, who is a vice-consul of Belgium. He and his wife live alone in a spacious house, as big as their own hearts, and were delighted to install Victor there. But a difficulty arose; the sturdy, stolid urchin, whose chief aim during the day seemed to be to secure food, and then again food, became at night the prey of his past experiences. He would wake up two or three times shrieking with fear, the memory of his little comrades whom he had seen spitted by the Germans terrifying him beyond control. At these awful moments he required the accents of his own tongue to soothe him, and it was finally arranged that he was to sleep in his compatriots' house, returning in the morning to lead the life of a pet dog at the Mayor's. Everything therefore was well with him; but the thought of that mother, steaming away, not knowing what fate awaited her boy, haunted us, and we wrote about him to Mrs. Fisher Unwin in London, knowing well that no one ever turned to her in vain for help. One day about two months later I opened a letter addressed to me, and found within a post-card written in a strange language, beginning, "Bestes Victor." In two shakes of a lamb's tail, as we

used to say in the nursery, I was on my way to the town, and in half an hour I entered the Mayor's house. Victor was in the dining-room eating a large slice of bread covered with red currant jelly; he had bitten two crescents out of it, and his mouth was enlarged by a curve at either end, which gave him a ruddy, artificial smile. He took the card, held it in his free hand, and read it to the end. Then two tears filled his eyes to the brim, trembled on the edge, and finally, with true Flemish deliberation, rolled down his fat cheeks, mingling with his jellied smile. His family had learnt of his whereabouts from Mrs. Unwin's advertisement, and their first idea was to have Victor rejoin them. But he was reluctant to leave the Mayor's wife, she was distressed to think of parting with him, and so Victor stays on. The last time I saw him I had occasion to rate him soundly for driving the grocer's old horse at an ungodly pace, thus risking his own neck, but more especially, as I told him, treating the poor creature in a Boche-like way.

In those early days the war seemed to us islanders as far off and unreal as some fabulous beast—a thing to dream about and shudder at, but not an actuality. I recall to-day as if it were very long ago the first time we saw a wounded man. He was a rosy, chubby petty officer, who strutted about with his right hand bound up, followed by a bevy of admiring girls. I use to laugh when I saw them, and feel a sort of impatient amusement at the sight. "He looks as if he ought to be rolling hoop instead of masquerading as soldier," I thought. Then one day we met by chance, he was introduced, and walked home to Le Gaillardin with us, and there I heard from an eyewitness some of the stories I had read in the papers, and could not believe. He told us of his first experience; it was in Belgium; he was riding along a country road with two of his men, and they stopped to watch a big farm-house burning. Thinking he heard cries of distress, he dismounted and ran to the place. As he approached, the shrill cries grew louder; he signed to his men to follow, and with great difficulty they succeeded in wrenching off the planks that had been nailed across the door. They burst it open just in time to rescue a group of women, girls, and babies who had been systematically shut in, every opening having been carefully fastened from the outside. He told us other things as brutal, if not more so, and then we asked him how he got his wound. He replied that the scratch was not worth such an honorable name, and then launched into a description of the charge in which he had been hurt. He stood by the window, and, pointing with his left hand towards the peaceful fields resting from their summer's work under an autumn sky, he said: "It was like this. We were encamped along a line of several kilometers; we knew we were going to charge when the signal was given, and every man was wondering if he should feel as scared when it came as he did then. Suddenly, far off to the right—as if it were there, by the old mill, for instance—came a faint bugle call—too-t-t-too-too—then a moment or so after, another one a little louder—there, by the group of willows—too-t-t-too-too—only about a kilometer to our right. We could hear the men cheer, and were quivering with impatience. 'Keep back! Keep back!' shouted our officers, and for a moment we obeyed; but then came the third call, close by this time, down there by the well! Too-t-t-too-too! and if our officers gave any orders this time we did not hear them. We dashed forward, crazy men, yelling like mad. It was a magnificent charge! I wish my infernal hand would hurry up and get well." He had his wish, the plucky, rosy, little sub-lieutenant; he was soon back at the front, and his mother never saw her boy again.

HELEN CHOATE PRINCE.

(To be continued.)

BAZAAR DAILY

Published in aid of the NATIONAL ALLIED BAZAAR

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The DAILY is issued daily for the ten week-days of the Allied Bazaar in Boston. Subscriptions, including postage, \$1.50, may be sent to the Editor, 4, Otis Place, Boston, or to the booth of the DAILY at the Bazaar. Orders for bound copies of the entire issue will be taken at the booth.

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Special Daily Features of the Bazaar.

At the Café Chantant the Marimba Band, Donald Sawyer and Polly Prior in Exhibition Dancing from 4 to 6 P.M.

In the basement: Pony Circus and Trained Cockatoo, and the Punch and Judy Show free. The Movies, with new and wonderful war pictures.

Golf Lessons. To-day and evening in charge of Wilfred Reid, Wilmington, Delaware.

Paul Revere Hall, 2.30.—Mrs. Hill will tell about the Frontier Children and the work of the Association for the Protection of Frontier Children; stereopticon pictures.

3.—The War in Cartoon, by Mr. A. G. Racey, of Montreal; Stereopticon Pictures; a unique entertainment, effective, powerful and graphic.

8.—Mr. A. G. Racey will repeat his unique talk of the War in Cartoon, with Stereopticon Pictures.

Main Hall, 9.45.—Madame Pauline Donalda, Canadian Prima Donna; Canadian Patriotic Songs.

GOLF-SET number one has been awarded to Miss Julia C. Pendergast, of Bay State Road.

A GENTLEMAN seeing the sign "Hot Dogs in the Basement" remarked that that accounted for the continual barking to be heard there.

YOUNG Mrs. X., wearing a brooch which had been one of her wedding gifts a few years ago, was stopped the other evening by a lady who greeted her joyously. "I am so glad to find you," the stranger said; "I want to take a chance on the diamond pin." "I am afraid I cannot help you," Mrs. X. returned, rather startled. "Oh, of course you can," was the reply. "Why, you have it on." It took serious argument to convince the stranger that she was in error, and even then she went away with the air of being only half satisfied.

IF elephants could hop like fleas, what a power they would be in close fighting.

IF any advertising dodge funnier or more effective than "Charlie Chaplin, just from the trenches," has ever been devised, it has not been our good fortune to see it.

A Nation's Angel.

It is not all a spending to no good, this debauchery of waste in war. The debit side is an appalling one: nations possibly bankrupt, beauty scarred and even wiped out utterly, lifelong suffering for millions and the lifelong grief of loss for millions more, wholesale destruction of youth and the unguessed dowry it had brought us, and

even the certainty—a negligible pain!—that some of us, though far from any immediate crippling, must eat and drink in sorrow all our lives because of it; yet even in the face of such destruction what flowers bloom over the field of blood! What richness broods in those deep-hearted blossoms of a willing sacrifice! If the young poet Rupert Brooke had lived through a high fulfilment to old age, he might never have touched such beauty as in the handful of verse he snatched for us on the edge of his waiting grave. They are showering us with beauty, these dying ones, tossing it back to us in the haste of their going. With both hands out and eyes raised to watch for it, we shall treasure it for all time, a gift from them who hardly stay to see what they have given.

"Things are not always for the best, but the best can be made out of them." It was not for the immediate best that Germany went mad and planned this butchery; but since that was the inevitable festering of the poison she had fed on, it was for the infinitely beautiful best that she should be met, as she has been, by the horror and reprobation of the world and the Everlasting No of the countries she set out to plunder. The beauty of it—a thing for happy laughter in the face of carnage—that you can't get away from God! You can't blow up the earth so deep that it won't answer with a new fertility. Germany plotted the worst things she could imagine for the nation she hated and the nations she envied, and she has merely given them a more beautiful vision than the heart of man conceived: the sight of their own angels, not obscured by clouds of a dull dubiety, but walking with them, day by day. For there is the spirit of a nation of which the census takes no account, and quite apart from acreage and national resources. It is like the unconscious self of a man, betrayed by less than word or look, in spite of him. Could any of us who believe England is supremely in the right to-day tell how the self that is her spirit, as the spirit of a man is his, shines before our eyes? That composite something which is England, France, Belgium, gigantic Russia, do we not see them throwing off the veils our tardy understanding clothed them with and rising in a many-colored beauty most moving and bewildering to us? Yet not bewildering to them: for a nation's angel, like a man's angel, is calm and kind, and to walk with him the sanest possible thing. I can think of no more blessed vision for a nation doing its plain duty in a righteous cause than this sight of its own angel. England has it, France, Belgium, Russia. They will not forget.

ALICE BROWN.

The Editor's Callers.

The visitor was evidently Irish, a woman not greatly under middle age, dowdily dressed for fifteen years younger than she looked, and with an expression in her black eyes which showed at least firmness of disposition. The Editor regarded her speculatively.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I come in, sor, to put an advertisement in your paper."

"We do not have advertisements."

"Then good is me chance for that people will take notice of mine," she responded, settling back on her hips with a pugnacious air. "I'm told the gentry all reads yer paper, and it's them I'm thinkin' of obligin'. Then ye'd naturally be chargin' less if yer don't have any others; owin' to not bein' able to get 'em loikely; and me out of a place goin' on seven weeks."

She seated herself without invitation, her mien evidently meaning business, and arguing ill for the Editor's forenoon.

"I'll be as good a housekeeper as ever a dacint man

would lay hand on, sor; and you may know yerself some gentleman as would want a lady to take care of him, for 'll go to no place agin where there's women in the family."

The Editor reflected that a "dacint man" would think twice before he laid hand on a person so belligerent, and wondered how he was to get rid of her.

"I suppose you know how to cook," he observed absently.

"Do I know how to cook, is it?" she returned strenuously. "I can that for all cookin' that's plain, and a Christian crature ought to eat; but I ain't one to hold with single gentlemen havin' their friends eat at home with them, and expectin' a poor cook to stew up unholy French things that would make a cat sick. And the washin' of course would go out, and a woman to come in once or twice a week for the extra cleanin' up; and me days out he'd naturally get his victuals at the club."

"And what are your duties?" inquired the Editor, speculatively.

"Me, now? Wouldn't I be doin' the housekeep? He most likely 'd have his breakfasts to home, and you never can tell how them single men will be wantin' ye to cook his dinner two or three times in a week extra."

"And his luncheon?"

"No gentleman would be after aitin' his lunch to home," the caller responded in a tone of finality; and the Editor reflected how far short, if tried by this standard, he fell of her ideal of a gentleman.

"Of course you are used to the care of a house," he observed absently, his mind divided between pity for her victims and schemes to get her out.

"I don't hold with houses for single gents," she said. "A flat with electric lights and an elevator and a gas-range is far more suited; and it ain't so cruel hard on the poor girls."

"I suppose you would insist upon a piano?" he inquired in a passionless tone.

"No, sir; I would not that. I don't hold with pianaplayin' myself; but I'd take it kind if the gent what lived with me would lend the loan of his Victor of an evening when me friends was in."

The Editor had begun to regard his visitor with a fixed stare, as if she were something unreal and impossible, yet which was obstinately persistent to the inner vision.

"And your wages?" he asked feebly.

"No dacint lady would take a job to work herself to death for a single gent, and have all the trouble of his comin' in late at night and like as not wakin' her up slammin' the door, for less than tin dollars the week."

The Editor rose.

"If I hear of any single gentleman who wants just such a housekeeper," he said, "I will speak to him of you. You have good references, I suppose?"

"No, sor; nor I don't need 'em. My last gentleman died on me hands sudden loike, and me only in the house three weeks; and the one before that ran away. But Timmy Brady, the perliceman that keeps company wid me, 'll speak for me gladly, especially if it be on his beat."

She rose in her turn, and the Editor opened the door.

"Ye'll tell him me name is Bridget O'Shaunnasy, and I'm to be found at 13 Shamrock Street, South Boston."

"Very well," he said, holding the door very wide open.

"But my advertisement?" she demanded.

"Oh, that is all right," he replied. "I'll write it at once."

And he did, although he expected nobody to believe such a "lady" had ever visited him. Here it is.

The Letter Bag.

[The following extract is from a letter written in acknowledgment of a Lafayette outfit. This is the soldier's account of himself, and it loses so much in translation that we give the original.]

CE 5 OCTOBRE—1916—14 heures. . . . Sachez d'abord que je n'ai pas de famille. Mes parents sont morts il y a quelques années. Je suis orphelin, célibataire. J'ai 33 ans. J'avais un frère plus jeune que moi de six ans; il a été malheureusement tué à la guerre. Je suis donc seul. Je suis à la guerre depuis le début. Je remplis les fonctions d'agent de liaison du Colonel de mon régiment. Ce qui consiste à transmettre ses ordres écrits ou parlés aux officiers qui sont sous ses ordres. Fonction très délicate et très dangereuse en temps de combats. . . . Avant la guerre j'exerçais la profession de coiffeur, et cela en pratiquant beaucoup les sports. Principalement, les courses de taureau très en honneur chez nous, le midi de la France. Puisque vous avez beaucoup voyagé, vous avez sans doute entendu parler de cette attraction.

Si vous ne connaissez pas je vous promets de vous envoyer après la guerre des journaux taurins, des photographies me représentant dans mes exercices en public "sauts au dessus des taureaux sauvages fonçant à toute vitesse sur moi." Au moment d'être saisi par les cornes je fais un bond et la franchis passant ainsi par dessus ses cornes meurtrières.

Habitué au danger méprisant la mort, je vous affirme qu'à la guerre je ne crains pas l'ennemi, je remplis mon devoir avec conscience et continuerais jusqu'à la fin. Ma conduite sous le feu ma valu 2 fois d'être l'objet de citations avec la décoration de la croix-de-guerre. J'espère que sou peu nous aurons raison de cette race maudite qui avait la prétention de mettre le monde entier sous le joug de la barbarie Germanique.

Nous nous battons avec confiance en la victoire et cela pour la paix mondiale, pour la liberté! Ayez confiance Américains nos amis, vous qui nous aidez par votre générosité et qui êtes toujours avec nous par la pensée. "Nous les aurons" comme nous disons en France. C'est notre cri de guerre. . . .

The War Mother on Christmas Eve.

Baby Jesus slept in a manger.—

Yes! but it was warm.

Heavenly rapture, cobweb-clouded,

Sheltered it from storm.

Mary Mother brooded o'er Him;—

Who so glad as she?—

Bowed her head, and prayed before Him,

Proud as proud could be.

Baby Jesus heard the angels

Singing in a row;

Hand in hand about the stable

Courtesying full low.

Mary Mother joyed to hear them,

Spoke them sweet and low;

Clapped her hands and laughed to cheer them,

With her lovely show.

Ah, my son! no friendly hovel

Spreads o'er you its roof.

Ah, my son! no golden angels

Sing for your behoof.

And your mother, watching, weeping

In a dreary daze,

Wonders—is 't in death you're sleeping

While she wakes and prays?

Jesus! Master! go beside him

Through the cruel strife!

So shall good and grace attend him,

Whether death or life.

And, O Mother, patient standing

By the bitter cross,

Comfort me, first understanding

Now thy loss!

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

THE expressman who presented himself yesterday with what he said was a package for "the Buzzer" might have been supposed to have heard the daily and nightly buzzing of the crowd.

ONE of the things which may well be remembered by workers is that every interested person becomes in turn a centre from which interest spreads. Every person who is induced to help, each one whose sympathy is aroused, is thenceforth, whether he appreciates the fact or not, helping to extend the spirit of the work.

A Modern Japanese Play.

The Imperial Theatre at Tokio, under the patronage of the Royal Family, represents the highest development of contemporary Japanese dramatic art. Except for the bridge through the orchestra between the stage and the tire-room, it is built like any Western playhouse, is well appointed, comfortable, and not unpleasant to the eye. Its stock-company includes the actors and actresses of most repute in the kingdom; and months when in the plays the male rôles are most important alternate with months when the female parts take the lead.

I saw here last winter a performance consisting of five plays, and extending from four to ten p.m. An intermission for supper, most excellently served in the restaurant upstairs, and another of twenty minutes for smoking, broke the time agreeably. Two of the plays were classics, wonderfully played, and in robes which, if sex obtains in heaven, might have shaken the whole heavenly hierarchy with feminine jealousy. The three others showed what the younger Japanese writers are doing. One was a farce, sufficiently crude as a whole, but with moments of drollery hardly to be surpassed; one was a play of flying-machines, of which the last act took place in the air; the third was a harrowing study of transmitted insanity. It was during the month when the actresses had their innings, and in new and old plays alike they were chiefly to the fore. A geisha who was the finest aviator of her school was the heroine of one play; while the last afforded the heroine a chance to out-Bernhardt Bernhardt in her own line.

The Japanese are essentially imitative, and the French models of the melodramatic plays were evident. Distortion and exaggeration made them a little ridiculous; but the Japanese dramatists, far from meaning to satirize, were certainly deadly in earnest.

The stage for "Heredity," the third play, was set as the courtyard of a large farm-house. At the back, about half the stage was occupied by a veranda a couple of feet high, and coming a third of the way to the footlights. To the right of it a wide gate-door gave on the open country, and in place of wings that side showed the front of farm-buildings, with piles of rice-bags and agricultural tools. The farm belonged to an old widower, an invalid, who had three children: a son of twenty-five who has just been drawn for the army, a daughter a couple of years younger, and an idiot boy of twenty. The eldest son is about to join, and while the play has its only cheerful moment in a mock drill which a sergeant gets up with the farm-laborers and the idiot, he confides to his sister that he is leaving in great trouble. Mortgages on the farm, which to soothe the mind of his sick father he has represented as paid, have really fallen into the hands of an enemy, who threatens to foreclose. He fears the shock will kill his father. She is much overcome, but promises to seek help from the man to whom she is betrothed. The act is interesting as giving a realistic picture of farm-life, and the idiot's clowning in the drill was well done.

The second act, at evening, brings in the villain. The sister receives him in the veranda, while the idiot sits on the ground in the courtyard, sharpening a reaping-hook. The villain comes directly to the point, and offers to sell the mortgages for the girl's honor. She receives his proposition with scorn, and he thereupon has out the old father. Despite her entreaties, he discloses to the farmer the truth about the mortgages. The old man begs that he may be allowed to die on the place his family has owned for generations, but the villain only repeats his vile proposal. This is rejected by the father with indignation in turn; and then the creditor plays his trump card. He

informs the farmer that he knows his family secret that insanity is hereditary in the blood, and declares that if the girl rejects him he will use the fact to break off an advantageous marriage which has been arranged for the elder son.

This is too much for the sick man, who thereupon collapses, and is got away by the daughter and an attendant. The idiot, who has been all this time at his task, begins to take notice, but does not seem much moved. When, however, his sister comes back to fling herself on her knees to the villain only to be thrown brutally to the ground, he drops the hook, and with one bound gains the veranda. He springs at the other man's throat, and they struggle, while the girl, with the idea of parting them, puts out the light, leaving the stage in that state of partial—perhaps one might more accurately say impartial—darkness so madly dear to the heart of Mr. Russell, late manager of the Boston Opera House. The idiot, after a mighty tussle, is flung senseless to the ground. Then the hereditary doom comes upon the unhappy sister, and she goes furiously, shriekingly mad. She grapples with the villain, they struggle, they wrestle, they fall, they roll about, crash from the veranda to the ground below, and for long harrowing moments thrash wildly over the ground. The whole action was performed with extreme realism, and was nerve-scraping to a degree. At last the hand of the girl comes in contact with the hook which her brother had been sharpening. She seizes it, and begins insanely to slash the man. The struggle is for some moments more mad than ever, as he makes a desperate fight for his life, but in the end he succumbs. Then she tears herself free from his dying clasp, with a wild yell flings down the bloody reaping-hook, and dashes into the house.

The pretty little Japanese maidens in the seat before me had quite soaked their sleeves with their tears during this harrowing scene, and we heaved a sigh of relief to be at last done with its horrors. We felt that nothing else could happen; but we reckoned without our dramatist. The curtain for the third act went up on a garden wall, between which and the spectator stretched a canal. A gate in the wall opened slowly, and out crawled the wretched villain, "blood-boulted" to an extent which must have made the actor's expenditure for carmine grease-paint a considerable item in his bills. Painfully supporting himself by the gate-posts, he came in. Instantly a scream was heard inside. The heroine had evidently gone to view the remains, and, not finding them, had followed the blood-trail. She rushed furiously after him, and a fresh wrestling-match ensued. It was brief, for it did not now take her long to overcome the wounded man, and to fling him into the canal. She then did a Lucia di Lammermoor scene by herself, marred a bit by her feeling with her foot for the place on the artificial bank of the canal which was to support her when she followed him, and ended by precipitating herself in after her victim. For the second time we gave a sigh of relief, and thought no more horrors could be forthcoming. For the second time we were disappointed. On her back, as if floating in the "raging canal," the mad girl rose again to sight, and from her mouth spouted a jet of water, much as a whale spouts when he comes up to breathe. Then again she sank, and this time, to our great relief, she remained below.

The sobs of the audience testified to the great effectiveness of the play; but, contrasting it with the lovely old classic which had preceded it, I was old-fashioned enough to be inclined to feel that the land was selling its birth-right for an extremely poor mess of pottage. A. B.

A sugaring off: a reconciliation of lovers.

England and America.

Within a few days, one of our Boston morning newspapers contained two large head-lines which tended to increase irritation with England. One concerned the advice of the Federal Reserve Board against investment by banks in foreign securities; the other concerned the refusal of the British government to grant safe-conduct to the new Austrian ambassador to the United States. The former may be considered as a general intimation of what may conceivably come to pass; the latter is another of those vexatious incidents which have accumulatively revived in this country the traditional resentments more or less dormant here ever since the Revolutionary War.

In view of this, we may do well to remind ourselves of the two chief wars in our national history—that Revolutionary War in which our independence was asserted, and the Civil War of half a century ago which finally secured the Union. Different though we are apt to think them, there can be no doubt that both were civil wars, or that both were wars of secession. Had the Revolutionary War gone the other way, we might still have been in fact—as we remain both in language and in law—a part of the British Empire. Had the Civil War gone the other way, our country might now be under two distinct sovereignties,—the United States, which had remained under the original Constitution, and the Southern Confederacy. Even so, these distinct sovereignties would inevitably have had the same language, and historically the same law; in other words, no matter how high feeling might have run, they would have had in common, from the very facts of their national origin, the same ancestral ideals.

Under such circumstances, if a completely foreign power had threatened either of these sovereignties, the other might well have found itself by this time instinctively, if not consciously, aware that the ideals on which it was itself based were threatened, too. It is not inconceivable that even though North and South had been independent of each other for two generations, a common danger might have brought North and South together, in whole-hearted alliance, to defend the principles from which the existence of both alike had sprung. Anything else would have meant stupendous lack of historical imagination.

Though unusual exercise of historical imagination may be needful to perceive the conclusion involved in this line of thought, there is no reason to suppose intelligent Americans incapable of drawing it. At the moment, the national existence of England, the mother of our language, our laws, our literature, and our ideals, is tremendously threatened. It is threatened by a system of which the language, the laws, the literature, and the ideals—whatever their positive merit—are alien to those of England, and therefore historically to ours. We of America are in such historical relation to England as a Southern Confederacy might have been in to a Northern United States threatened with completely alien conquest. Not a few among us have realized this ever since the outbreak, in 1914, of the fiercest war in all European history. The more of us who can be brought to realize it, the less danger that our country may drift, as it drifted in 1812, into an undesired war which would threaten throughout the world, beyond anything yet recorded, the great principle of popular government. Let us be patient.

BARRETT WENDELL.

Little Bailey's nurse left, and for the first time he slept alone. On waking, in the early morning, he kept so still that his mother commended him. He replied indignantly, "Well; I guess I'm not here to wake the ladies."

Fifty Doggerel Charades.

XLII.

Into my whole old William went,
My first upon his finger;
Memories and dreams of long ago
Around his second linger.

"Times are not as they were of old,"
He mused, and sighed most sadly;
And on my first lay down to grieve,
The second went so badly.

XLIII.

My first's a house, but not a home;
My next a stream men name in song;
My third restrains when feet would roam,
But gives men fame enduring long;
My fourth a hollow, but a thing not meant,
That with my third may mark a tent.
My whole should every people be;
And yet, alas! too much so we.

XLIV.

Without my first and my whole thread,
No cobbler could second to earn his bread.

XLV.

Soft was the first the setting sun
Threw over wold and lea,
As toward my second I must run,
Lest four should wait for me.

Well knew I what sweet third would spy
To see me near the place;
That face would glad my lover's eye,
Fair with my whole's dear grace.

The Letter Bag.

[The writer quoted in the last number sent home this rhyme, which he found in a deserted Belgian cottage which had been occupied by British officers.]

MR. ATKINS' PHILOSOPHY.

When you're sleepin' on the fire-step in a blanket soakin' wet,
When the mud is in your eyes, your mouth and in your 'air, you bet,
When the rain comes through your dugout roof and drips down on your nose,
When your feet are blinkin' icebergs, and you 'aven't got no toes,
When the neighbours in your shirt are dancin' 'ornpipes on your chest,
When you've dug for 14 days on end and 'aven't 'ad no rest,
When the Corp'r'l's pinched your rations and the Sarjeant's pinched your rum,
Then never curse or swear, but simply smile—Remember Belgi-um.

When the Alleman blows off your 'at or 'elmet with a crump,¹
When the aerial torpedoes scarcely give you time to jump,
When you're always in the 'ottest part and never 'ave no luck,
When the whizz-bangs² come so quick you 'aven't got a chance to duck,
When trench-mortar bombs an' shrapnel seem to 'ave a love for you,
When in trying to retaliate your own guns shell you too,
When you 'ear the bullets singin' and your 'ead they nearly 'it—
Never mind, but just remember—you're a-doin' of your bit.

When your billet's in a cow-shed and the bloomin' roof all leaks,
When you're only paid ten francs for pretty well a dozen weeks,
When if sick the Doctor gives you M. and D.³ and sends you back,
When you've lost your iron ration,⁴ your smoke 'elmet and your pack,
When your rifle's choked with mud and you get F. P. no. 2,⁵
When your pals all go to blightey,⁶ every bloomin' one but you,
When you've got to 'op the parapet⁷ and courage is at zero—
Just remember 'oo you are, my lad—a bloomin' British 'ero.

¹ Crump = high explosive shell.

² Whizz-bang = small explosive shell.

³ M. and D. = Medicine and Duty.

⁴ Iron ration = emergency food in tins.

⁵ F. P. no. 2 = Field Punishment no. 2, entailing dirty jobs.

⁶ Blightey = home.

⁷ 'op the parapet = come out of the trench.

Dr. Weir Mitchell once told of a man who had a set of false teeth stuck in his gullet, and of the difficulty in getting them out. "Could he talk just as well afterward?" asked his hearer. "Oh, after that," said the doctor, "he spoke in a falsetto voice."

Rhymes of the Diamond.

I.
Three baseball men a-sliding went,
All on a summer day;
They slid for bases, with intent
To carry on the play.
The first slid for the first, and out;
The second second made;
The third had got the third, no doubt,
Had the ball been delayed.

II.
"Umpire," I said, "eggs are so dear,
Why can't you help us out?
You're surely able to, 'tis clear,
With all your fouls about."
"We might," he said, and gave a groan,
"And much indeed we'd like;
But every blessed foul we have
Is always on a strike."

III.
"Why is the plate called home?" I asked.
"It has no homelike air."
"It is because," the Umpire said,
"The balls are punished there."

IV.
"What public service do you do?"
I to the Umpire said.
"We swat the fly," he made reply,
With knowing wag of head.

V.
"Umpire," said I, "'tis in the day
All others sport about.
Why will the nines refuse to play
Until the bat comes out?"
The Umpire marked me with his eye,
And then most rudely said:
"The bats about your belfry fly;
Go home and soak your head!"

VI.
The champion game of all the season,
Ended unfinished, for the reason
Tom Grogan he stole all the bases,
And naught was left to mark their places.

VII.
A grind asked to play on the team
As short-stop, said: "Really, I deem
Men in college should seek
More exactly to speak.
It's comma, I think, that you mean."

VIII.
"Umpire," I said, "when strikers fan,
Of course it is that they are cool."
As if he had not heard, the man
Murmured but this: "I hate a fool."

IX.
"The centre-field," the Umpire said,
"S a perfect strawberry-plant, no doubt."
I asked him why; he made reply:
"He throws so many runners out."

X.
I said: "In winter, I suppose,
Unless my judgment greatly errs,
Pitchers, when outdoor seasons close,
Are pitchers for the orchestras."
"You err indeed," the Umpire said;
"With music they have naught to do:
They work to stop the seams, instead,
Of ships that sail the ocean blue."

XI.
"Umpire," I begged, "in English plain,
Pray tell why that last man they hiss."
The Umpire gave his scorn free rein,
And with simplicity said this:
"Three men on sacks, and with a tie
On the last half of ninth they hitch.
For a ground-hugging drive they cry,
And he foul-bunted a wild pitch!"

PETER HANCOCK.

Answers to Correspondents.

BRIDGET. Yes, it is excellent play to trump your partner's ace. The trick is probably a sure one, and so you save your trump.

TENNISON. When the game is at deuce, you may make a telling *coup* by faulting and then serving the second ball into the net. Your adversary cannot possibly return it.

PACIFIST. You ask what the Peace Society is to do if "war sounds her tocsin through the land." We speak with no authority, but we suppose the Peace Society would sound an Anti-toxin.

MYRTILLA. If you find yourself unable to decide between two suitors, whom you say are equally handsome, agreeable, and rich, you might do worse than to consider what sort of a mother-in-law each would provide you with.

AMELETTE. The secret of dividing the lines in the new poetry is known only to the elect. It has not, so far as we know, been patented; but, like the receipt for making the poisonous gas used in the trenches, it is carefully guarded. One important thing, however, is evidently to begin a line with a preposition if possible, and the closing line is hardly ever other than a prepositional phrase.

CORPULENCE. We have never heard that the homeopaths prescribe double quantity of food as a remedy for corpulence.

ROSABEL. Yes, it is, we believe, true that a foreign actress has achieved a mild sensation by wearing a nose-ring; but we do not on that account advise you to have your nostril pierced,—or at least not at present. It is possible that in a year or two the operation may be necessary if you wish to be in the fashion; it may even be that ladies will have holes made in their lips for lip-rings. At present, however, you are quite safe with a nose-jewel which fastens on with a clasp.

An Autograph Trap.

[Many are the wiles and many the ways of the autograph fiend, as all famous men know. Thomas Bailey Aldrich had innumerable requests from these people, but to them he naturally paid little attention. On the corner of the letter of which a copy is given below, Mr. Aldrich has noted: "I copied for him a sonnet." Persistence had done its work.—Ed.]

PEGSWOOD, MORPETH, NORTHUMBERLAND, ENGLAND.
20/1/94.

To T. B. Aldrich, Esq.

Dear Sir:

A favor I would ask,
And humbly hope that not a task
It is to you to grant it:
Will you your autograph bestow
On me, though me you do not know?
The reason why I want it
Is to adorn a book with it;
One—need I say?—that you have writ—
How I should prize and vaunt it!

This is the second note that I
Have penned to you, as, with a sigh,
Most likely you'll remember;
The former, couched in simple prose,
I sent—me-ward you to dispose—
In the month of November,
Then waited with my cheeks aflame,
For answer. But no answer came;
Yet not expired Hope's ember.

So, sir, respectfully again
A begging note to you I pen,
Believing in your goodness;
And trust that you will pardon me
What may but insolence SEEM to be,
And eke my verse's crudeness:
Not for the world I'd have it said
That I had wittingly been led
Into an act of rudeness.

I am,

Faithfully yours,
THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

BAZAAR DAILY

10 CENTS

BOSTON, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1916

No. 9



Lament of the Cossack Atamân.

(Stamboul; 16—.)

It was springtime in the Saitch:
The steppe was freshly dight,
And all the Cossack Brotherhood
Made merry day and night.
Mead there was, and casks of vodka,
And talk that war would come:
The whiles you heard the horses neigh
Above the stir and hum.

But I shall never know again
My comrades who of yore
Rode with me on the Kutchman Trail,
When we went out to war.

For Didyuk, that was friend to me,
With seven others too,
Sat drinking deep and merrily;
And half the night was through
When Didyuk suddenly rose up,
And kicked his stool aside,
And beat upon the table
Till all were stilled, and cried:
"Who loves his freedom and his faith—
To horse, and follow me!
We nine shall ride to Baksh Serai
To o'erturn Tartary!"

The mead and vodka made our heads
Go spinning round and round.
We roared, and lurching got to horse,—
Each took the first he found.
Each forward in his saddle bent,
And rushed along the Trail
So swift the shrilling wind drowned out
The startled sentry's hail.

Morning was on us ere we paused
To breathe and draw the rein;
For no man wished to be the first
To turn back home again.
But as we nine stared through the steam
Smoking from every steed:
"Now tell me! Was it," Didyuk asked,
"The vodka or the mead?"
His look was one of blank amaze,
Such that, with one accord,
For mirth each in his saddle rocked,
And held his sides and roared.

We faced our jaded steeds for home,
Still shaking with our mirth;
And followed slow the trampled track
Of hoof-marks in the earth:
But we had not gone above a league
When from the sedge drew out
A whole chambul of Tartars,
That ringed us round about.

A mace hung at my saddle-bow,
God knows I plied it well;
So that four Nogai dogs to-day
Howl loud my name in hell.
With axe and sabre stanch we fought,
Till only I was left,—
Brave Didyuk was the last to fall,
From brow to chin clean cleft.
For one last blow I raised my arm,
And struck with all my force:
A noose drew tight about my wrist,
And dragged me from my horse.

So of the nine, alone I came
To pagan Baksh Serai;
God turned away His face from me
And would not let me die.
To Baksh Serai alone I came,
And left my Cossack brothers dear;
The dogs for tokens lopped their hands,
And me they sold to durance here.

The Soldan has a world of men,
Countless as Azoff's sands;
And they are quick, both horse and foot,
To do all his commands:
But I pray the dear Lord Jesus,

Who wore the thorny crown,
That they march against our Saitch,
And be utterly crushed down!
And if ours took the Tartar Khan,
And drew him on a stake,
And I should live to hear of it,
My heart for joy would break!

ORSHA.

A Sheaf of War Memories.

(Continued.)

All that first winter we worked steadily, winding, weighing, and giving out Boston wool to two hundred and fifty women who knit it into socks for the soldiers, and were paid with Boston money. In this way I saw scores of peasants, and owe them many a laugh. In these days a laugh is a precious thing, worth more than a passing word. There was fat, jolly, untidy Julie Julienne, who always had her joke ready. One of our great troubles was making change; I could get plenty of five-franc bills, but the francs, notwithstanding a bag containing two thousand shining silver disks, fresh from the mint, brought by my husband from Paris, and which melted as if by magic, were almost impossible to obtain. Owing three francs to Julie Julienne, I would hand her a five-franc bill and say: "Can you give me forty sous in change?" And she, with a wink and a chuckle of intense enjoyment, would double up, putting her hands on her fat knees, and exclaim, "*Forty sous!* If I had forty sous would I be here slaving? No! I'd be on the spree in Paris." Then there was the clean, sharp-nosed, hard-working Prudence Pinceclou, whose desire to get her fingers on her first payment was so keen that I asked my factotum, the mère Maréchal, the reason of her eagerness, knowing that she was fairly well off. "Madame does not know? He he! It is to offer to Saint Antoine if he will keep her man at the war." "Keep him at the war? I don't understand." "Madame must know, as all the world does, that Prudence is not happy with her man; he gives her a blow from time to time, and drinks his wages. Well, if the good saint will help Prudence she will have her freedom and a pension." Alas for Prudence, thus far the good saint has been hard-hearted.

It was in the spring of 1916 that I was called to the kitchen to speak to the Widow Gendron. I found her standing outside the open window, a tall woman, with a twinkling black eye in her fallow face. She was joking with the cook when I entered, but as soon as she saw me she assumed a lachrymose expression. "Madame knows all about l'Île de Pâques," she began. L'Île de Pâques: Easter Island. My geography at best is so sketchy, especially where islands are concerned, that I steer as clear of them in conversation as if I were actually navigating in unknown waters. A vague memory that Loti had written something about this particular island came into my mind, but I felt quite sure that the Widow Gendron had no literary object in view. Seeing my perplexity, she explained that knowing all Noirmoutier had heard her story she had supposed that I was not ignorant of it, and having anxiously inquired if I could read French, she drew from some mysterious recess of her being a greasy newspaper, in which I read a very interesting article. It told that a Norwegian barque had lately brought into Nantes the captain and eleven sailors of a Breton boat; these men told a story of having been captured in the month of October, 1914, in the Pacific by the Prinz Eitel Friedrich. They were taken on board, but their cargo was confiscated, and their little brig sunk. After being kept as prisoners for several days, during which they were not unkindly treated, although the Germans told them that France was completely crushed, and Paris in

the Kaiser's hands (gloomy news for men who had not even heard that there was a war), they sighted an island. It turned out to be Easter Island, and as I promptly looked it up in the Encyclopedia, I am capable of saying that it belongs to Chili, is so far away that the arrival of letters there is problematical, that there are colossal statues at least one hundred feet high, to judge from the illustration, carved in the cliffs, and the inhabitants, who practise polyandry, have dwindled to insignificance. (I must draw attention to the adroitness with which I have avoided the Scylla of saying how many miles from the continent it lies, and the Charybdis of giving the number of its inhabitants. If my Encyclopedia were within reach I could pose as a statistician, but it is far away.) To return to our marooned crew, they were landed on the island, and watched the smoke from their captors' funnel lose itself in the horizon's haze, after which they made themselves agreeable to the islanders, who were most kind to them. After many months, one day a Norwegian barque saw their signals, took them off, and brought to France the captain and eleven of the crew; *but*, and this 'but' is the point of my tale, three men refused to leave their island loves, and one of these was called Adolphe Gendron. I repeated the name aloud, and looked up at the widow. Her wicked black eyes were sparkling with a mixture of pride, shame, and amusement. "Why," I said slowly, as the truth dawned on me, "but he is a deserter." "Exactly," said she. "What are you going to do about it?" I asked severely, wishing to suppress that mischievous twinkle. "It's for Madame to do it." "For me? What can I do, my friend?" "You can write a word to my poor Adolphe, and tell him"—here the twinkle became satanic—"tell him that he has fallen heir to a tidy sum of money. That'll bring him home, I warrant." "And who has left him this legacy?" I demanded. Scorn and pity for my density struggled for supremacy in her eyes, and were blended in her voice. She spoke gently, as one explaining something to a child who may be naughty, and who is certainly stupid. "There is no money of course, nor is it likely there ever will be any, but Madame must understand that the poor lad will never come back unless he is tempted, and he's my only one." She lifted up her professional wail, but it stopped abruptly when I asked what had become of Alexandre and Édouard, both most annoyingly alive the week previous. I did promise, however, to write to the wandering sheep, the widow left us with a comfortable stock of eatables in her apron, and for all I know Adolphe is still studying archæology in the Pacific Ocean, for he has sent no reply to my severe letter, which painted in glowing terms the shame he was preparing for himself against the day of Victory.

To balance this story let me tell one of a different sort. One day I went to see a neighbor we call the Rabbit Woman. She deserves a chapter all to herself, but now I can only say that she has had a long, uphill battle to fight with poverty for many years, and has slowly won a foothold. Her energy, courage, and never-failing good humor make a chat with her a sure delight, and it is a picturesque sight that she offers going about among her rabbits, whose combed-out fur is sold to a factory where it is made into delicious tissues. She has been able to educate her son by her rabbit-money, and he is now an officer of distinction. His regiment is composed of "Les Joyeux," a name given to convicts allowed to work off their sentences at the front, and on this day she read me a letter from her son concerning one of them. He, with a comrade who escaped later, bringing back the story, were taken prisoners; they were led before a group of German officers who, having demanded the name of the one in question, told him that he was not

unknown to them by reputation, having very kindly nursed several of their men when taken prisoners by the French. "I'd have you know," retorted Le Joyeux, "that I have killed more Boches than I have nursed!" His audacity amused the officers, who laughed, and after a moment's consultation said to him: "You are not a bad fellow, and if you will cry *Vive l'Allemagne!* we'll let you go." "Death before that! *Vive la France!*" his reply, and in ten minutes nothing was left of Le Joyeux but this little tale. When the Rabbit Woman had finished reading her son's letter she lifted her wrinkled face to the sky, and repeated as if she were praying, "*Vive la France.*"

Ah, those three words, *Vive la France!* To us, living in the stress of the war, they mean everything. You, dear home friends, surrounded by peace and prosperity, feeling the comfortable glow of generosity, so removed that the noise and confusion of the turmoil does not reach you, I pity you. We, who are suffering with France, who work early and late, who have added ten years to our lives since August, 1914, who are often sad and worn, and sometimes frightened, *we are living!* We know how the men go forth from their firesides to meet probable death so that their boys, when they are men, may live in peace with their children; we know how sons say a long good-bye to their mothers, so that other mothers in the days to come may have their dear ones near them when it is their turn to go through the final door that opens for us all soon or late. We know what it is to burst the chains that bind us to this poor, tormented earth, if only for a brief second, and feel that exaltation which comes from contact with the eternal truths, the greatness of sacrifice, and generosity and courage. One flash of that super-life is worth years of easy existence. It comes to us here. "Our own eaglets, aloft for the mastery of the skies," are eternally saving us as we gaze upward after them with yearning eyes. All that is best in us responds to their magnificent deeds. The pride that burns in our hearts is a godlike pride, and warms our personal, intimate grief until it loses its cold ache. We are proud of our legionaries, we are proud of our ambulance boys, we are proud of our aviators.

Vive la France!

Oh, grieve not that our loving care can raise
 No monument for our heroic dead,
 Who left their bodies in the soil of France!
 Down echoing aisles no sad procession moved;
 No chant of choir, no word of Holy Writ,
 Commemorated the great hour their souls
 Cast off their earthly trammels, and set forth
 Unfettered on the eternal venture—Life.
 Name me the stronger, chapels built by man,
 Whose glittering windows filled with jewelled glass
 And soaring spires in tracery of stone
 Form glorious monuments whose end is Death:
 (For crushed they will be by the slayer, Time,
 Whose fatal hand falls on material things),
 Or deeds of those who fell for great Ideals?
 For such as they old Time is ever kind,
 And lends soft lustre in the gathering years.
 So let us cease our sighs and useless grief
 That graves like theirs lie all unmarked by man.
 God will take care of them; and poppies, grass,
 And gay cornflowers in generous rivalry
 Will give their blending red and green and blue
 In place of fragile glass. Their roof will be
 The dome of heaven, and God's perpetual Mass
 Will keep their deeds in lasting memory;
 His incense, breath of violets; His altar lights,
 The unforgetting stars; His hymns of praise,
 The songs of little larks whose crystal notes
 All like clear beads upon a rosary
 Drop down to find some rough-hewn cross that marks
 An unnamed grave, thus linking earth with heaven.

HELEN CHOATE PRINCE.

A sage cheese makes a wise rabbit.

BAZAAR DAILY

Published in aid of the NATIONAL ALLIED BAZAAR

EDITOR, ARLO BATES

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The DAILY is issued daily for the ten week-days of the Allied Bazaar in Boston. Subscriptions, including postage, \$1.50, may be sent to the Editor, 4, Otis Place, Boston, or to the booth of the DAILY at the Bazaar. Orders for bound copies of the entire issue will be taken at the booth.

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Special Daily Features of the Bazaar.

At the Café Chantant the Marimba Band and the Hawaiian Band each day from 4 to 6 P.M.

In the basement: Pony Circus and Trained Cockatoo, and the Punch and Judy Show free. The Movies, with new and wonderful war pictures.

Golf Lessons. To-day in charge of Mr. Thompson, Philadelphia.

Paul Revere Hall, 230.—Mrs. Hill will tell about the Frontier Children and the work of the Association for the Protection of Frontier Children; stereopticon pictures.

3.—Dances; Solo Dances, Exhibition Dances, etc., by Mrs. Wyman's pupils.

430.—The Russian Balaliaka Orchestra; Soloist, Mr. Oulakanoff.

8.—Japanese Fencing and Jiu Jitsu.

Main Hall, 9.—Miss Ethel Barrymore will represent Belgium.

9.30.—Madame Miura, Japanese Opera Singer.

TO-DAY is the day of Russia and Japan, once enemies so redoubtable, but now fighting the battle of freedom side by side. The Lithuanians are also especially interested in the success of this especial day, and will attend in force.

THE British Imperial Booth, No. 33, has received some embroideries which are hardly less than wonderful. They are charming in color and design and of a personal interest not surpassed by any other of the goods in the Bazaar. They were embroidered by the wounded soldiers in the Red Cross Hospital, at Netley, England, near Southampton. Done by rough soldiers, some of them with but one hand, in colors selected by the men themselves, they show an æsthetic sense astonishing in men of this class. We regret that space is lacking for a more detailed description, but we commend them to attention.

ORDERS for bound copies of the DAILY are being received in gratifying numbers. Bound in cloth, with leather back and corners, the volumes will cost \$3 each. They will be delivered as soon after the close of the Bazaar as they can be obtained from the binder.

THE Thistle and Shamrock entertainments are among the most completely delightful things at the Bazaar. Fresh, varied, and spontaneous, they would be notable anywhere. On Tuesday afternoon come (a) the Colleens; (b) Murray and MacIntosh and Mr. Phillips; (c) M. Sergei Adamsky and the Russian dancers.

To be dispassionate is to be inhuman.

An Insurance Scheme.

It is the earnest and sincere desire of the management of the DAILY that during its brief career it shall really accomplish something for the lasting good of the community. In a recent issue it made, in the plea for the establishment of a Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Neighbors, a suggestion which, if carried into effect, must materially increase the happiness of many; it now wishes to follow the same line of practical improvement by urging warmly the advisability and wisdom of organizing a new and beneficent branch of insurance. Many persons, and especially single gentlefolk of both sexes of limited incomes, would find grateful and much-needed relief if at once were opened a company for Insurance against the Burden of Wedding Gifts.

The principle of insurance is in Europe, with great intelligence and most happy results, extended in many ways unknown in our cruder civilization. It is well known that tradespeople, who would suffer a diminution of business in case a death in the royal family brought about a period of official mourning, habitually carry insurance policies on the lives of members of the reigning family; and this is but an example of the many practical methods by which through the insurance companies economic questions are settled and losses distributed. It is perhaps too much to say that in London a man may insure against falling in love, against losing his hair, or against changing his mind; but rates are quoted for almost anything short of this. He is able to provide in all sorts of contingencies a substantial pecuniary gain as an offset against the loss or chagrin which they entail; and he may also have, in any circumstances peculiarly trying, the inner consolation of the cleverness which led him to foresee and to provide for the calamity. The moral effect in many cases is really more important than the financial relief; but in the particular case with which we are concerned here the monetary side would be of first consideration. Everybody knows that weddings, like English sparrows, come in flocks. If one wedding invitation appears, any person of social experience says to himself: "In the word of Scripture—Gad." This, as every scholar knows, is not profanity, but simply the name of the son which Leah bore to Jacob vicariously through her maid Zilpah, and meant, as a taunt to less-prolific Rachael, "A troop cometh." A troop of heavy white envelopes is sure to come after the first. The person of small means sees with dismay the list of gifts required of him stretch longer and longer. However generous his impulses, there is a limit to his bank-account; and marriages are made in heaven with no apparent reference to the financial resources of the friends of the parties concerned. Matings which to the recipient of invitations might be matters of rejoicing become for him occasions of doleful and perplexing endeavors to make his purse stretch to cover requirements. Two and two will not make five, and still less does he find it possible to persuade two and two to make seven or nine. The mating season ceases for him to be a period of tender sentiment, and becomes a period of terror and distress.

If the company for Insurance against the Burden of Wedding Gifts were properly organized and in good running order, a man whose policy was regular, and whose premiums were paid, would in times of stress, when invitations and announcements came upon him in a cloud, while his account at the bank was almost at the vanishing point, simply send to the company a list of the gifts called for, their estimated cost, and the extent to which he was able to contribute to the total sum needed to cover the expense. If the price of the presents was over the risk-limit of the policy and within the maximum of liability, the company would of course at once provide

the balance. All would be smooth sailing, and the policy-holder would be encouraged to take out a new policy to cover future emergencies. It would be excellent business on both sides. Nothing could be simpler, and how great would be the relief to the beneficiaries. Hundreds of persons who have been through a wedding-gift crisis will at once cry out for joy at the mere outlining of the scheme. It is wonderful that no enterprising insurance company has already tried this plan; and yet, if we may make the remark without seeming to overstep the bounds of editorial modesty,—if such exist,—many obvious things are strangely overlooked until they are pointed out by genius.

The Editor's Callers.

"So you think Americans are not well-bred as a rule," Candus remarked.

"I am afraid few peoples as a rule are," the Editor responded. "I do think the lack is rather marked in America."

"But where is the standard then?"

"Perhaps it is ideal," returned the Editor, smiling. "The Chinese and the Turks perhaps come nearest to it. The Japanese used to make a fair show, but they are spoiled. In the Occident there is too much restlessness, too much self-consciousness, and too much self-seeking."

"But some of the best-bred people I have ever seen are Americans."

"Amen. The world where there are none is not habitable by civilized man. What I mean is that in any ordinary gathering, say at the theatre or a ball-game, or, for that matter, at a ball, one cannot help wondering at the ill-breeding which he sees on all sides."

"It is about time," Candus observed thoughtfully, "for you to define what you mean by good-breeding. The mass of folk are likely to pay no attention to my rights or wishes of course, but I never thought much about that. I expect it."

"By a well-bred person," was the Editor's answer, "I understand one who considers other people out of respect to himself."

"Considers other people, is all right, of course," Candus responded; "but if he does it just to please himself—"

"Don't think I'm being cynical," the Editor went on as the caller hesitated, "but is there any other ground so likely not to fail? I said out of respect for himself, moreover. He may not please himself in the particular thing he does, but he feels he must do it because it is beneath his dignity to shirk it. Has any other social standard ever worked better than *noblesse oblige* so long as it was observed? You may say it ignored the rights of the lower classes, but it is fair to remember that in the early eighteenth century few people even dreamed that any such thing existed."

"Considering the causes of the French Revolution," began Candus, "I should think—"

But the Editor put up his hand.

"Don't get into the feminine trick of confusing the issue," he interrupted. "I just answered that. The rights of the people hadn't been discovered. In any case the real question is not so much how the code worked as whether it worked. If it had but included recognition of those then undiscovered rights of the lower classes, it would have been the most excellent social working-hypothesis the race has struck yet. Don't you see that a man is not really well-bred who is held by considerations outside of himself? The moment he gets out of sight of his peers, his acquaintances, he has nothing but habit to keep him a gentleman, and that will not stand much strain. In a railroad station at Oxford once, I saw one of Boston's finest thrusting his way into a compartment of a crowded train, to get the last seat before the lady he pushed aside should take it. If he had dreamed that any

one who knew him saw, nothing would have induced him to be so caddish. His monitor had to be outside himself, and nothing inside held him up to a standard."

"I see; but how do you apply this to the thing we started with, the behavior of people in a crowd?"

"It applies itself. In a crowd an ill-bred man is governed by what is expected of him by the average person. We are pretty lax about conduct which has to do with strangers, so that he is at liberty to be a good deal of a nuisance. I had on one occasion the arrangement of the music for an important and serious Boston function. I secured the services of one of the finest organists in America, and between two dignified addresses I had him play the Bach G minor fugue,—certainly one of the most superb pieces of organ-music ever written. I had chosen it as in key with the dignity of the occasion, and counted on it. The stage was filled with distinguished folk from various parts of the country. More than half of them talked steadily through the music, so loud as even to disconcert the organist."

"They probably didn't care for the music."

"Of course they didn't. The point I make is that if they had out of self-respect considered that others did, or that those in charge could not but be troubled by indifference so marked in sight of the audience, the question whether they were personally interested would not have been allowed to come up in their minds. I confess that I felt them, despite their honors and attainments, to be behaving like bores."

"You made a mistake in selecting music so far over the heads of the crowd."

"What had that to do with the question? Was it well-bred to advertise that to the audience before which they sat as distinguished guests?"

"But that sort of thing is so common that nobody minds."

"That sort of thing is so common," the Editor repeated, "that I ventured to lay down the proposition that Americans are not as a rule well-bred."

"But that is a special instance."

"You just said that it is common. Do you in travelling find that people do or do not consider your feelings?"

"But Americans are so kind," Candus protested, without answering directly.

"On the whole, Americans—what are left of them among the mongrel hordes immigration has brought us—are the kindest folk in the world. That means that they respond to an appeal for pity, even in trifling matters. Their emotion is easily touched, and then they act from an inner impulse. When their real feelings come into play in the line of considering others, of taking the other fellow's point of view and allowing for it, you have in the American gentleman or gentlewoman one of the finest of human products."

"I really wish," Candus said, looking up with a whimsical smile, "that you'd send me away feeling a little less dissatisfied. I hate to think of my countrymen as worse than the rest of the world."

"I didn't say that they are. The whole matter is the inevitable consequence of the selfishness of human nature. It is rather worse in these days of self-absorption which it is the fashion to call individualism. My proposition was that good-breeding is the overcoming of this instinct."

Candus rose.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world, but if you are starting out to give your views on individualism, I prefer to go."

"That shows," laughed the Editor, "that you are willing to illustrate American indifference to the feelings of others, by refusing me the satisfaction of exhibiting a choice stunt on the back of an especially fine breed of hobby."

The Cup.

I am the cup my Lord has made
 Out of the earth He made also,
 When the whirling wheel His hand obeyed
 And the soft pervasive water's flow.
 He called on earth and rain and fire
 To set my shape as He designed,—
 But I am not the orb'd desire
 That slept within His mind.
 Smeared is Thy cup, O Lord, and marred.
 I cannot mend it if I may.
 No cunning now can fit the shard
 Once broken to its curving clay.
 The lees within, though love should pledge,
 Drip turbid from its roughened edge.
 Canst Thou not use me still, O Lord,
 If I am not for Thy pure thirst,
 Nor for the sacrificing of Thy word,
 Nor antidote to woes accurst?
 Or if I do not longer fit
 The harmony of Thy first will,
 Fling my poor fragments to the pit
 Where dregs disused Thy law fulfil.
 Yet in that last mischance and shame,
 Leave me the imprint of Thy name.

ALICE BROWN.

Phillida and Corydon.

The scene is a green meadow, not ten miles from Newport, with trees, a little brook of clear water, and in the foreground some sheep browsing. Under a tree sits CORYDON, a painter, who for some reason has left easel and brushes elsewhere, and is watching the sheep. To him enters PHILLIDA, a maiden in fashionable attire, carrying a parasol with a long curved handle. She has left her carriage on the road, and comes suddenly upon CORYDON, whom the trees have screened. She starts, with a little exclamation.

PHILLIDA. Ah! A stranger. I—I thought there was no one here.

CORYDON (*rising, and bowing low*). If you prefer, Madame, there shall be no one here, and that on the instant. I am, however, a harmless creature, a mere keeper of silly sheep. My name is Corydon, at your service.

PHIL. Corydon? A shepherd? Why, then (*smiling a little*) my name is Phillida.

COR. I guessed as much. In truth, your crook (*pointing to parasol*) betrays you. Sit down, O Phillida, on this grassy bank; and since your own sheep have strayed elsewhere, we will together watch mine. This is friendly of you, Phillida.

A SHEEP. Baa-a-a!

PHIL. Ah, the horrid creature! Do your sheep bite, Corydon? Drive it away, please.

COR. Shoo! Go away, sheep! (What in thunder do people say to sheep? You say "boss" to a cow, and "old fellow" to a dog; but you can't say "old fellow" to a sheep.) Fear not, O Phillida! The kindly beast but greets you in its simple fashion. Are your sheep wild or mischievous, that you stand in fear of these?

PHIL. Oh, no. Not—not particularly wild; but—but they might nibble one, you know. Have you been long a shepherd, Corydon?

COR. Nay, truly; but it matters not. You come from Golconda, the golden city, which lies beyond the white dust of the road. Perchance you have been sojourning there, or it may be that you went only to sell your eggs or the wool that you have spun during the week. You must be weary with your walk, Phillida. I would that I had curds or clotted cream to offer you, or berries with the dew still on them. Here are certain comfits, however, made from the fruit of a southern shrub, which may give you some small refreshment. (Poor Dolly! She must go without her bonbons to-night; but such is the fate of sisters.)

PHIL. I thank you, Corydon. The comfits are delicate, and with a draught of fair water from yonder brook I could make a pleasant meal. (*He goes for water.*) (Huyler's chocolates, and fresh to-day. He has been in Newport, then. Who can he be? Ah, his handkerchief. Finest linen. Now for the name. Ah! Only a letter, C.—Provoking!) (*She drops handkerchief as he turns back from the brook.*)

COR. See, Phillida, what a fair goblet I have fashioned from this sycamore-leaf. Drink, fair shepherdess; and may the magic draught deepen in your heart the love of Arcadia and all its pleasant things. So! For you the water, for me the goblet. (*Puts leaf in his pocketbook.*) Now tell me, when have you drunk so sweet a draught?

PHIL. Truly, I know not, Corydon. It was sweet indeed. It was a pity to spoil the pretty leaf-cup, though. You can never use it again.

COR. As a cup, no. Yet it has a value for me, since—

PHIL. (*hurriedly*). You carried it so steadily, too, without spilling a drop. Some men are so awkward. Last night one spilled a whole glass of champagne over the front of my gown. Odious wretch! And then he said it was good luck, and hoped I didn't mind.

COR. Had I been there, I should have struck him to the earth with my good crook. The brute! No shepherd he, I dare swear.

PHIL. Not exactly. I do not see your crook, Corydon. How do you manage your sheep without it?

COR. They know my voice, Phillida. They love me, the silly beasts, and would not leave me if I would leave them. How, then, must your white-fleeced flock worship the subtle silver of your tones, and joy to cluster round you, or to lie in sweet contentment at your silver feet—thus! It was at the Cræsus ball, was it, that this blatant ass spoiled your gown?

PHIL. How? You know the Cræsus, then? You were not there, surely?

COR. Question most strange! What should a simple shepherd do with Cræsus, or Cræsus with him? I know them, Phillida, as the humble weed knows the gorgeous sunflower that shoots its gold rays far above the garden-bed. As to the ball, who did not know of it? Did not some of my poor sheep yield up all their sweetbreads to furnish forth the dainty banquet? (Do sweetbreads come from sheep, I wonder, or is it from pigs, or calves, or what? Well, perhaps she won't know.) And were you happy at the ball, O Phillida?

PHIL. Yes, before young Cræsus ruined my best gown.

COR. (It was he, then. I might have known it. The clumsy, blundering cad!) But before that you were happy. You, a shepherdess of Arcadia, under the flaring gaslight,—the thing likes me not. Did sweet airs blow over you, as here in the lonely fields? Did the sky bend above you, and did any man sit at your feet and tell you he loved you, as a man might well tell you, did he sit there long?

PHIL. Oh, hush! Well, yes! On the stairs, you know. But I did not heed him. Why do I speak of such things to you?

COR. Why? Because you are in Arcadia! Because you are Phillida, and I am Corydon. Because— On the stairs, you say? O Mother Ceres, forgive the outrage! I see the whole scene. The wide, glittering hall, a sea of lace and silken fripperies, bare shoulders and glittering locks, with black-coated crows stalking or hopping about solemnly. For silver babble of this crystal brook, the murmur of a thousand voices that say nothing. For this green bank, a seat of scarlet velvet halfway up the broad stairway, on which sits Phillida, the Arcadian, with pearls in her hair, and at her side what passes for a man! He

has sandy hair and white eyebrows; one eye is neatly framed and glazed; his chin retreats, in noble emulation of his polished forehead. His speech—

PHIL. Oh, for shame! For shame! This is inexcusable, Corydon.

COR. Nay, there is an excuse, believe me! It runs pleasantly, in the words of an old song my nurse used to sing:

"She was fair and he was young."

I'm not particularly young, though not so old but that others are older. But you are fair, Phillida. You are very fair, Phillida! Your eyes! what are stars—

Enter from different directions a shock-headed boy and a footman in livery.

Boy. Here's yer matches, mister. But I say, where's the sheep?

COR. Hang the sheep! Take this dollar, and go and find the sheep with it.

Boy. And I say, mister, the red cow has been lickin' your picture on the stand, and she's licked it all off.

COR. Hang the cow also! Here's another dollar. Go and see to the cow; who knows how paint will agree with her?

FOOTMAN. If you please, miss, the blacksmith says the kerridge is safe now; and Murdock says the horses is uneasy, miss.

COR. A shepherd's malediction on the smith!

PHIL. Very well, James. Tell Murdock I am coming at once. (*Exeunt Boy and Footman.*) So it is over, Corydon. You have been most kind and entertaining; and thank you for the chocolates; and—Arcadia is a pleasant place. I am sorry—to leave it forever.

COR. Ah, but you cannot leave it, fair lady! See you not, do not my eyes tell you—Why do you turn away from them?—that you will always be Phillida, and that where Phillida is there is Arcadia and Corydon? What though you masquerade in Golconda as Agatha Dorimond, and I am known as Randolph Croydon—you see I changed but one letter!—still you are fair, and from Arcadia I go not while you remain.

PHIL. (*hesitating, then with a sweet shyness*). If such be the case, what is there to prevent Corydon from accepting a seat in Phillida's carriage as far as Hartmann's?

He bends to kiss her hand; then as he draws her arm within his own, the curtain falls.

Laura E. Richards.

Fifty Doggerel Charades.

XLVI.

Needy lovers, he reckoned,
Might be in a flurry;
He had gold in my second,
And so need not hurry.
So he first took my first,
And then went to his wooing;
But his fate was accurst,
And delay his undoing.
So a soldier he went,
Where the guns and drums rattle;
'Neath my whole sadly bent,
Till he fell in the battle.

XLVII.

O'er icy snow-fields gliding,
While stars gleamed overhead,
With first my fleet whole guiding,
Swift he to my second sped.

XLVIII.

Reverse my first and find a cunning snare;
My next reversed did Homer; by my whole,
So Ovid tells, once held a woman fair
Him whom she loved, where fearful billows roll.
My first a count, my next a grandee too.
My whole belongs to me, and yet belongs to you.

XLIX.

I stood with Kittie by my third,
Her second met my eye;
My first was on her slender hand,
I could but sigh and sigh.
"Your coldness, love," I desperate begged,
"Oh, whole, or I shall die!"
Her glances fell before my prayer;
A kiss was her reply.

L.

My first went down the garden path;
So white was she and fair
That every herb and flower breathed out
Fresh perfume on the air.
Within its bed she saw my whole
Bloom in the morning sun;
Its every leaf and petal bright
Fair shining one by one.
She looked and longed; she could not go
Without one fragrant spray;
She gave one second, and the prize
In gladness bore away.

The Letter Bag.

[So many persons were interested in the tragic fate of Charles Homans Priestley that we print the following letter from his Lieutenant-Colonel and a portion of a letter which he himself wrote last summer to a Boston cousin.]

B.E.F. FRANCE, 9th September, 1916.

Dear Mr. Priestley: I want to write and tell you how much we all sympathize with you in the great loss you have sustained. Your son was acting as Machine Gun Officer and Bombing Officer to the Battalion, and had been absolutely invaluable in carrying orders from Headquarters to the Companies in positions which had been captured a few hours; there was constant shelling and rifle-fire all the time, but he repeatedly got through with messages, and was killed instantaneously by a bullet as he got back to Headquarters after delivering a very important message on the afternoon of the 4th.

He had constantly volunteered for dangerous work, such as observing under heavy shell-fire during the past few days, and it seems very hard that he should have fallen just as complete success seemed to have been obtained. He showed himself absolutely regardless of danger and was one of the most promising officers I have known.

We buried him close to where he fell, at a spot now well within our lines. I hope it will be some consolation to you to know how gallantly he died. He had made himself immensely popular in the short time he had been in the Battalion.

Yours sincerely, H. L. RILEY,
Lt.-Col. Comdg. 12th Bn. Rifle Brigade.

JULY 7, 1916.

My dear Cousin. . . . Of course we never remove our clothes in the trenches. We get a kind of shave and wash in cold water, if we are lucky, but nothing else. We all wear steel helmets covered with khaki. They are rather heavy, and don't fit very well, but are undoubtedly very useful. We also all carry gas helmets on us. . . . A word as to shells. They are awful. The kicks vary. The best known to me as yet is the Whizz-bang. Like its name, it is quick and sharp. All you hear is Whizz followed by a bang. Then there are the Air-Crumps which are slower in movement, and more effective. Shrapnel bursts in the air, and then you hear patter, patter as the shrapnel falls all around. The heavier stuff you hear whistling over makes a noise like a train and a rocket together.

The night after I arrived we had a "straffe" on. Shortly after dark our machine-guns started, and then our artillery started, and then theirs. The noise was appalling. The men all sat in their fire-bays, and trusted to luck. You feel perfectly helpless. The nearest to me were two [shells] which scattered debris over me, and in my bay a nose-cap fell against the parados, and into the trench. I have it as a souvenir. We got it hot for an hour and three quarters. Then we had a rest, and they stopped too. The rest of the night was quiet, while we saw to casualties, and repairing of trenches. A shell landed in one bay, and did in six fellows, two killed and the others wounded. They looked none too pleasant a sight. Most of them were buried under the debris, and had to be dug out.

The chief thing here is the longing for a small wound to take you back to England. The part of the line here is very famous, and the town near the line, which is an absolute byword, is like nothing on earth. Hardly one house is left standing, and it is truly the abomination of desolation. Here a house with one wall left proudly defying the enemy, here all the walls have collapsed in a heap, here one sees a house with all four walls standing, though riddled, with the whole interior a heap of stones, and now, marvellous to relate, a house whole, but with shattered windows. It is a sight never to be forgotten. This is a great experience, and I would not have missed it for worlds; but for all that it is not war, but as someone said once: "A spasm of human extermination." . . .

The Child.

O dear dead poets of the old lost lovely days!
How lavishly you plucked the undying word
None but your ear had heard,
For the rhymed need of praise
Of even the small violet
By April's dewdrop wet.
Look now on me. More dear to God am I
Than all the lilies of the field
Who ravishment of perfume yield.
I am the child whom He has made
In His own image. Yet my dirt
And rags and hunger, the red hurt
His enemies have dealt me, well might make afraid
The little stranger soul in me, astray
In the world-tumult of a desperate day.
So dear is it, the dew-drenched violet's hue?
To Him my tear-wet eyes are dearer still
Because my human will
Burns through their anguish, and demands to know
Why man has made me so.

ALICE BROWN.

Lowell's Table-talk.

[The following interesting notes on the talk of James Russell Lowell are from the note-book of the late Thomas Russell Sullivan.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1887.

Dined with Mrs. T. J. R. Lowell among the guests. Lowell did most of the talking, delightfully, giving many anecdotes of statesmen, poets, celebrities generally, and life at foreign courts. When the Queen bade him good-night after his last dinner at Windsor, she said: "In common with all my countrymen, I deeply regret your departure." Mrs. T. asked him what he did when a queen said a thing like that. "Well, I wrote her a sonnet."

With FitzGerald he had a long and pleasant intercourse. Once in writing him he forgot to read over F.'s last letter a second time, and addressed him as usual, "Dear Mr. FitzGerald." Afterward when FitzGerald was dead, he referred to this letter and found that F. had said, "Let us drop this stiffness, and call each other Lowell and FitzGerald." The correspondence had continued cordially, but of course the prefix had never been dropped. And F. went to his grave supposing that a closer intimacy would be unacceptable to Lowell; he said: "I shall never get over my remorse for this."

He saw much of General Grant in Spain, and conducted Grant and his wife one day through the Escorial. They came to a room where many bronze garlands, gifts to the king, were heaped upon a table. Mrs. Grant said: "Lyss, if you had all you deserved, I guess there would be more than that."

He found always something fine in her self-possession. She was "as good as anybody." Giving Grant a dinner there came up the question of precedence. No ambassadors would come if Grant were chief guest. So Grant gave the dinner, and presided. His wife sat near two Spaniards of high rank, who talked to her all the time in French, of which she understood no word. But without embarrassment she answered them in English as best she might, and this curious conversation was kept up for hours. In the Spanish Cortes, and before the Academy, an address always ends with "*He dicho*," "I have said." "I always enjoyed making an address in Spanish," said Lowell, "particularly the '*He dicho*.'"

N.B. His estimate of Shelley agrees with Lamb's; he finds his longer poems wanting in substance, many of them he has not cared to re-read. Wishes Shelley had translated more from the Greek: his versions would surely have been superb. Liked to read the "Cenci," but found the representation of it too horrid to endure. "It was like a bull fight: I went out. Yet in reading it, I did not have this feeling. This seems to prove that the characters want vitality."

Walking on the terrace with the Spanish king at the

royal country-seat, the monarch gave him a cigar. He took it, thinking this must be the finest thing out of Havana. It did not seem remarkable, and the next day he saw the same brand in a shop-window of the village. Much inconvenience arises from our inappropriate court-dress, rigorously prescribed, and like that of an upper servant. "The first time I went to the palace I followed up the stairs the ambassador from Paraguay, who wore a handsome uniform with orders. The usher greeted him with three blows of his staff upon the floor, but when I passed, turned away and put the staff in a corner. I attacked him savagely for this want of respect. He apologized, and gave me a tremendous salute; but when I came to the door of the presence-chamber, I had to go through this over again with the guards. You may say, if you will, that our plain dress has a sort of distinction, like Castlereagh's at Venice. 'Who is that *distingué* man without orders?' The officials learn to know you, of course; but until they do, you must expect to be slighted." The cable has done away with diplomacy. "You are always within an hour of your chief; of course you must appeal to him in everything." In the Madrid Gallery, Grant asked to have the famous pictures pointed out. "But I found that he discovered them himself, and knew perfectly well why he liked them. He expressed a marked preference for the Dutch pictures."

The Dawn.

When the dawn like a dynamite bomb
In the red-hot east has burst;
And with forty-two horse-power tug
Tommy Atkins feels his thirst;
When Mandelay is a-roast, and Kalamazoo is a-freeze,
And the sergeants make their cursing boast
They can sleep in spite of fleas:
Then 'tis drill, and Billy be damned!
Do ye wake, Tommy Atkins, wake?
Do cramped legs ache when the red dawns break?
March on till your grave be crammed!

When the bloomin' old sun parts the haze
As the Black Tyrone breaks through;
When the bloomin' red dawn-fires blaze
On the mountains of Bungaloo;
When Mandelay is anear, and Kalamazoo is afar,
And the language spoke by the soldier men
Is theology mingled with tar:
Then 'tis drill, and Billy be damned!
Do ye wake, Tommy Atkins, wake?
Do stout hearts ache when the red dawns break?
March on till your grave be crammed!

K. R.

Bailey was in his mother's room while she was dressing, and when she had finished he said he was going out. His mother said it was breakfast time, and that he should have gone out sooner.

"Oh, no, mother, I couldn't; I had to stay with you. That is what God made me for, to take care of ladies. I wonder what he made the ladies for!"

A boy of seven was given a sight of his new baby sister, aged hardly as many hours. He looked at the small, wrinkled, red morsel of humanity a moment, and then exclaimed: "Gee! Wouldn't she make a dandy jack-o'-lantern!"

"Doctor, what would happen to me if I fell into the water and were drowned?"

"It would not seem, madame, as if much more need to happen, of any sort; but in the interests of sanitation I trust that your family would give you a funeral."

"But suppose I wasn't really drowned, only I seemed so?"

"In that case, madame, I suppose your family would have to be content with a mock funeral."

DEC 21 1916

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BAZAAR DAILY

10 CENTS

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1916

No. 10



Products of Kultur.

A Military Funeral.

The muffled drums beat—beat—beat—beat;
While tramp—tramp—tramp go marching feet.
For hearse no catafalque with fret
Of gold and jet;
Only the dusty, red-blotched wheels
Have followed him o'er trampled fields.
Such is the pomp that now suits best,
When muffled drums throb rest—rest—rest,
Rest for the patriot; rest for the brave.

Down the long street as the gray day is closing,
Under the flag that he died for reposing,
Goes all that is left of a hero—save glory;
That to the unborn shall yet tell its story;
So goes the hero along to his grave.

And dusk comes down
In the streets of the town;
But the light of the deeds of the hero, unfailing,
Burns on, over darkness of evil prevailing;
Death for one's country of all deaths is best.
The muffled drums throb rest—rest—rest.

GEORGE MOORHEAD GRAY.

On a Hillside in Paradise.

They lay side by side, stretched at full length on the soft warm grass of a hillside of Paradise, and looked out over the wide prospect. The light was the glow of an afternoon in early autumn, with a sense of ripeness and fulness, but with no suggestion of decay. Their view took in a wide stretch of country, varied, well watered, rich in growth, with thrifty farm-garths set among clustering trees and fields green with herbage or golden with harvest. From the nearer orchards below their little hill they could catch glints of vivid color where clustering apples crimsoned the branches. Pleasant streams meandered here and there, and from them came shining flashes where in some turning or ruffled spot the current threw reflections of sunlight back to them on the grass above. In the background of the landscape were low, rolling hills; and above them the sky was of turquoise blue, with here and there snowy flocculent clouds passing with motion hardly perceptible.

The pair were still young; both with an air of refinement; and both no less with a bearing which in all their relaxation showed effectiveness and alertness. He had been a captain in an English regiment in Flanders, and she, his betrothed, a nurse in the hospital at a post fifty miles away. They had known each other all their earth-life. He was the second son of the Squire in the village where her father held the living, and their attachment dated from their childhood. They had been killed on the same day; he leading an attack on the German trenches, she in an explosion caused by bombs dropped on the hospital where she was stationed. After that they found themselves together in Paradise.

"Isn't it wonderful?" Harold said with a deep inhalation, as if he could never drink in enough of the life-full air. "Isn't it like dear old England?"

"It certainly is. I know a place down in Suffolk that is exactly like it, only not so perfect," Marion answered.

Then she laughed softly.

"I wonder—" she began.

"Well, what do you wonder now, my dear?" he asked. "I've wondered at so many things since we came here that I've hardly room for a new one; but let's have it."

"I was thinking that yesterday Sister Marie, who had the ward next to mine, said that here it looked exactly like Normandy, and that Sister Clarisse, who was with her, declared that it was the picture of Auvergne. I was wondering if to each of us it looked like home."

Harold picked a bit of thyme, and smelled it thoughtfully.

"Perhaps," he said. "It is certainly homelike."

"It makes each of them think of home-places, I suppose," Marion rejoined thoughtfully, "because it has the home-feeling. Though, of course, in reality it is exactly like England."

"Of course it is."

Harold leaned over to stroke her fingers with the sprig of wild thyme; she took it quietly, smelled it, and set it in her dress. Then again she laughed very softly. They both had fallen into a habit of quiet, hardly audible laughter for sheer joy of the place.

"You would think me very silly if I told you what the view suggests to me," Marion said.

"Then by all means tell me, my dear. My idea of you needs to be chastened a little. It is too high to be real of any creature human-born."

She pinched his ear, and looked at him lovingly.

"It fills me with delight because it makes me so certain that there are no snakes in the whole country."

"I knew you were not extravagantly fond of snakes, as witness the thrashing I once gave my own older brother for holding a harmless little garter-snake in your face; but I had no idea that the mere notion of being free from them could make a place a paradise."

"From my childhood I've had a perfectly morbid fear of snakes. It was born in me, I think. The first thing I think of in seeing a view is whether it looks as if snakes live there. That's why I like mountains. Snakes don't."

"You should delight in the scenery about the North Pole; or why did you never emigrate to Ireland?"

"The Arctic is too cold; and I never believed the Irish legend. Here everywhere I look I have a certainty that there isn't a single wriggle."

"There is where Paradise has the advantage of Eden."

"Poor Eve!" Marion said. "There must have been something wrong about her in the first place, or she'd have run away the moment the serpent came in sight."

"It would have saved a lot of trouble in the world if she had. By the way, how long have we been here?"

Marion looked at him in silence a moment; then she made an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, Harold, I must be losing my mind. I haven't an idea. Really, now you ask me, I couldn't tell whether it is months or weeks. It's dreadful!"

"Why is it?"

"What? Not to know anything about time?"

He smiled, and reached over to possess himself of her hand. Getting it, he stroked the fingers softly.

"You forget, my dear," he said, "that we have nothing to do with time. We are in eternity."

She looked at him wide-eyed.

"But of course one must remember how long ago things happened."

"Why?"

"Why? Because." Then in answer to his smile, she added: "One always has."

"You haven't since we have been here. Has it bothered you?"

She considered a minute, knitting her brows in the effort to think out this novel problem.

"I've never thought of it!" she said at last. "Now that I have, it will bother me."

"Why should it?"

"One is so used to it. I shall feel as if I were losing my identity."

"I will convince you of your identity, if that's all the trouble. You have been used to a good many other things,—your work in hospital, the noise of the guns, the terrible strain, and all the rest of it. You do not bother to miss them."

A longer silence fell between them.

"And to think I never thought of it!" she murmured at last.

"You have told me your youthful terror," Harold said, still stroking her fingers; "I'll tell you mine. I had a perfect horror of eternity. Once when I was a kid, the curate—he was a dreadful prig—heard me complain that the time till Christmas was so long. He thought it a fitting opportunity to plant a theologic seed. He hadn't much sense. I don't fancy he was ever a boy. So he asked solemnly: 'How will you stand eternity? That goes on forever.' I did not see the connection, and I don't yet; but somehow I got to brooding over the idea. I began by hating eternity. Then I came to dread it, and so on to a morbid fear which I never confessed while I was alive, and which got so twisted into my fibres as a youngster that as long as I lived I couldn't get rid of it. That's why I thought of the question here."

"And you still dread it here?"

"My dear," he answered with a happy little laugh, "it came over me the other day when you said something about time, that I needn't dread eternity any more. I'd been in it ever so long, and didn't even know it. I've gone about ever since like a man freed from a disease. What is eternity? It is only *now*."

"But it is now forever."

"Well, you don't live forever all at once. You only realize the *now* part of it. Besides, do we dread anything now? I am quite content that a now so happy and so full of learning things should be extended forever."

"It is very confusing," Marion said; "but I suppose it is all right."

"Now it is now, and now it will be forever," he rejoined, kissing her fingers. "We can't be tired of it."

"It sounds as if you were trying to tangle me in what I used to call your 'Alice logic' when you were at Oxford."

The sun shone on them on the hillside; the softest breath of breeze came to them that had not wholly lost the good smell of the heaped apple-trees in the orchards below, and the odor mingled with the scent of the wild thyme in the grass where they lay. Harold gave a sigh of pure comfort and happiness.

"And the now that is to last forever is so good," he said. "We are lucky folk, Marion. You can't tell how surprised and delighted I was the day I came to find that you had come too. It was more than any fellow had a right to expect."

"Do you suppose," she questioned thoughtfully, "that if one of us had come first, the waiting here would have been blurred over because there is no time in Paradise?"

He stopped caressing her fingers, and looked at her.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "that's a wonderful idea, little woman. Perhaps it's so; and it's only the one left behind that finds the separation so terrible. It would be merciful. Though I am sure," he added with a shake of his head, "that I should never have been able to get on without you, and not know it."

She laughed happily.

"Oh, you are different from all other created men, my lord Harold. Do you know, one of the most wonderful things about being here is the way in which we've left all hard feelings behind us. If I were alive, I should be breathless with hate for the Germans that blew up our hospital, now—well, now I don't think I feel anything but pity. Somehow it isn't possible to hate in Paradise."

"I suppose it wouldn't be Paradise if it were. Anyway," he went on with a whimsical smile, "it saves a lot of energy."

He looked out over the lovely peaceful landscape where the afternoon shadows were growing long.

"I have thought a good deal," he resumed, "about the differences in the way we feel about things that stir us

tremendously on earth, and it seems to me something like this. Down there we were too near things, too much mixed up with them, too much influenced by personal interests. We couldn't get any fair perspective, any proper point of view. It was in one way better that we couldn't, of course; for we had our work to do, and we could do it more whole-heartedly, if we were passionate over it. A demigod, perhaps, could go ahead and do his job just the same without any feeling; but when it comes to men, they must put their hearts into it, and take sides with real passion."

"Yes," Marion assented thoughtfully. "Of course that is true; but even then a man needn't lose his sense of humanity."

"He needn't, and I don't think anybody could honestly say that our side did; but I see now as I didn't use to how it may come about that men do. Since we came here we learn directly, and I think we learn even more by taking things in as we breathe,—as if we got them out of the air. Don't you feel as you never dreamed of feeling, what a big thing the universe is, and how magnificent the progress of life is? We know better than ever how absolutely necessary it is that the evil thing shall be crushed out, but we are so sure beyond all doubting that it will be, that we look at it differently. I don't think here we can hate men because they are fighting for the wrong, any more than we could hate a snake for being a snake,—the poor rascal can't help it."

"Well, I am not sure that even now I couldn't hate a snake, if I gave my mind to it," she responded, answering his bantering smile with one as sunny.

"I doubt it. Here you couldn't hate one if you tried as hard as the White Queen did to believe impossible things."

"Perhaps," she broke in with whimsical irrelevance, "that explains Eve. Eden was like Paradise then, so she naturally couldn't hate the serpent."

"So Eve is rehabilitated at last. The point is so well taken that it is a pity you didn't think of it while you were alive."

The banter brought them to another pause. Then with a sudden movement Harold sat up and waved his arm abroad to the outspread lovely country and the blue sky meeting the low blue hills.

"Oh!" he cried, "how wonderful it all is! Evil is evil, and that means that it is something to be killed out; and it means there on earth more pain than words have been devised to express; but to be here, and to realize how it is equally true that good is good, and that whatever happens it is the one immortal thing on our old little round globe,—my dear Marion, it takes my breath. It is only the good in us, little woman, that has won through to Paradise. That is why we can't hate any more, or see things in a selfish or one-sided way."

"Yes," she said gravely, nodding her head.

She sat up in her turn, and let her fingers stray among the soft grasses beside her. She looked down in a reverie, and he equally thoughtful, toward the distant hills.

"I have so much to learn," she said at last.

"So have all of us,—an immeasurable lot to learn. That is the joy of it. We all learn so well, too, where every single being is employed in doing what he is best fitted for; and the best of it is that there is no end of the wisdom to be gained. Oh, the unspeakable joy of it!"

He sprang up lightly, and stood reaching down his hands to help her rise.

"My dear Marion," he said, smiling, "I have only one trouble. I was afraid when I was a kid because eternity was so long; now I begin to be afraid that it will be too short!"

EGDON CRAIGE.

BAZAAR DAILY

Published in aid of the NATIONAL ALLIED BAZAAR

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The DAILY is issued daily for the ten week-days of the Allied Bazaar in Boston. Subscriptions, including postage, \$1.50, may be sent to the Editor, 4, Otis Place, Boston, or to the booth of the DAILY at the Bazaar. Orders for bound copies of the entire issue will be taken at the booth.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS and good-bye.

SUBSCRIBERS who are without copies to which they are entitled, may have these by application to the Editor.

COPIES of the Boston Mother Goose that remain will be put on sale at Butterfield's bookstore, 59 Bromfield St.

THE linen, glass, and kitchen equipment of the restaurant in Talbot Hall were generously provided by Mr. Joseph J. Sheehan.

The Editor's Callers.

"Of course people tell all sorts of stories," Dorinda said with an air of firmness, "and you may be as sceptical as you please; but I know the story is true."

"If you know it is true," the Editor returned, "why did you ask if I supposed it could be?"

"What has that to do with it? I wanted to see how it would strike you."

"It strikes me as an especially stupid slander."

"I might know you would stand up for Mrs. French; and she dyes her hair too."

"Stand up for her? I detest the woman. She should have been born in a melodrama or a sensational novel."

Dorinda nodded her head triumphantly.

"There," she said. "I knew you'd have to believe it."

"Believe what? This idiotic story? Mrs. French is various kinds of fool, but she is not an imbecile. I no more believe it than I believe she is entitled to the two little f's at the beginning of her name."

"Hasn't she any right to them?" demanded the visitor.

"Her husband was a perfectly respectable grocer with plain 'French' on his sign."

"One can believe anything of a woman who would change her name like that. You just have to believe it."

"As you please," the Editor said, smiling. "To the masculine mind the proof is not entirely convincing. To believe a thing is not to make it true. The truth is, that most of the ill-natured tales afloat in society are believed simply because folk wish to believe them. It is the commonest expression of 'the will to believe' of which we hear a lot in theologic controversy. Any trifling hint is enough to start a scandal on, and once started, it grows like a cabbage, layer on layer. It's a wise scandal-monger who can recognize his own invention after it has been told by half a dozen mouths."

"I don't see what you are talking about," Dorinda observed with a slightly injured air. "Of course people are awfully vicious about spreading stories."

"Everybody but the charming Dorinda. Still, I should like to know exactly the form in which you heard the tale about Mrs. French which you have told me so circumstantially. Oh, don't blush. I was merely going to say, however, that as a rule the additions come from the effort to make the story better. It is the art instinct

working to make a tale effective. We owe most that is best in fictitious literature to the impulse."

"But of course if Mrs. French's husband was a grocer," Dorinda remarked, "people ought to know it."

"I am not sure that I see why it matters, and I certainly have never felt, Dorinda, that it was my business to tell them. Perhaps it is yours. There's another side to this artistic impulse, too, now I think of it. We always tell a thing best when it is absolutely fresh and new in our minds. Instinctively when we relate anything we work up to effects by inventing details or additions. If a man tells an anecdote really well, it is safe to assume that a good part of the details are his own."

"But you said she had no right to the double f."

The Editor leaned forward impressively.

"Dorinda," he said, "if your sex had powers of coordination equal to their power of persistence, they would run the Universe. I was imparting to you deep psychical truths, and you are interested in nothing but that rather cheap social pusher. By all means invent something new about her. Did it never occur to you, for instance, that her pearl eardrops are of the same pattern as Mrs. Compton's? Mr. Compton was devoted to Mrs. French at one time."

"I always supposed those pearls were false!" exclaimed Dorinda, in evident excitement. "Oh, did he really give them to her?"

"Heaven forgive me!" cried the Editor. "I've loaded that unfortunate grocer's widow with another scandal, and I invented it on the spot."

"Perhaps you did," responded Dorinda, calmly. "Perhaps you didn't realize what you were saying; but now I think of it, I am sure it is true. How stupid of me not to have seen it before!"

The Battlefield at Chambry.

When, a few years from now, American travellers flock to France—and France is already looking forward to the day, and preparing to receive them—there will be very few places north and east of the capital which will not have their tale to tell. From the outer fortifications of Paris, with their trenches and wire entanglements, to the frontier; from the lofty terrace of St. Germain and the heights of Montmorency—whence the German outposts looked off to Paris, that Promised Land they were fated, though so near, never to enter—to the long line of trenches from Belfort to Lille—to be preserved and tree-planted as the Holy Land of French heroism and sacrifice—all France has become historic.

But most real pilgrimages will logically begin on the scene of the thrilling "right about face" of the left wing of the French army on the morning of September 5, 1914, when the Battle of the Marne really began—the plains of Chambry, two miles and a half north of Meaux.

It was eight weeks to a day after that trying Saturday, when, from the hill on the south bank of the river, we had watched the battle, that I first stood on its scene. The impression was a strange one, as disconcertingly unlike what I had anticipated as had been the distant view of the battle.

The surprising thing was the utter inability to conjure up any of the *horror* of the battle. Less than two months had passed, yet fifty-six days had sufficed to wipe out all but the inspiring, uplifting beauty of the scene. Already the fields had been cleared, the graves put in order and marked, and the winter grain planted all about them. Where they had fallen, alone or in groups, there they slept, in the breast of the Motherland for which they had died, with their faces to the frontier from which they were no longer retreating. Each grave already had its cross at the head and its tiny tricolored flag flapping in

the breeze at its foot, and, though the crosses were hastily made of two rough bits of twigs from which the bark had not been stripped, there was nothing ugly about it, and no grave lacked its bunch of fresh flowers.

This is third All Saints' Day since the battle, and the French have a real cult for the dead. Crowds of pilgrims are tramping across the muddy battlefield (for rains have been heavy this year), and already each grave has its new flag at its foot, while a wealth of chrysanthemums and asters—the only flowers that withstood the sudden early frost of October 21 and 22—make the field a garden of color.

With each season the scene takes on a new look, but it is always a look of beauty, something finer, something more significant than mere sadness, though that may depend on the point of view.

I saw it when the freshly ploughed soil was brown about the graves, and when the primitive crosses were still in place. I saw it when the young green of the winter grain was sprouting tenderly to the very edge of the mounds on which the turf was beginning to grow. I saw it after the soldiers on "home leave" had replaced the rude crosses with tall white ones, encircled each grave or group of graves with a post-supported barrier, and cut about each a narrow foot-path, and when the flowers were beginning to bloom. I saw it when the grain was tall and ripening, and when the white crosses appeared and disappeared, as the yellowing wheat undulated in the breeze like the waves of the ocean. I saw it when the wheat was being cut, and when, in places, groups of white crosses stood at the end of long vistas, between golden walls of the yet unmowed stretches, and then I saw it again after the harvest, when the ploughs were moving slowly across the plain. But at no season has it ever seemed to me anything less than inspiring, marking, as it does, for all eternity, the outer rampart which saved Paris.

I remember it perhaps most vividly on a late June afternoon in 1915, when I looked over it from the cross-roads between Barcy—the nearest hamlet to Paris that was practically destroyed—and Chambry, in the tiny walled cemetery from which the Zouaves made one of the most brilliant charges of the second day of the battle. There, at the cross-roads, already rose the monument which marks the limit of the German invasion. As I stood there, with my back to Paris, looking across the grave-sown plain, to where, wide-spaced against the sky, on the horizon line, the little tricolored flags were like tiny flowers, only the red being visible, it was the quiet animation of the scene which touched me, for everywhere, across the level fields, groups of the living were moving about the last homes of the dead,—women pushing baby carts, children with their hands full of flowers, boys and girls running at play, and here and there a convalescent soldier from the ambulance at Meaux marched, erect and serious, from grave to grave, standing a moment at "salute," at the foot of each, and carefully averting his eyes as he strode by a black disk with its number in white which said, "Here among the noble dead lies one of the invaders."

The traveller will see more amazing sights than the graves on the plain at Chambry when he visits France after the war,—sights which will smell more of battle, that will tell more realistically the terrible story of horror and devastation and destruction,—but he will see nothing more symbolic. There is many a cemetery in France which will call for bitterer tears, but no spot will stir the imagination like this grave-gemmed plain. There the sons of France sleep in the midst of the homely scenes of rural life. The every-day labors of the people for whom they died will every day and eternally

go on about them. The crops will be planted and tended and harvested, and the stir of labor and the murmur of life be always with them. There is something compelling as well as beautiful in the idea that there where they fell they sleep forever, each in the very bit of his Motherland which he saved—for it is Motherland, not Fatherland, to the French soldier. Most consoling of all—since Death is inevitable—not one of them who sleeps on that plain lived or died in vain. Here where he made his stand life is already normal. Even the hamlets which suffered from bombardment, though sad, are not unpretty. Just as the humble people wear their grief with a smile, so nature has already sown green things on falling walls so that destruction has already its beauty and a certain nobility. It bears witness to what has passed that way, but it wears the sign like a decoration.

MILDRED ALDRICH.

The Frightened Prayer.

The prayers of the wounded and the dying fluttered up through the choking smoke of the battlefield, through the reek of smells too horrible to be thought of, up through the scalding gas, ultimate expression of humanity's possibilities of inhuman cruelty. Across the wide, cool stretches of space they went winging to Heaven, like white birds; but with them went no taint of the foulness from which they had risen.

In the flying throng was one so small, so weak, so timorous, that hardly could it be possible for it to cross that great void. It had come, only a single phrase, from lips that had never spoken prayer before; but that now, in the last agony of mangled, suffocating dying, spent their last breath in this appeal. Many of its flocking companions outstripped it, and the winds of space buffeted its doubtful flight. It was full of terror; the fear of a heart passionately aware of unworthiness, and despairing to be heard; yet somehow it went on, and at last, timid and painfully fluttering, it won to the battlements of Heaven.

And on the battlements of Heaven stood joyous young angels to welcome these supplications, and to bring them into the court where they must be heard. Like flocking doves the white prayers came flying up, and the angels held out their arms for them, so that they should light there. They lighted, too, on the shoulders, and even on the hair of the shining ones. Then the little prayer fluttered affrighted, and dared not settle to the gracious resting-place; but wavered and faltered.

"Oh, the poor little, feeble, frightened prayer!" the youngest angel cried pityingly.

Slowly she moved toward it as if it were a shy nestling; and when at last she had persuaded it to settle tremblingly on her hand, she softly lifted her hand to her throat, and let the frightened thing nestle under her chin; and when it was warm, and had ceased to tremble, she coaxingly won it to her caress; till at last she could place it in her bosom. There it lay snuggled and secure, while she took other incoming petitions until they clustered all about her arms and neck. Then she went delicately and joyously into the court of Heaven.

There when she had presented all the other prayers which out of the terror of the battlefield had come soaring up to the peace and mercy of Heaven, she put her slim hand into her bosom, and drew out the little prayer. And, lo! it was white like the whiteness of her own angel-robos, and it shone with the rainbow sheen of a tear of penitence. And the other angels, seeing it, clapped their hands for joy.

EGDON CRAIGE.

The Knitter.

What do you do, Little Sister,
Murmuring there in the sun?
"If you please, I am counting my stitches.
My new knitting is just begun."

What do you knit, Little Sister?
A scarf for your shiny gold head?
"Oh, no! let my hair go uncovered.
I knit for a lad instead."

And who is the lad, Little Sister?
Your own lad by love and by right?
"Oh, no, if you please, it is any dear lad,
Barefooted there in the fight."

When I saw your bowed head, Little Sister,
And your moving hand on your knee,
I thought you were slipping along the beads
In Our Father and Hail Mary.

"Oh, yes, if you please, I pray as I count,
And the stitches and prayers make the sum.
Two is for England, four is for France,
And six is for Belgium."

"And all the great fellowship follows,
Woven in, row after row.
I pray as I knit and I knit as I pray,
Binding off with Amen at the toe."

ALICE BROWN.

The Friendly Tinker.

The word "tinker" is not in good favor; it carries with it an idea of pettiness; it used to be associated with Gypsies and thieves. Not even the pious Bunyan lifted it entirely from its disrepute. The typical tinker swore, too, and the "tinker's damn" was synonymous with something weak and futile, and expressed the disfavor of his fellow-men.

In the little Maine village where I grew up, the tinker bore a name which rhymed with Tennyson, and he was of equally aristocratic lineage. Tennyson was merely the son of Dennis and Kennyson was equally the son of Kenneth, harking back to the day when patronymics sufficiently indicated relationship and family.

Our tinker was a farmer on a small scale; his house was a tiny cottage such as are to be seen by thousands dotting the hillsides of New England. He kept a lively barking dog which inspired far less fear than a huge barking turkey-gobbler left loose and ready to attack any passing or encroaching tramp or small boy. He had the traditional steed, and made periodical rounds, coming about when he was expected like the January thaw or the line-storm. The farmers' wives generally collected against his appearance all the pots and pans that needed his loving attentions. I can see as vividly as if the scene were here and now his beguiling paraphernalia: the snake-headed tool which grew red-hot in the fire; his little pot full of lumps of solder, which as they felt the flames began to manifest signs of life, sending out little streams of silvery liquid like arms: it was not hard to imagine that they had much the same feelings as live lobsters when they from "black to red began to turn." I can still smell the sizzling rosin. It was a fascinating operation—that of stopping holes in dish-pans and coffee-pots, far more entertaining than to watch the darning of holey socks.

Our worthy tinker dealt in tinware, which might cause one to imagine that the word had something to do with that valuable metal; but it has not: it was suggested rather by the tinkle of the glittering commodities that he carried to sell or exchange. Piers Plowman associates peddlers and tinkers, and undoubtedly a good many tinkers gradually dropped the mechanical part of their

vocation and took on a wider range of trade, even to renouncing the travelling store to settle down in some growing town or city, and ultimately acquiring wealth, position, and the accompanying pride, to be handed down to their descendants. Such was not the case with Tinker Kennison. He had no inordinate ambition or acquisitiveness: he was satisfied with his humble profits, just as the village housewives were satisfied with the milk-pans and baking-tins which they bought of him to replace those that had been repaired too many times.

Tinker Kennison had a brother who was a deacon in the Congregational church and had been a semi-invalid all his life, although he was a volunteer in the Civil War and came back minus a leg, and it was generally supposed that he was going to die sometime of consumption. He coughed terribly, even during "Divine service," until one day he coughed up a straw-halm or the serrate dart of a grain of oats which, like the spear of African tribes, goes in easily and cannot be drawn out. This had lodged in his lung. It was like getting rid of the last of his wild oats; he got well and a second wife. His example was contagious. The tinker who had lived alone and forlorn decided to go and do likewise.

In the village lived at the poorhouse an orphan girl. He had seen her there while engaged in his trade. He went to the town authorities and made them an offer so tempting that it was irresistible: he would take the girl off their hands on condition that his taxes should be remitted. He married her, and she made him a devoted wife. To use a Maine idiom, it was "a fruitsome place," and every year there was a new little Kennison to share in the tinker's humble lot.

It used to annoy him when his patrons asked him questions about his growing family. He would never answer verbally, but when the inquisition began he would take off his ragged old cap, which had done service in winter and summer, in rain and in sun, for many years, and mutely hand it to the questioner. There, written in pencil, with many excellent examples of decorative spelling, would be found all that he had decided it was meet for inquisitive gossips to know about his family. He himself was never a gossip. Naturally he knew many things about the various homes where he went; the women on the farms lived lonely lives—for it was before the day of the rural telephone—and were wont to pour their troubles into his outcropping ears. He listened patiently, made few comments, and never repeated what he heard. In that respect, at least, he was a gentleman. He was also absolutely honest. He never attempted to take advantage of any of his customers either in his work or in his sales. He was an odd-looking man, outlandishly dressed, small and weakened, with ragged trousers flapping around his thin legs; but he had a pleasant smile and when he spoke he spoke to the point. He was weather-wise, like a sailor. "Weather-breeder" was his favorite word when the skies were particularly blue and the distant mountains (so thickly covered with huckleberry-bushes that they, too, assumed the tint of the abundant fruit) seemed only a few miles away. "Good weather comin'," he would say when the storm was at its height. And he was generally right.

That was many years ago, and he and his wife both (I suppose) are sleeping peacefully in the little graveyard at the side of the road which was once so valiantly guarded by the ferocious turkey-cock. Below, half hidden by tall pines, flows the same old Kennebec—the same and yet never the same. Since his day much water has flowed under the covered bridge whose rails are adorned with multitudes of initials; but I always cherish a kindly memory for Tinker Kennison.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

The Wry-Necked Nora.

The male pensioners of the Dartbank poorhouse sat in a forlorn group in the sun outside the porch-door, like a bunch of sea-wrack left by the retreating tide of time. They were enjoying what was one of their chief dissipations, the hearing of a tale by Tim Calligan.

"So it was the Widdy Nora Collins I was courtin'," he said; "not that I was in earnest, as ye might say, but Nora she was a broth of a girl, and all the boys was that jealous of me that they couldn't sleep nights. The Widdy an' me, ye must know, didn't see things single-eyed, as ye might say; for it was another weddin'-ring she was hankerin' for, an' I not so anxious to be tied up for good an' all, an' hopin' at the back of my head that Brigit Carney would be that put about that she'd come round, and say yes to me herself.

"But there I was carryin' on with Nora Collins for all I was worth, an' all the boys mad jealous; an' I was after buildin' a new fishin'-boat. But the boat was a broth of a boat when I built her, an' bein' one evenin' at Timmy Finnegin's wake with a drop too much in me, ow'n' to Brigit's bein' so contrary and the Widdy so pressin', an' me gettin' mixed up like, I told Nora I'd name me new boat for her; an' she goin' around the night tellin' it, thinkin' that I'd be committed like. An' the real sore boy was Timmy Calligan when I thought it over, an' the wee drop had gone out o' me, and the cold daylight of to-morrow was puttin' the chills down me backbone. 'The Widdy's fooled ye, Tim, me boy,' says I to myself. 'It won't be long but she'll be Mrs. Calligan,' says I, 'if you don't get your wits to work lively.' An' blessed be the handiworks of God, if at the very minute I was thinkin' what would I do, who should come down the road but Brigit Carney herself, lookin' like the rose of the world with the blessin's of angels on it fresh. 'Mornin', Brigit,' says I. 'You be a sight for sore eyes,' says I. 'Timmy,' says she, holdin' up a finger, 'now you're engaged to the Widdy—' 'Engaged to the Widdy, is it?' says I; 'I'm engaged to nobody but yer own self, an' you not ownin' to it, an' me heart all in smithereens kickin' about me insides,' says I. 'She says you're to name yer fine new boat for her,' says Brigit. 'Begorra an' sorrow o' me life,' says I, scratchin' me head an' not knowin' which way to look, 'may the devil fly away wid the woman, but she got a promise for that out of me when the poteen was in an' me wits all up the chimney,' says I. 'An' it'd never have been,' says I, 'but for you lookin' that sweet to squint-eyed little runt of a Pat O'Harrigan,' says I, 'that looks like a thing the cat brought in.' 'His neck's straight, at least,' says she. An' with that she took her foot in her hand, an' she off she went. But her last words give me an idea, an' off I goes down to the shop, an' before the sun took his blessed red face out of sight that night I had the name put on that boat in big red letters, as tall as yer arm. An' it was the 'Wry-necked Nora' I'd be after callin' her; by the same token that before mornin' there wasn't a soul to the smallest wee bit of a spalpeen in the whole place that wasn't laughin' over the joke of it."

"It was the very next night as ever was," continued Tim, taking up his parable, "that all of us, boys an' girls an' the whole caboodle of us, was down to Patsy Macgraw's, an' I see the Widdy confabin' with Pat O'Harrigan, an' he rufflin' himself up, tryin' to get the courage in him to do some contraption she was puttin' him up to; an' at last, just by way of cornerin' him, in that sweet way a woman has when she's that mad she could bite a spike into splinters, and is bound the man she has her hand on shall do her revengin' for her, up spoke the Widdy, an' says she: 'Tim Calligan,' says she, 'Pat's got that he wants to say to yer.' 'Faith,' says I, 'lucky is Pat to have

a lady to let folks know when he's after wantin' to speak,' says I, 'for he's a little backward himself,' says I. Wid that she give Pat a shove that came near to knock the wind out of him, an' there he was close foreinist mé, the poor little runt that had ought by good rights to been kep' in a bottle on a doctor's shelf, an' not let to run round showin' what a poor job was made when he was born. 'Did yer name that boat of yourn?' says Pat. 'I did,' says I; 'who else would be doin' it?' 'You've insulted a lady,' says Pat. 'Now will ye be after a-listenin' to that?' says I to all the boys an' girls, makin' as if surprise was takin' the very heart out of me. 'How'll I be after insultin' a lady, Pat O'Harrigan,' says I, 'me that is known to be that fond of the sweet creatures that I'm ready to eat the very ground they're blessin' by trampin' on it?' says I, makin' eyes at the girls outrageous. 'The name of yer boat's a flat insult,' Pat says he. 'Holy Mother of Mercies,' says I, 'did ever the ears of man hear the like of that! How could that be an insult?' says I. 'Sure it couldn't insult a fly,' says I, 'without the creature had a wry-neck,' says I, as innocent as a new-born just scattered down from heaven. An' all the time the girls was laughin' fit to split, and the Widdy with her cheeks the color of the liver of a pig. An' Pat that beside himself with rage that he knew no more what he was lettin' on to say than a blessed baby knows its father till it's been told, an' then not always bein' certain, owin' to the uncertainties of the flesh; only that he was bound would he beat me at the argufyin' if he died for it, and me only argufyin' for the sake of gettin' beat. Oh, it was a dandy Donnybrook Fair of a time, and many's the day the fun of it was told over agin. 'Ye know right well,' yells me Patsy, frothin' at the mouth till the eyes of him was like a red runnin' stream with the mad of him, 'that the Widdy's neck ain't straight,' says he, all unconscious-like what word he was spittin' out between his teeth. 'Bless the mother that bore me!' says I, with a surprise that would have deceived an angel, 'do you mean to tell me, Pat O'Harrigan, an' shame to yer for the blackguard thought, that Nora Collins's neck is a wry one?' An' with that I turned an' looked at the Widdy, and all the gatherin' screamin' wid laughter till 'twas only by the mercy of the blessed saints that none of 'em fell down an' choked to death that day. 'Well,' says I, most deliberate and considerin'-like, 'to see how an honest boy may be cheated!' says I. 'Now you will call me attention to it, though I think shame to ye for doin' the dhirty trick, the Widdy's neck ain't altogether accordin' to a plumb-line. But love is blind,' says I, raisin' my eyes to heaven, by the same token that one of 'em winked at Brigit on the way up, an' she stranglin' wid the deviltry of it. 'To think I never seen that afore,' says I. 'Sure I must have been in love with Mrs. Collins, owin' to which I couldn't see any defect in her more'n in an angel. Now I see there is a sort of a lean-over to the left in the Widdy's neck.' 'There ain't!' screeched the Widdy. 'You're a liar an' a slanderer, an' if Pat has the heart of a louse, he'll tear the lyin' tongue out of that mouth of yourn,' says she. An' with that she kind o' hove Pat at me like a blind kitten, an' I was that big an' strong in those days that I made nothin' of takin' him up by the scruff of his neck, and settin' him in the Widdy's lap. 'You'd better keep yer puppy to yeself,' says I, cool-like, 'ef yer don't want the fur roughed up,' says I."

Tim had by this time exhausted his breath, and so did not go on with particulars of the scrap that followed, and of how the girls as well as the boys bore part in it. That portion of the tale had dropped away as he grew older; but when he had related it in his prime, his auditors found it easy to believe that long was the memory green of the Wry-necked Nora.

To a Floor-Cloth

Painfully knit from the Selvedge of Bandage-Cloth.

Rough, ravelled, wrinkled as you are,
I gaze on you with pride;
The finest lace you outshine far,
Its uselessness deride.
I wronged you lately as I knit,
And thought myself absurd;—
You triumph of inventive wit,
Economy's last word.

My fingers masculine, I know,
Were clumsy as I worked;
I bungled painfully and slow,—
But not one stitch I shirked.
Sleep, who knits up Care's ravelled sleeve,—
Whatever that may be,—
May now completely vanquished grieve,
Her laurels come to me!

Upon the ragged edge I've stood
On many a painful day;
But never had discerned it could
Be useful any way.
Now when I see your sturdy mesh,
I stand with hat in hand,
And honor wisdom in the flesh
Of him your texture planned

Go on your way. May all success
Your cleansing course attend;
To help men on toward godliness
Your best assistance lend.
Go, fight the insinuating germ
That lurks in filth and grime.
Your mission,—lengthy be its term,—
Though humble, is sublime!

A. B.

Answers to Charades.

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| 1. Noitarotser. | 18. Ycnamorcen. | 35. Liatruc. |
| 2. Lecxe. | 19. Nostej | 36. Otamot. |
| 3. Yponac. | 20. Etnarugif. | 37. Ratrat. |
| 4. Nacaep. | 21. Esuaceb. | 38. Tunlaw. |
| 5. Ekatsim. | 22. Rereviled. | 39. Kcormahs. |
| 6. Nairadeceba. | 23. Ycnellecxe. | 40. Egamad. |
| 7. Tnatabmoc. | 24. Noisnam. | 41. Atnalata. |
| 8. Tnaromroc. | 25. Yuidereh. | 42. Egattoc. |
| 9. Edahsthgin. | 26. Niartauq. | 43. Tnednepedni. |
| 10. Odod. | 27. Tnemeganam. | 44. Osla. |
| 11. Eramthgin. | 28. Tunaep. | 45. Ytilimuh. |
| 12. Nacnac. | 29. Etaunetxe. | 46. Kcaspangk. |
| 13. Nacuot. | 30. Ydrat. | 47. Reednier. |
| 14. Petsni. | 31. Noitanodnoc. | 48. Nodnet. |
| 15. Eruces. | 32. Etarutasrepus. | 49. Etagitim. |
| 16. Xificurc. | 33. Suolebil. | 50. Pintac. |
| 17. Noitaicossa. | 34. Ytud. | |

Read backward, and my first you find
Controls all human joy and fear;
My next to trouble all mankind.
Then forward read,—my whole is here.

After Sir Thomas Lipton had lost three races in this country, the American yachtsmen presented him with a loving-cup. It was decorated with the figures of the bison, the beaver, and the Indian, these being selected as typically American. The comment of a gentleman of Philadelphia was: "How appropriate. Three lost races."

Old Mrs. McGinn is as deaf as a pin,
And she's mad to go gadding about;
She's bought her a tin that's a car when she's in,
And an ear-trumpet when she gets out.

Mr. X. was in the middle of a marital explanation, and rather inclined to lose his temper. "I do wish," he exclaimed at last, "that you'd pay a little attention to what I say." "I'm paying as little as I can," responded Mrs. X., amiably.

Howlers.

[These are all genuine, and are taken from examination-books written by the students of a leading Massachusetts school.]

The unearned increment was a kind of plow used in the Middel Ages.

Sidney lost his life in the defense of Poetry.

The drama in the Middle Ages was held by the tenants of the church to be something opposed to the church doctrines.

The Romans were a brand of Celts, but did not use stone weapons.

C. Marlowe was one of the most important novelists of the Elizabethan era.

Tennyson's work ranged widely. He was not chosen to any one particular sphere. He has two prominent lyrics, and also a some considerable dramatic.

"The Idylls of the King" contains many beautiful poems, such as "The Vision of Sir Launfall," and "The Holly Grate," and "The Knight's Tale."

Spencer was married, and wrote a poem to his wife, "Astrabeller Steller."

Grocyn was the name of the young lady Spenser was in love with.

Shakespeare never knew that Bacon was writing his plays because he was so interested in producing them.

"Casterbury Tales" was written by Edward Spenser. Its plan is that of an allagory, and possibly Hawthorne got from this poem his idea for his "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

Dryden's nature was so sensitive that he probably would not have published his poetry had there been then a poet greater than he.

"Absolom and Achitophel" is an Arabic poem, and treats of the Bedouin nomadic life, giving an exceedingly vivid picture of two Arabians and the attachment of one of them to his horse.

The Roman Catholic church invaded Great Britain 55 B.C.

Columbus discovered America because when newspapers were started they told how this might be done.

Columbus would have discovered America sooner, but he was uncertain where it was, because he could not trust the charts of that day, and the course was not marked on them right.

Social economics is how you get into good society.

A chemical reagent is an agent that sells chemicals, but not at first hand.

[By a Chinese student.] Because when Chliorne perform we find oxygen are a considerable amount of it contain as uses bleaching agent there are the amount of O. from a compound is work much better O get from air.

Shakespeare's plays were in blank verse, and his other poems were in poetry.

At the Reformation Europe cast off the Catholic Church, and became largely Christian.

"Canterbury Tails" were plays that could not be acted because they were in prose.

"The Daffodils" was written by Wordsworth. The subject came to him one day in walking in the fields; he saw a daffodil and the poem is an elaborate description of the bird and its wonderful song.

Defoe was a born liar, but he was a poet as you could tell because he wrote "Robinson Crusoe," but when he was old he reformed, and was known as Dean Swift.

Amphibious means to beat the devil round the bush.

[By a Chinese boy.] Tendril is the tip of the mustache of an insect.

Drake on his voyage home from the Pacific sailed round the Cape of Good Hope to avoid the Suez Canal and the desert.



